

COOKIE

June-July

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled Leather Billfold with
Pass Case to hold member-
ship and credit cards. Pat-
ented snap feature locks
securely so currency and
valuables can't fall out.

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

DeLuxe
VALUE

Smart
STYLING

YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key-
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.

YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emer-
gency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identi-
fication record for you



NOTE: No C. O. D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILFOLD**
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

Here's something new in a billfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shopped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at! Handy! Efficient! Durable! The neatest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. So rush your order today. If after receiving your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9405
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

☐ Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Coin Holder, genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37).

● Social Security No.

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

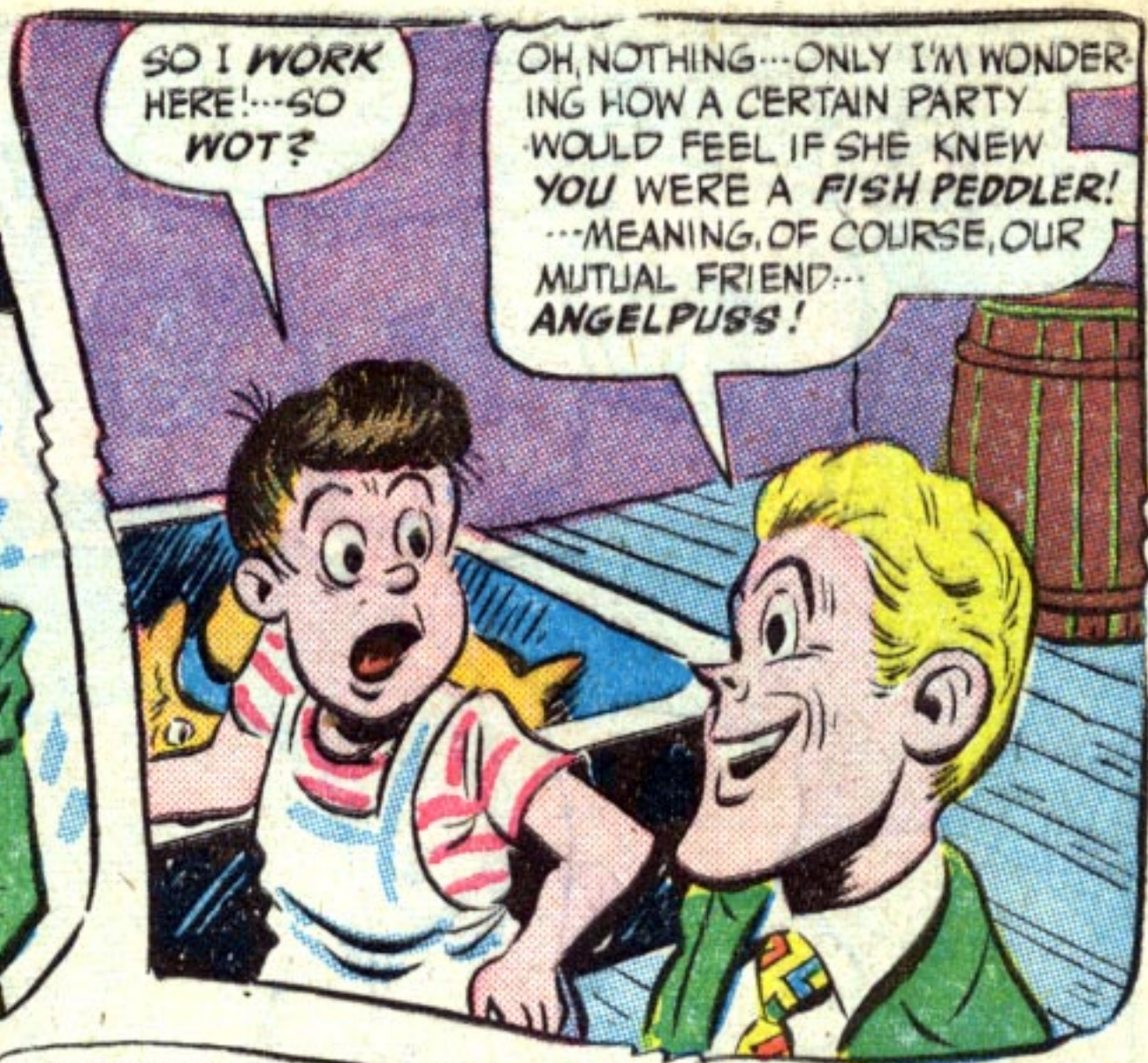
GO HOME





YES'M... I MEAN...
ZOOT! HEY!
YOU'RE NO
CUSTOMER!

THAT'S RIGHT, COOKIE
...AN' NEITHER ARE
YOU! SO...



SO I WORK
HERE!...SO
WOT?

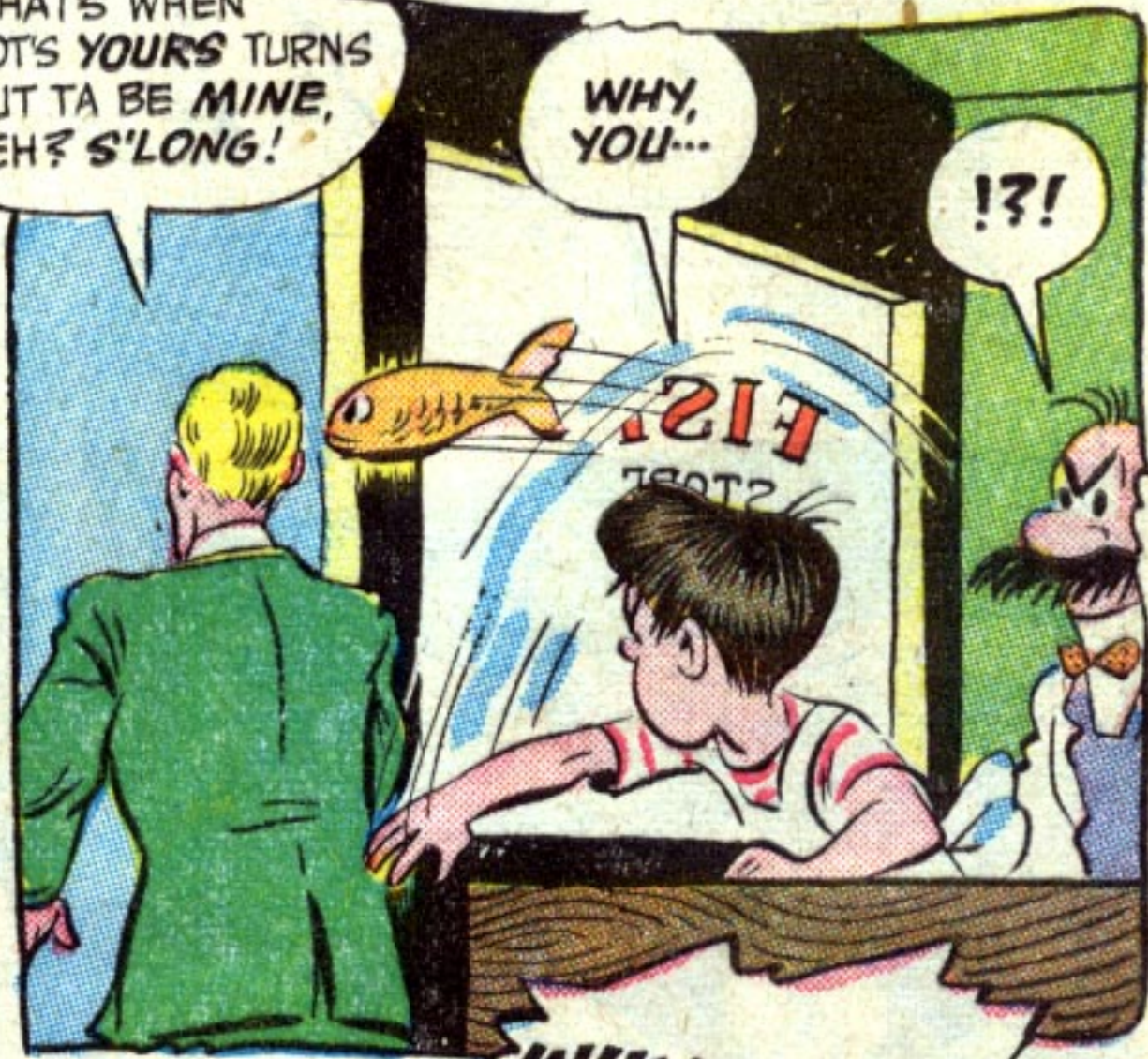
OH, NOTHING... ONLY I'M WONDER-
ING HOW A CERTAIN PARTY
WOULD FEEL IF SHE KNEW
YOU WERE A *FISH PEDDLER!*
...MEANING, OF COURSE, OUR
MUTUAL FRIEND...
ANGELPUSS!



YEAH? WELL,
SHE'S NO
MUTUAL
FRIEND...
SHE'S MY
GIRL!

YOU MEAN SHE
WAS YOUR GIRL!
WHEN I TELL HER
YOU'RE A *FISH*
VALET... *WOW!*

THAT'S WHEN
WOT'S *YOURS* TURNS
OUT TA BE *MINE*,
EH? S'LONG!



WHY,
YOU...

!?!?



WHY, YOU...

I'LL GET
IT! I'LL GET
IT!



WHY, YOU...

AWRIGHT, ANGELPUSS!
IF YA DON'T BELIEVE
ME, GO SEE FOR
YOURSELF!

OF **COURSE** I
DON'T BELIEVE
YOU! COOKIE?
FISH? **NEVER!**

JEEPS, NO! HE **COULDN'T** BE
SELLIN' AN' CLEANIN' FISH---
HE'D ST... I MEAN, HE'D
SMELL! **PHOOEY!**

STILL... HE DID SAY
SOMETHING ABOUT
STARTING ON A
BUSINESS CAREER!
HMMM...!

LOOKIE, ANGEL...
INSTEAD O' WORRYIN'
ABOUT IT, LET'S GIVE
THE AQUARIUM A
GRANDER AN' MAKE
A LIAR OUTA ZOOT!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
PAT! **LET'S
GO!**

WOTTA JOB! IF IT WASN'T THAT I PROMISED
I'D CONTRIBUTE TO ANGEL'S RED CROSS
QUOTA, I'D QUIT IN A SECOND!

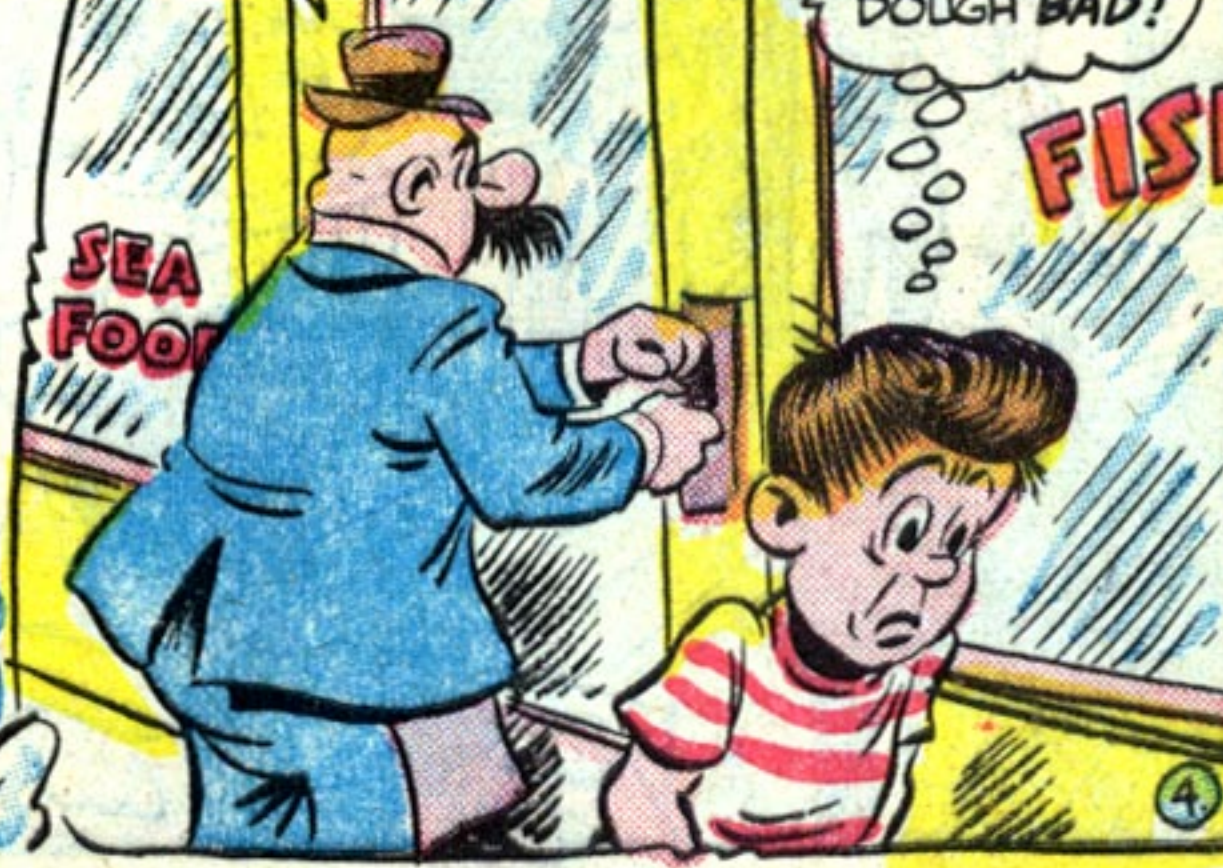
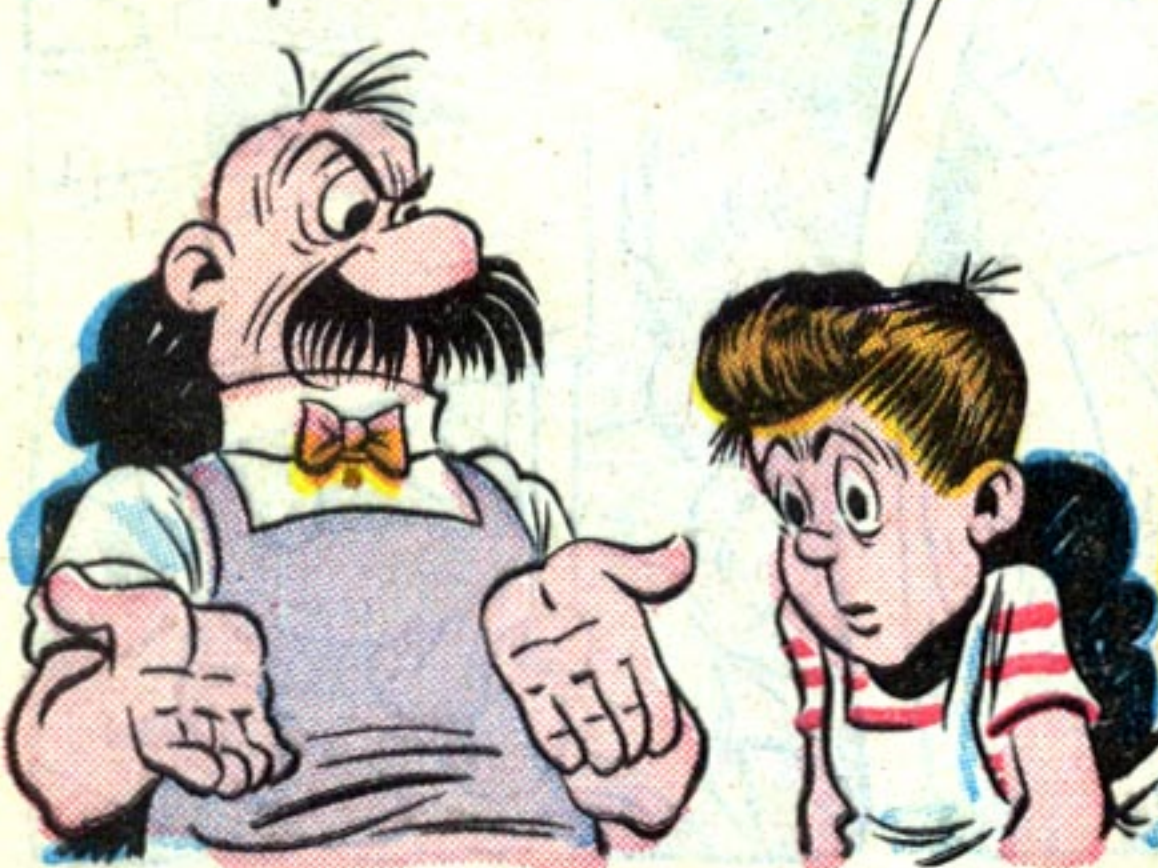
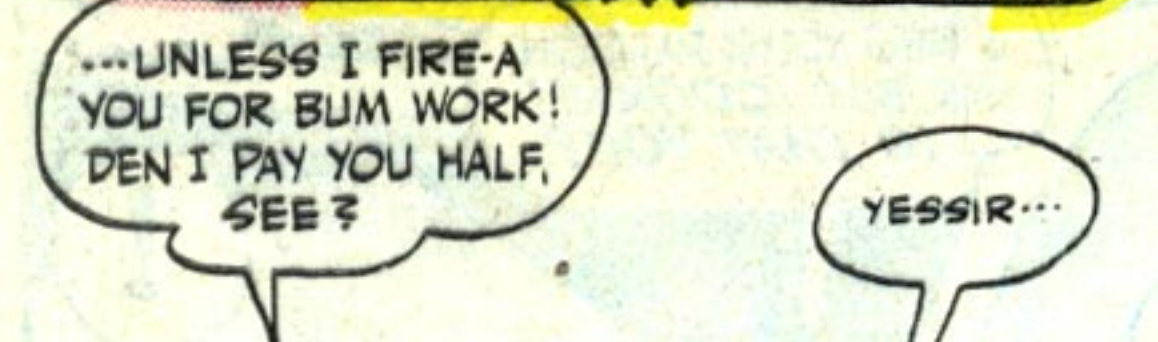
DO YOU
HAVE A
YOUNG...

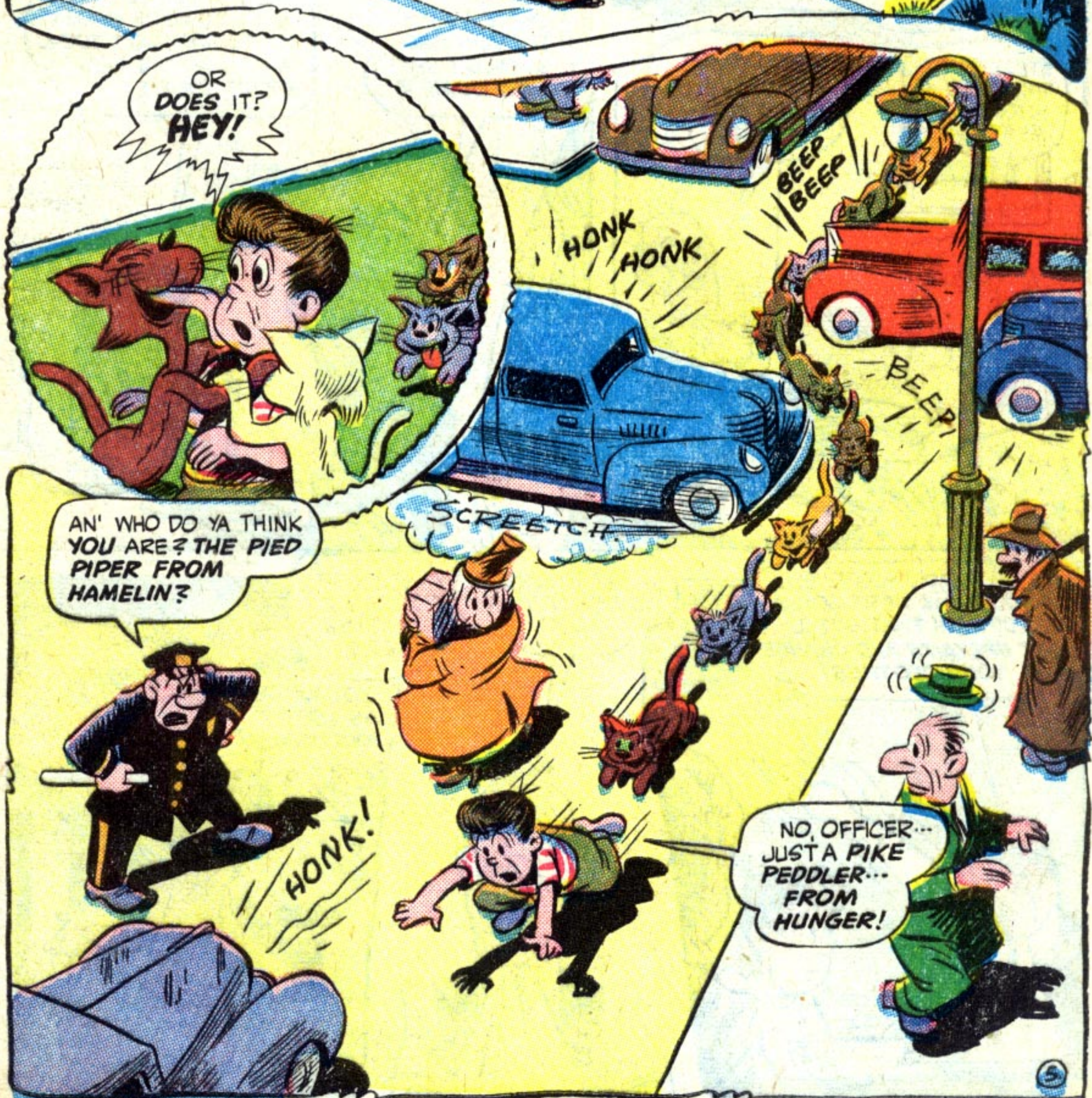
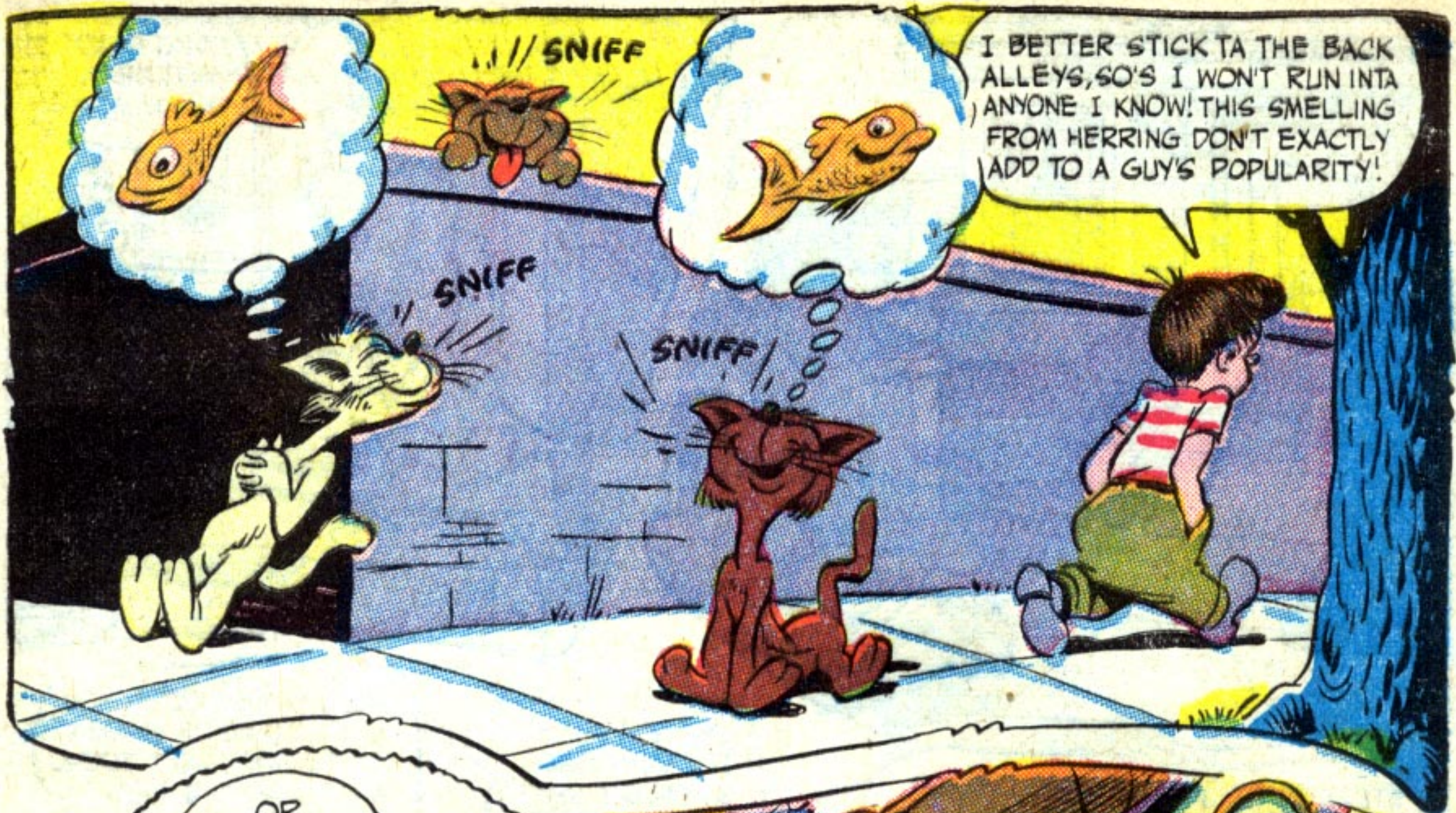
I'M A BUSY, LADY!
SEE MY HELPER
...HE WAITA ON
YOU!

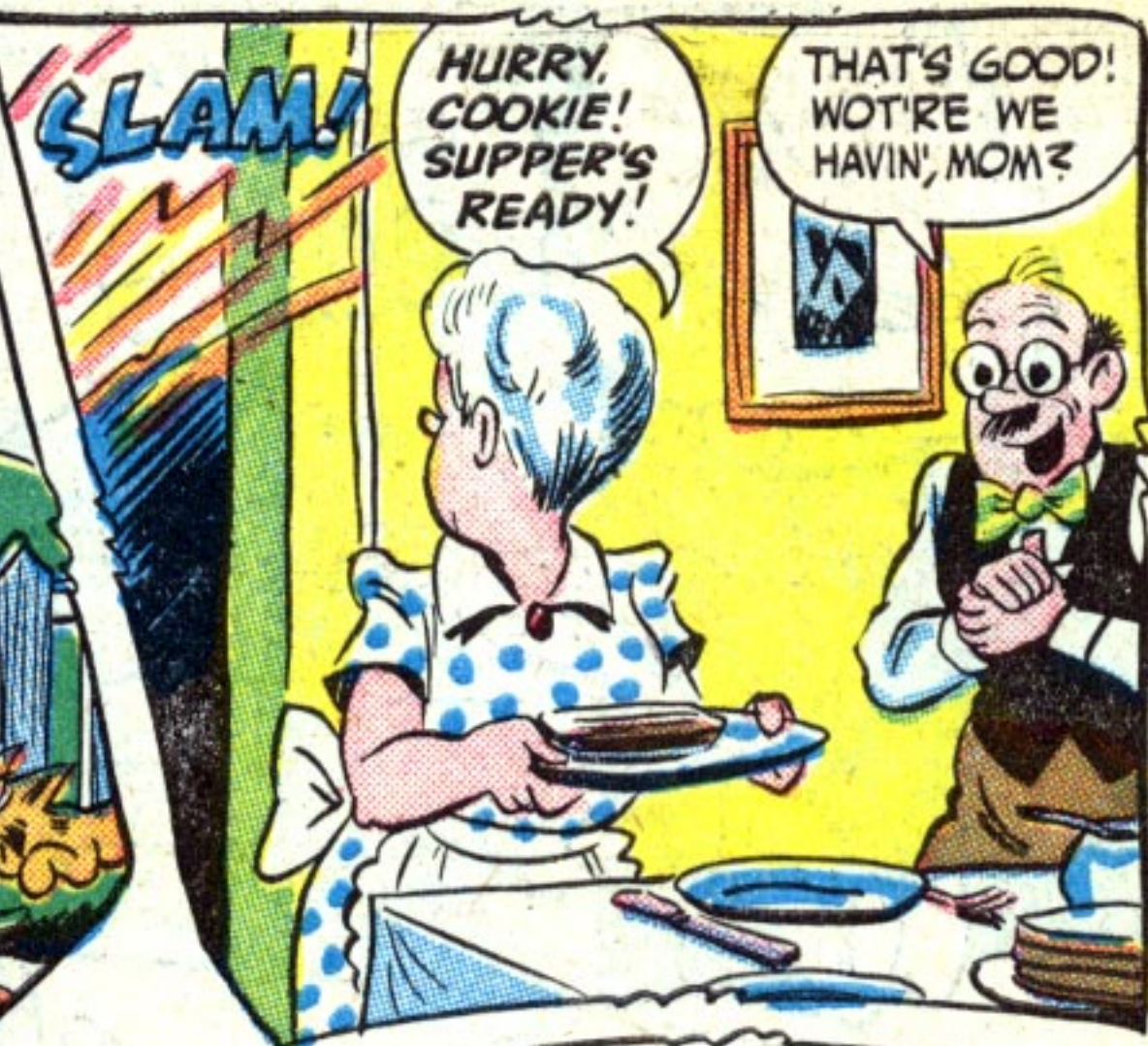
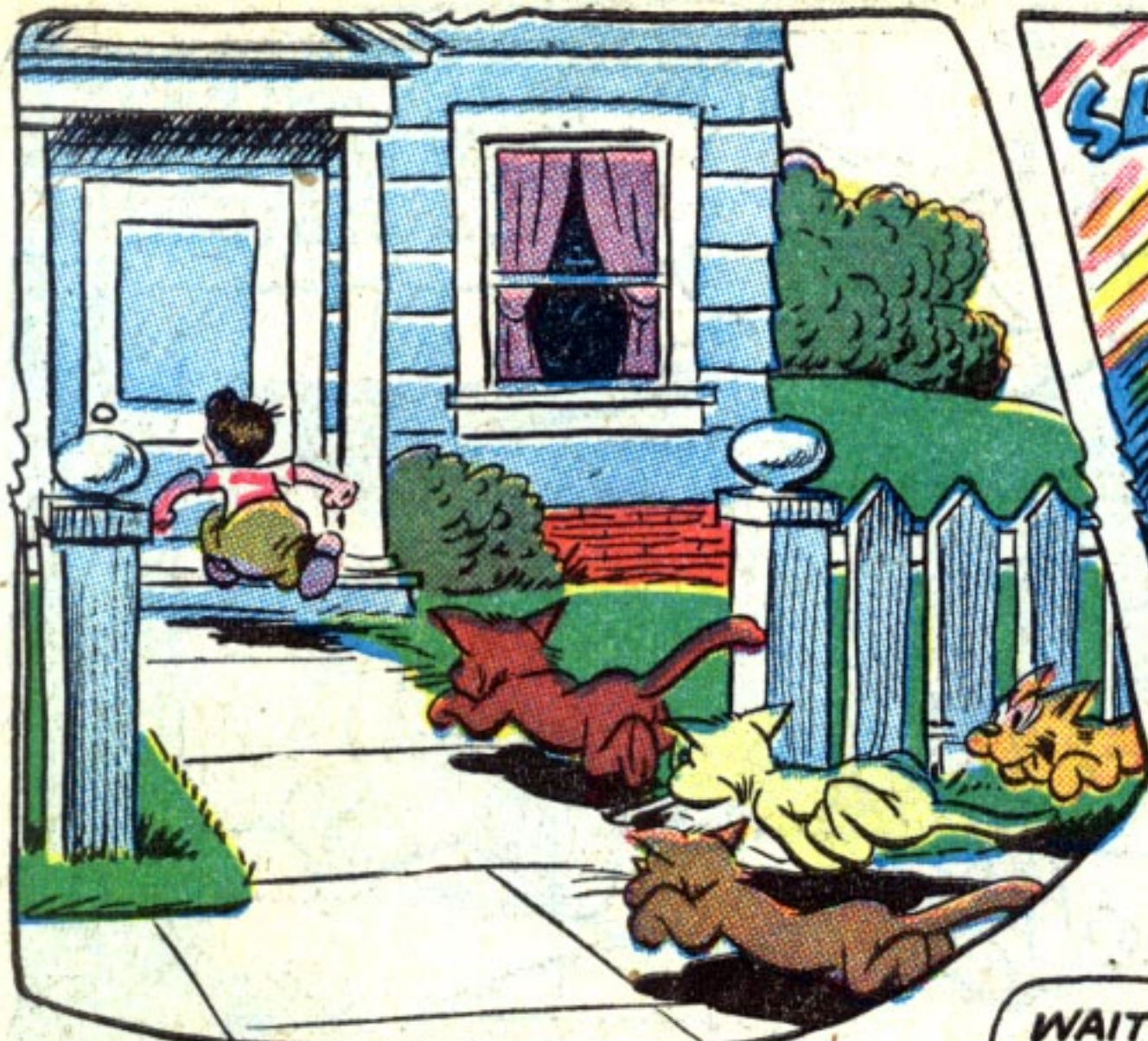
**HOPPIN'
HALIBUTS...
ANGELPUSS!
WOT'LL I
DO?**

I BEG YOUR PARDON,
SIR, BUT... **COOKIE!**
IS THAT YOU?

!



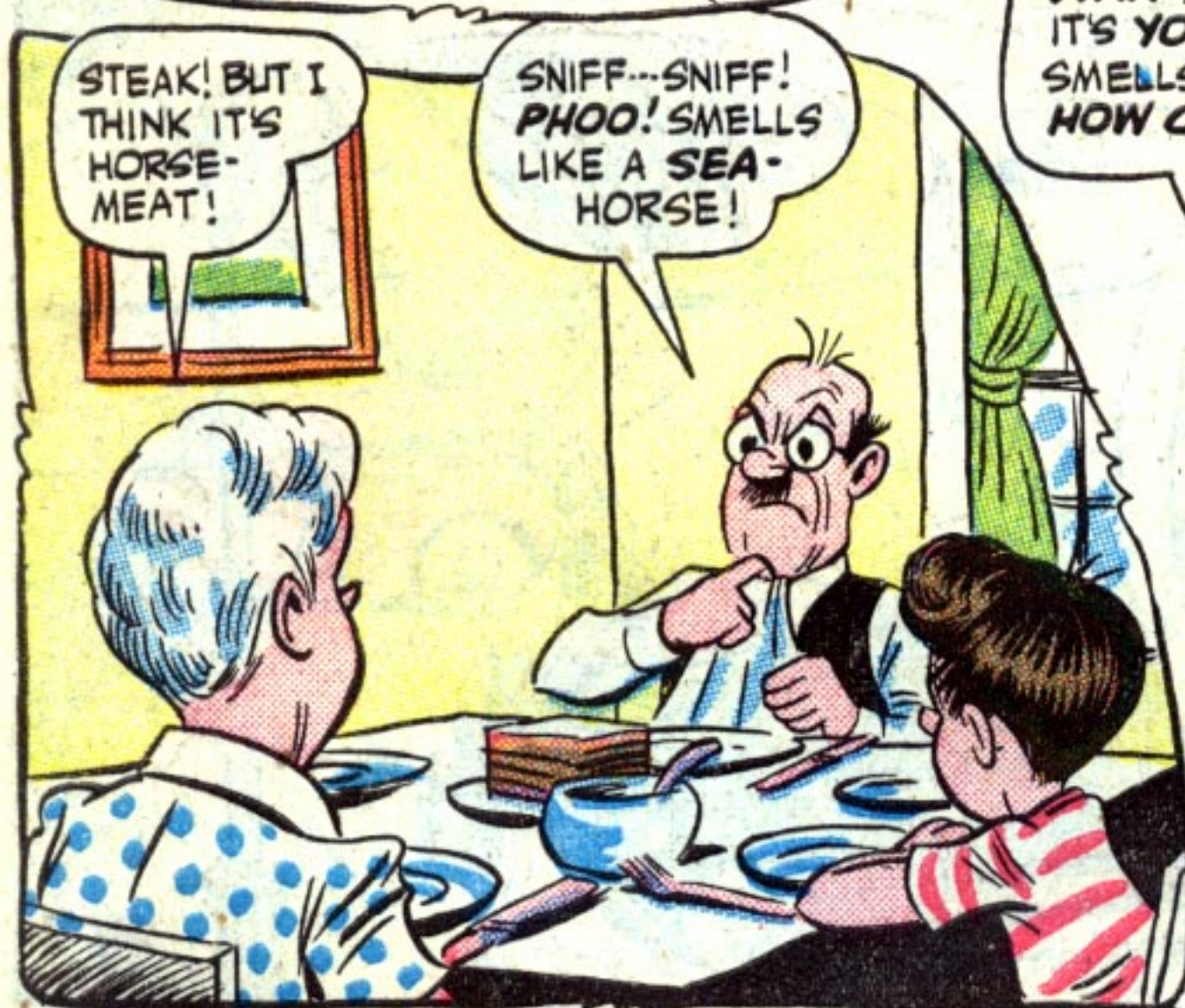




SLAM!

HURRY,
COOKIE!
SUPPER'S
READY!

THAT'S GOOD!
WOT'RE WE
HAVIN', MOM?

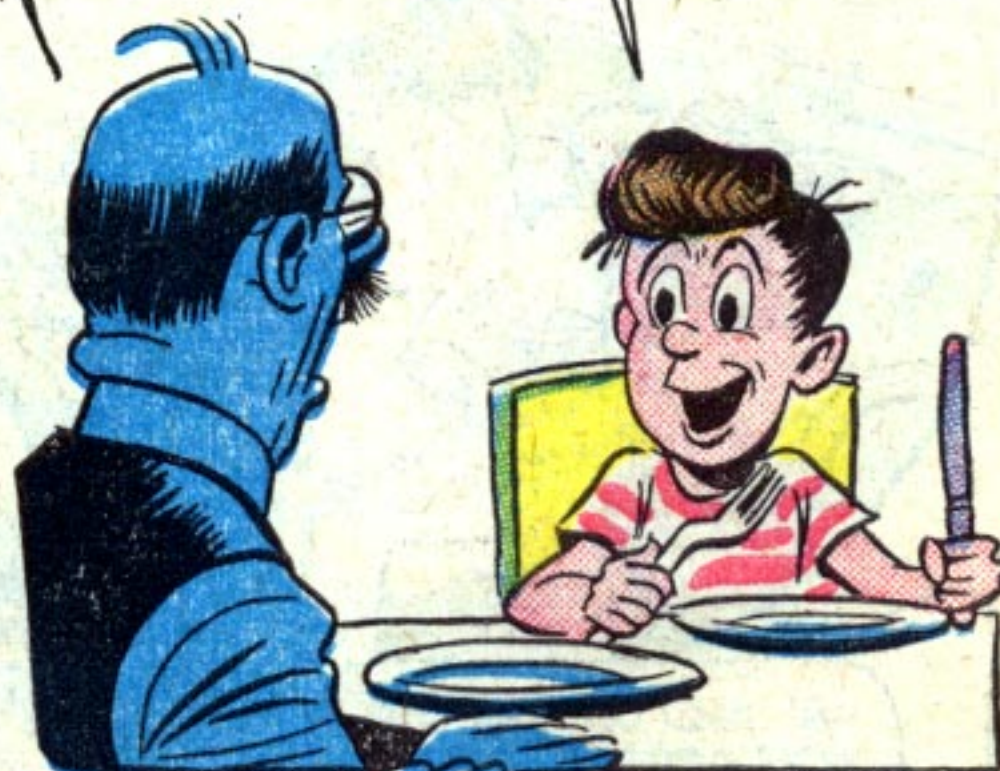


STEAK! BUT I
THINK IT'S
HORSE-
MEAT!

SNIFF...SNIFF!
PHOO! SMELLS
LIKE A SEA-
HORSE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
IT'S YOU WHO
SMELLS FISHY!
HOW COME?

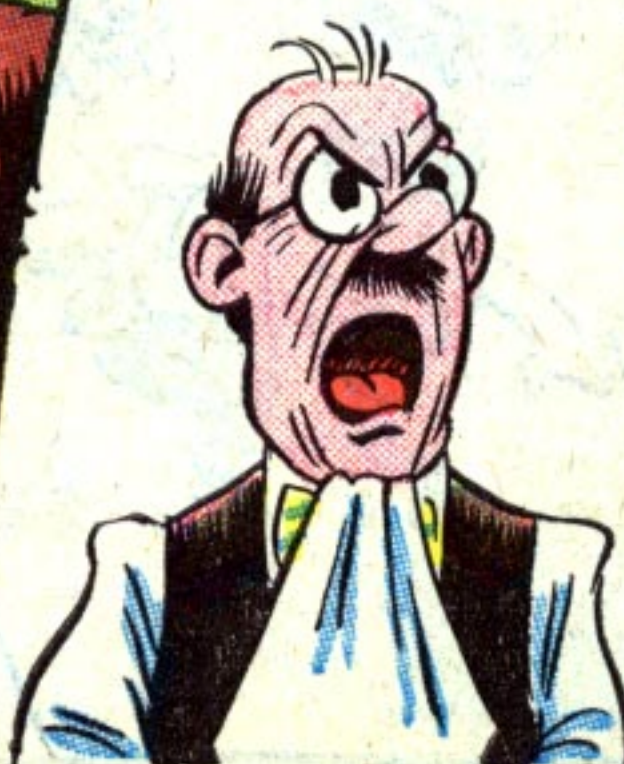
WELL, YA SEE, POP...YOU
SAID YOU WERE SHORT
ON FUNDS...SO I TOOK
A JOB AT THE FISH
STORE TODAY!



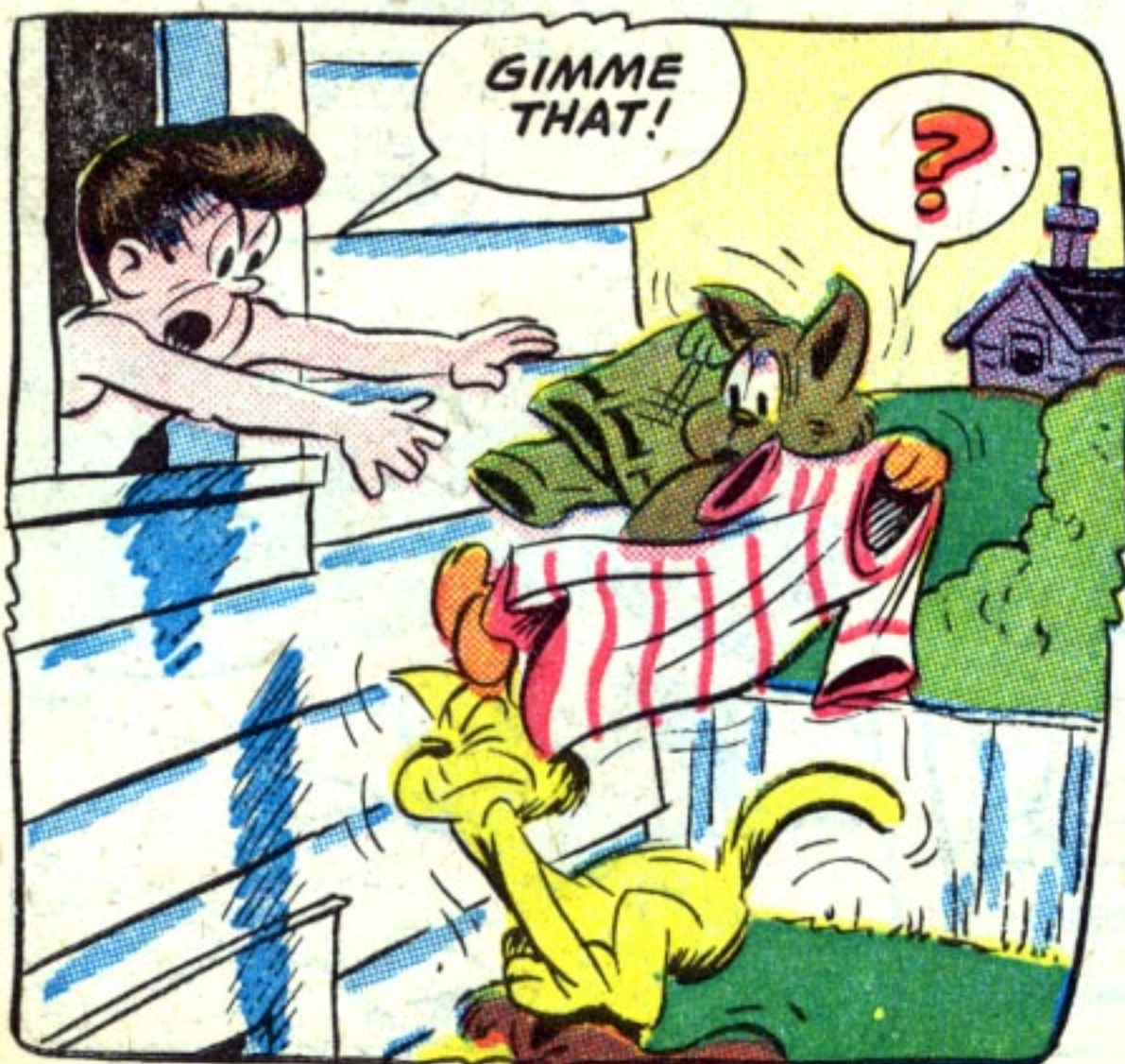
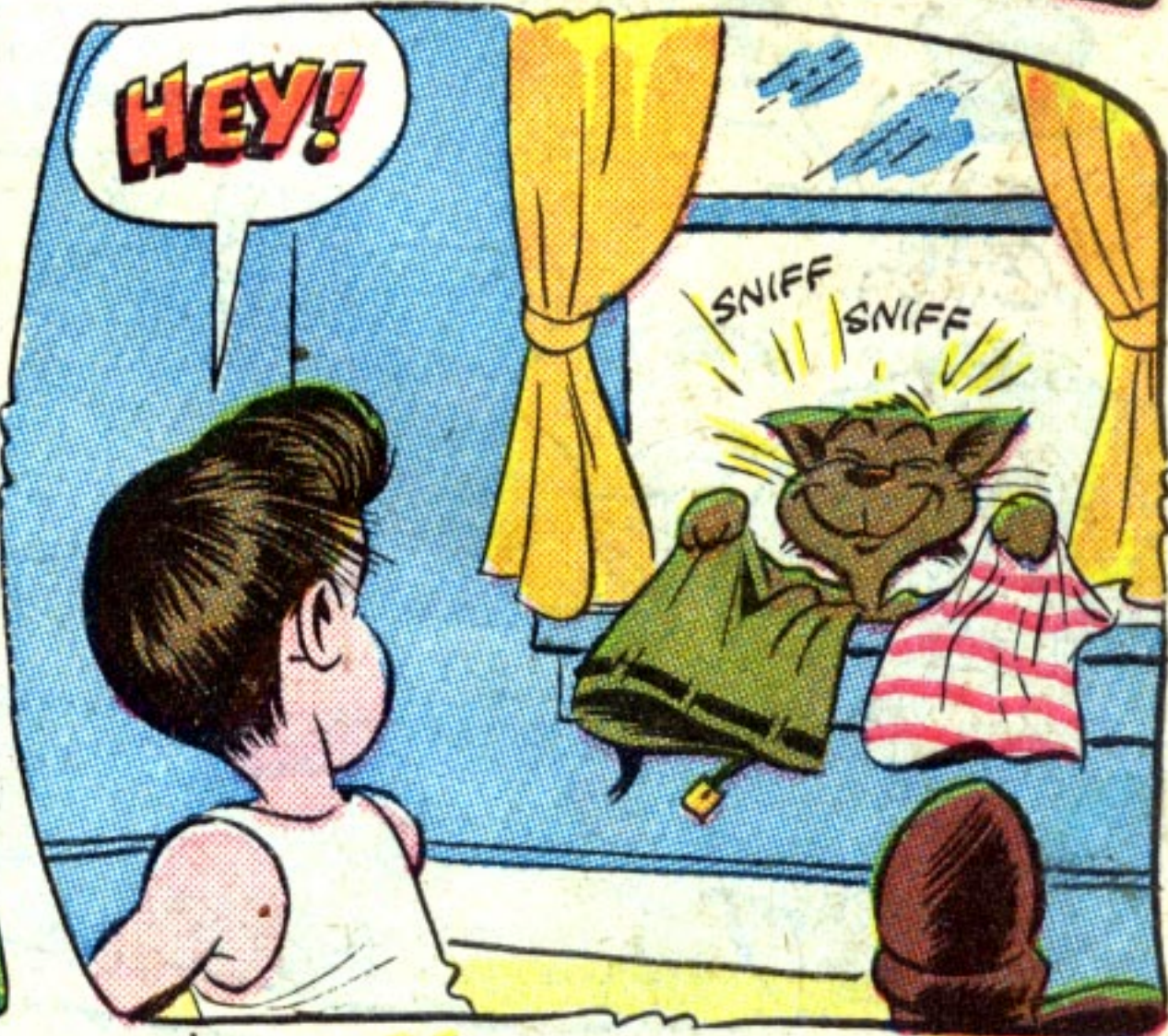
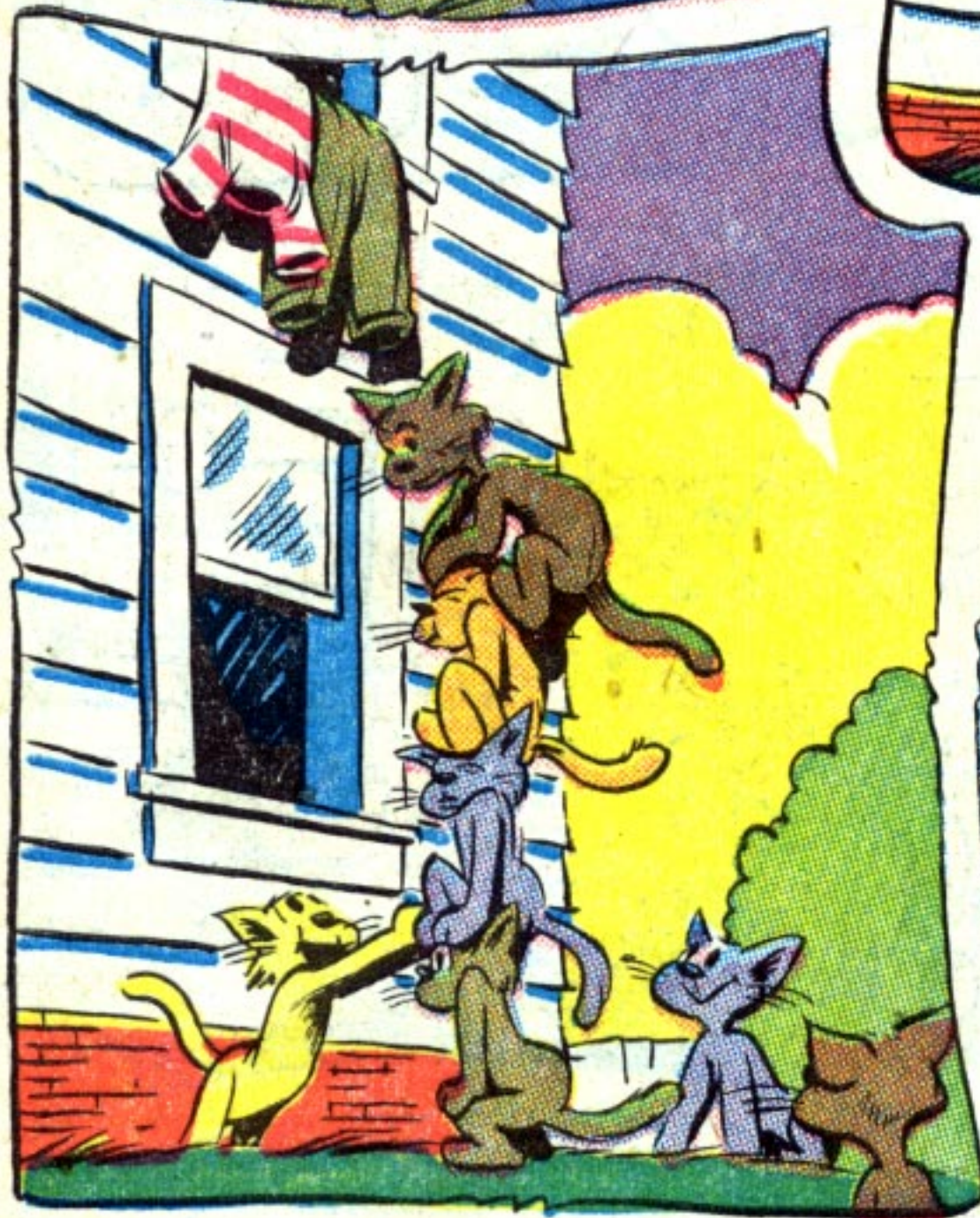
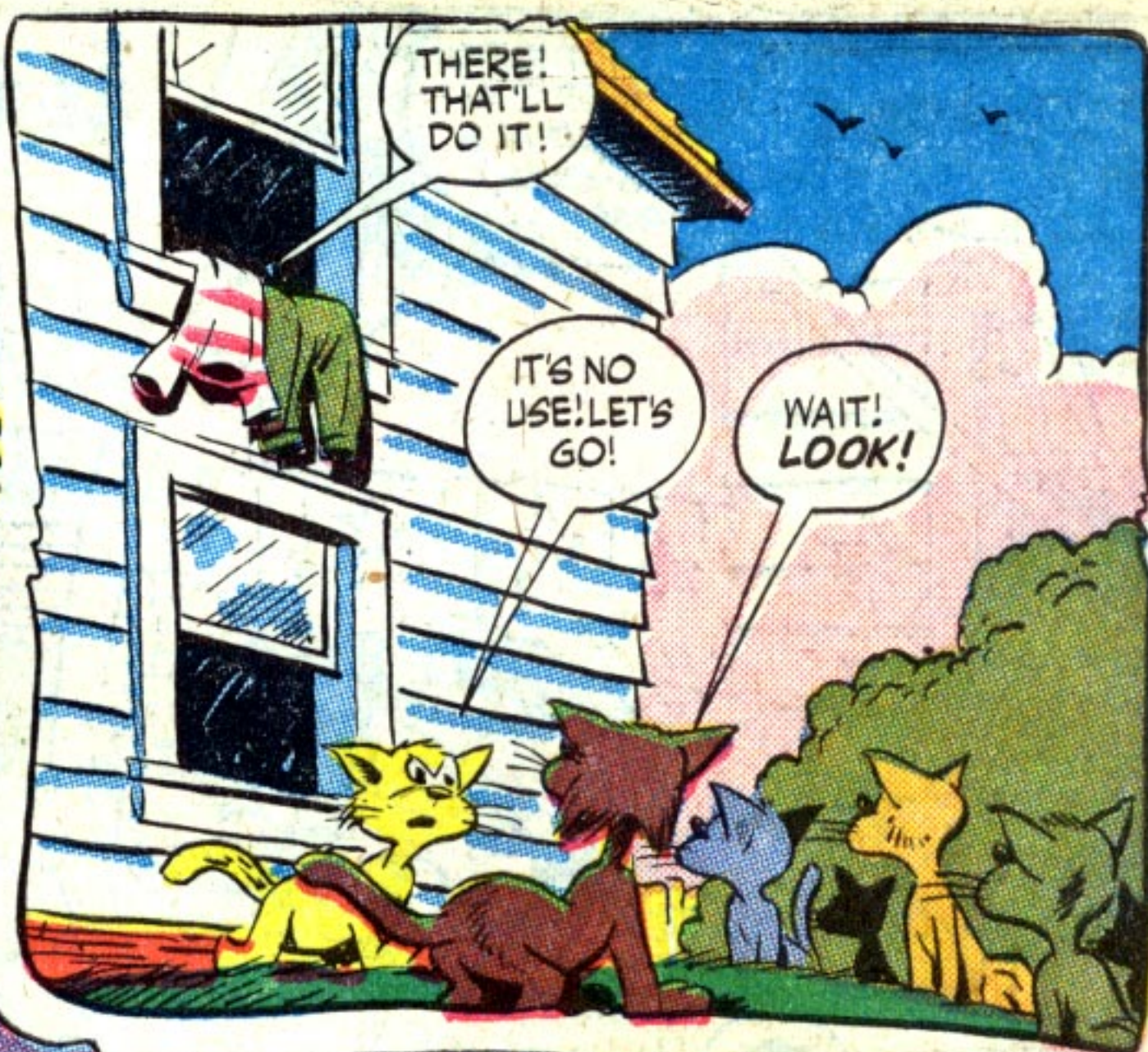
OH, YOU **DID**, DID YOU? WELL,
IF YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA
PUT UP WITH **THAT** SMELL...
**GET UPSTAIRS AND CHANGE
YOUR CLOTHES!**

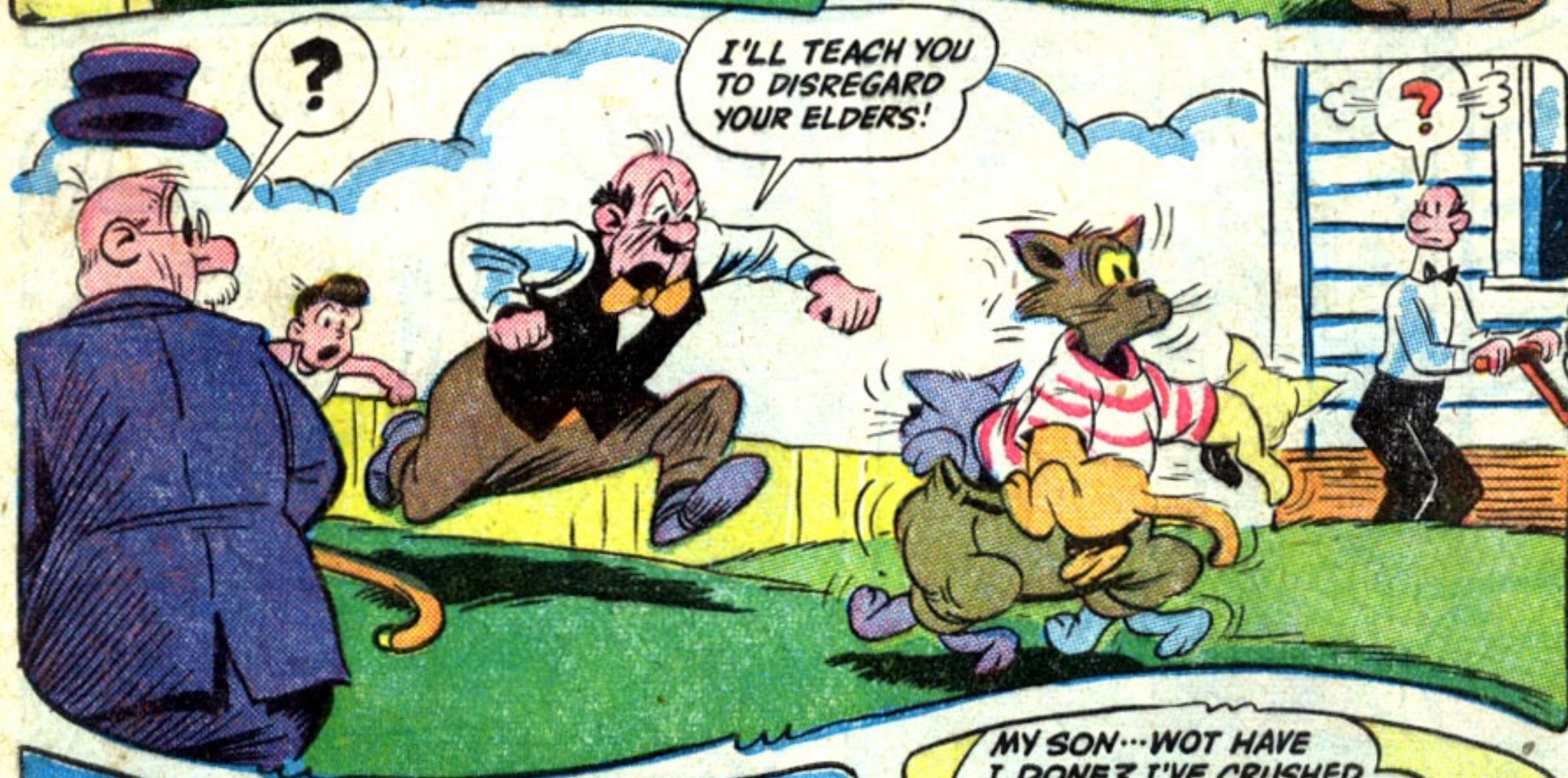
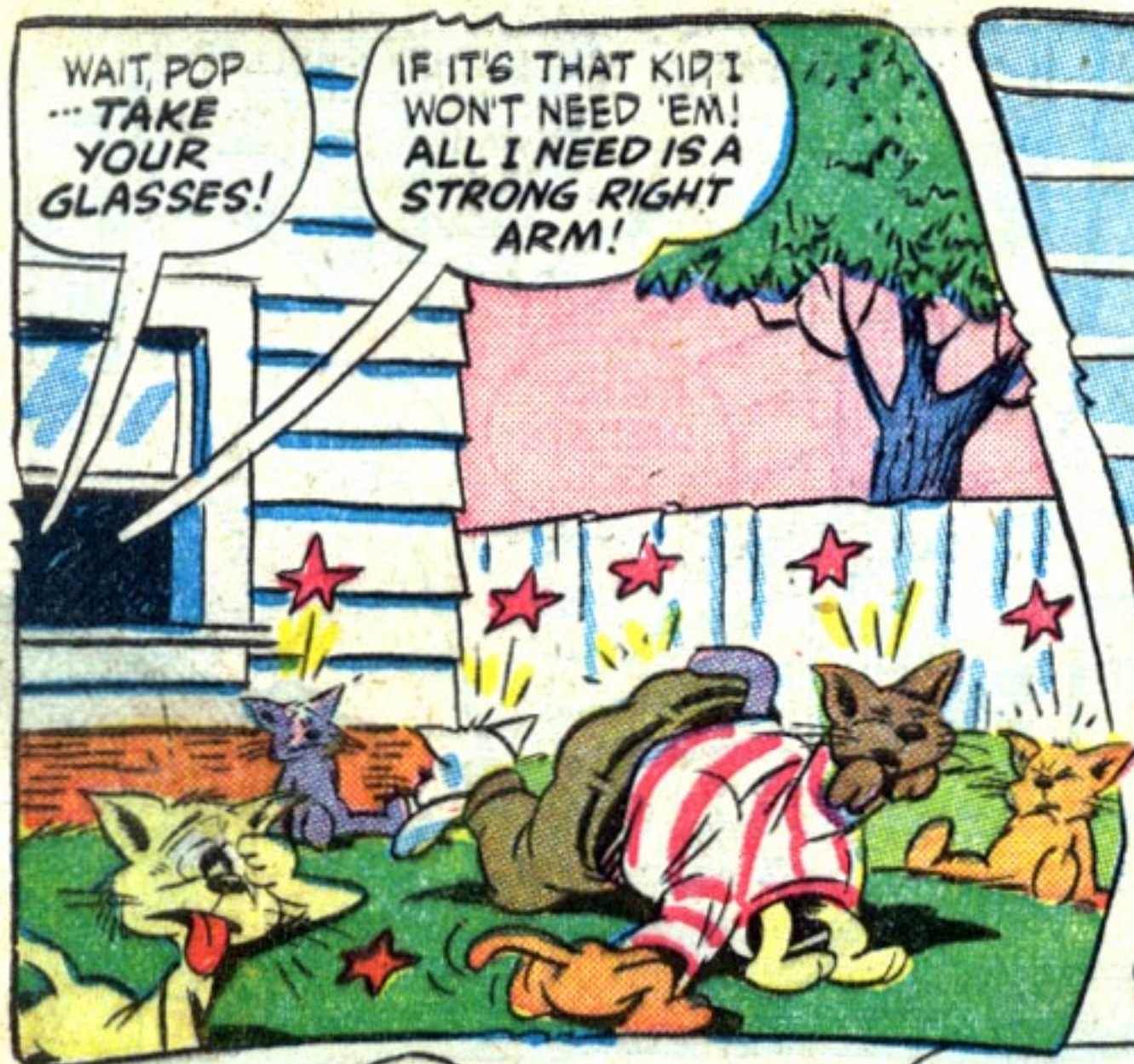
...AND TOMORROW
YOU **QUIT** THAT
JOB!

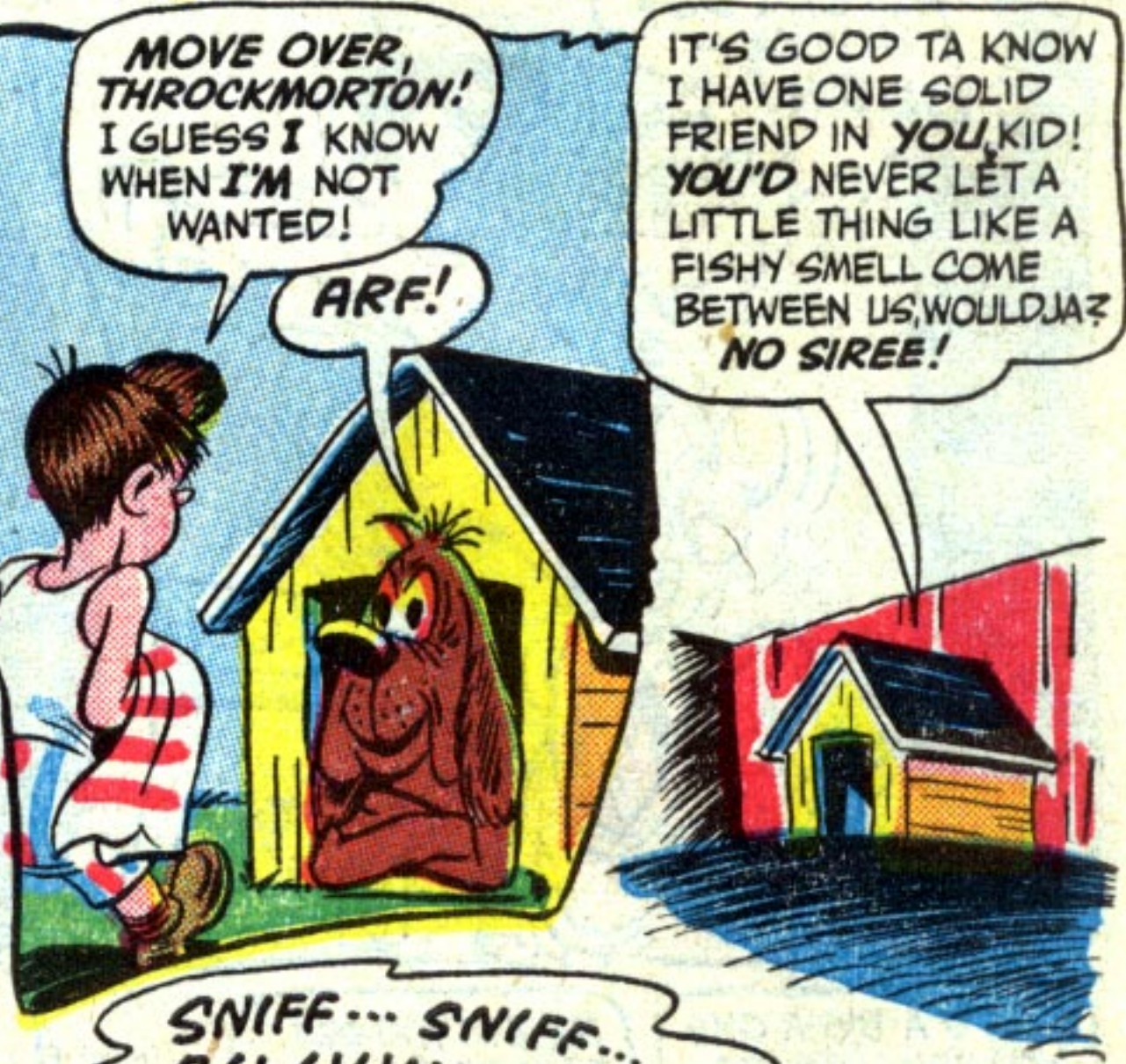
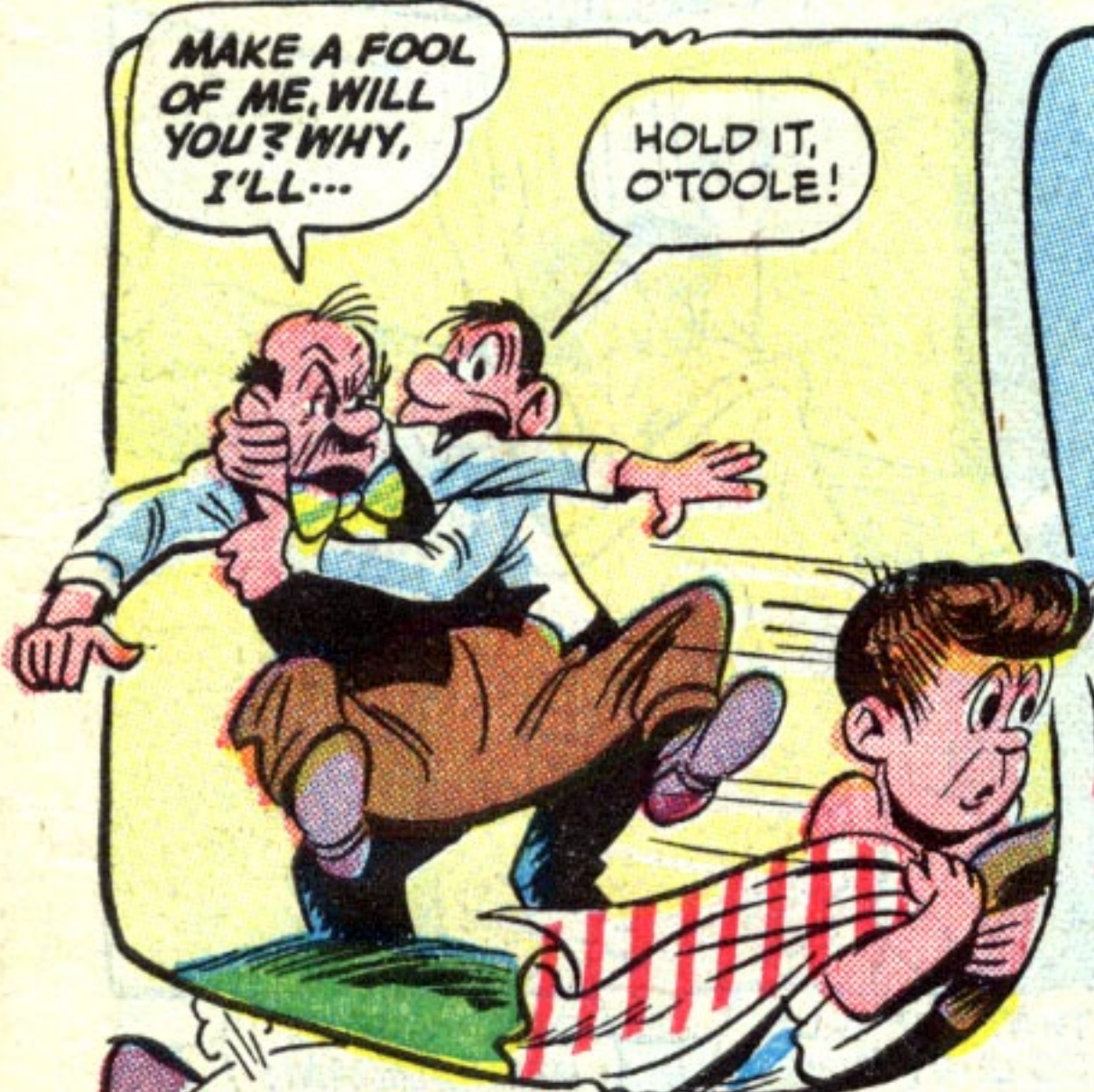
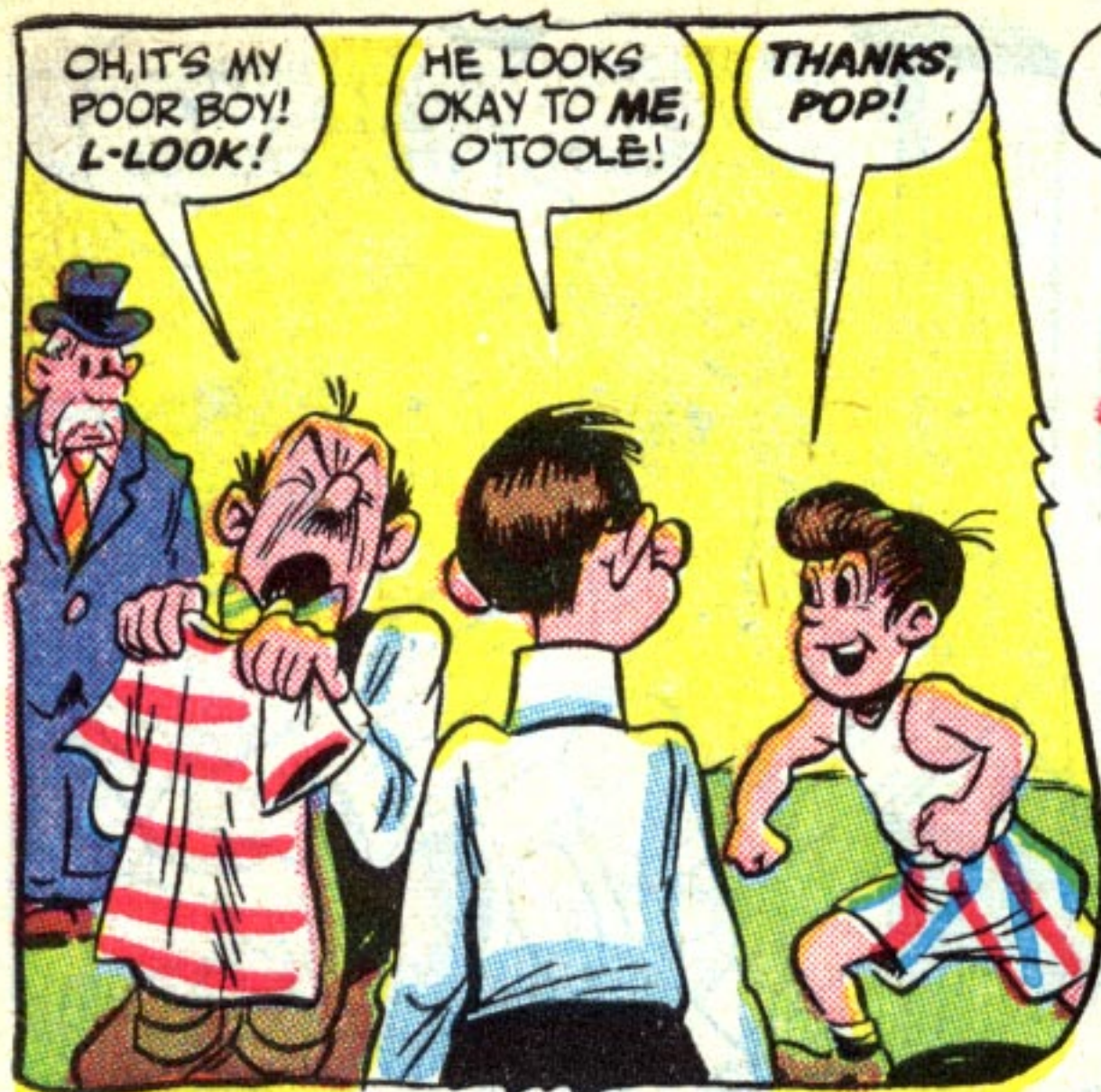
BUT POP...
I CAN'T
QUIT! YA
SEE, I...

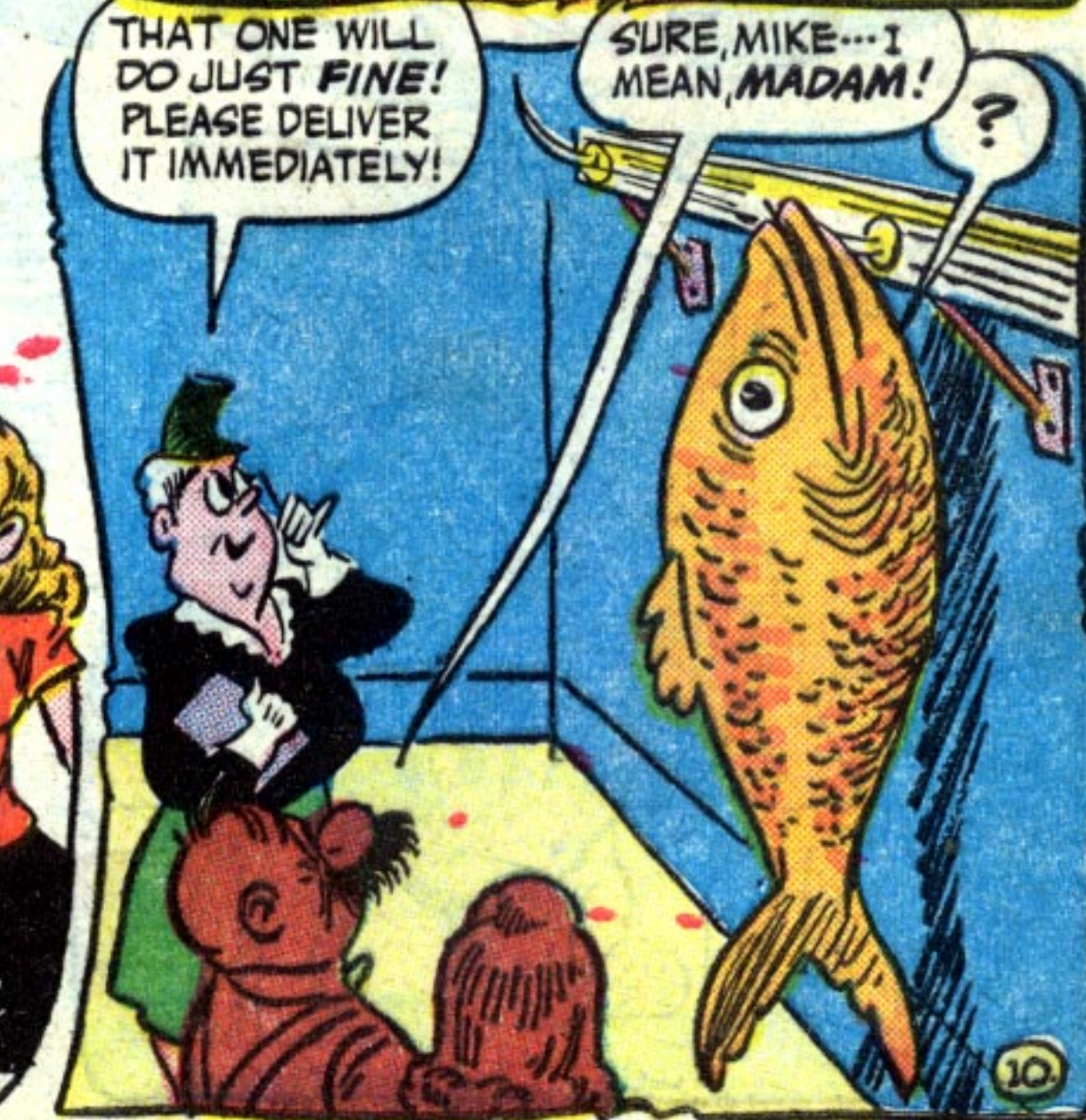
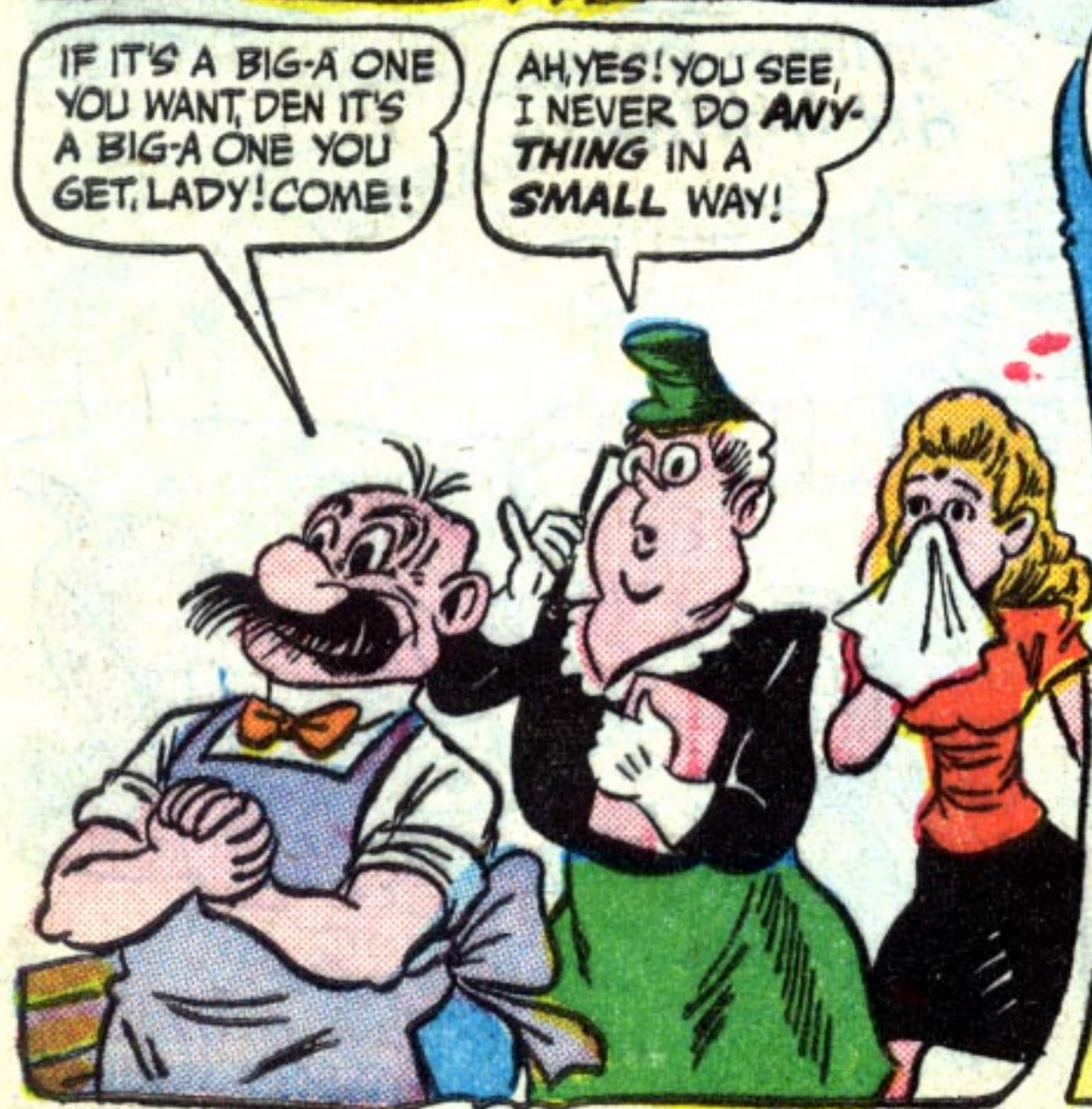
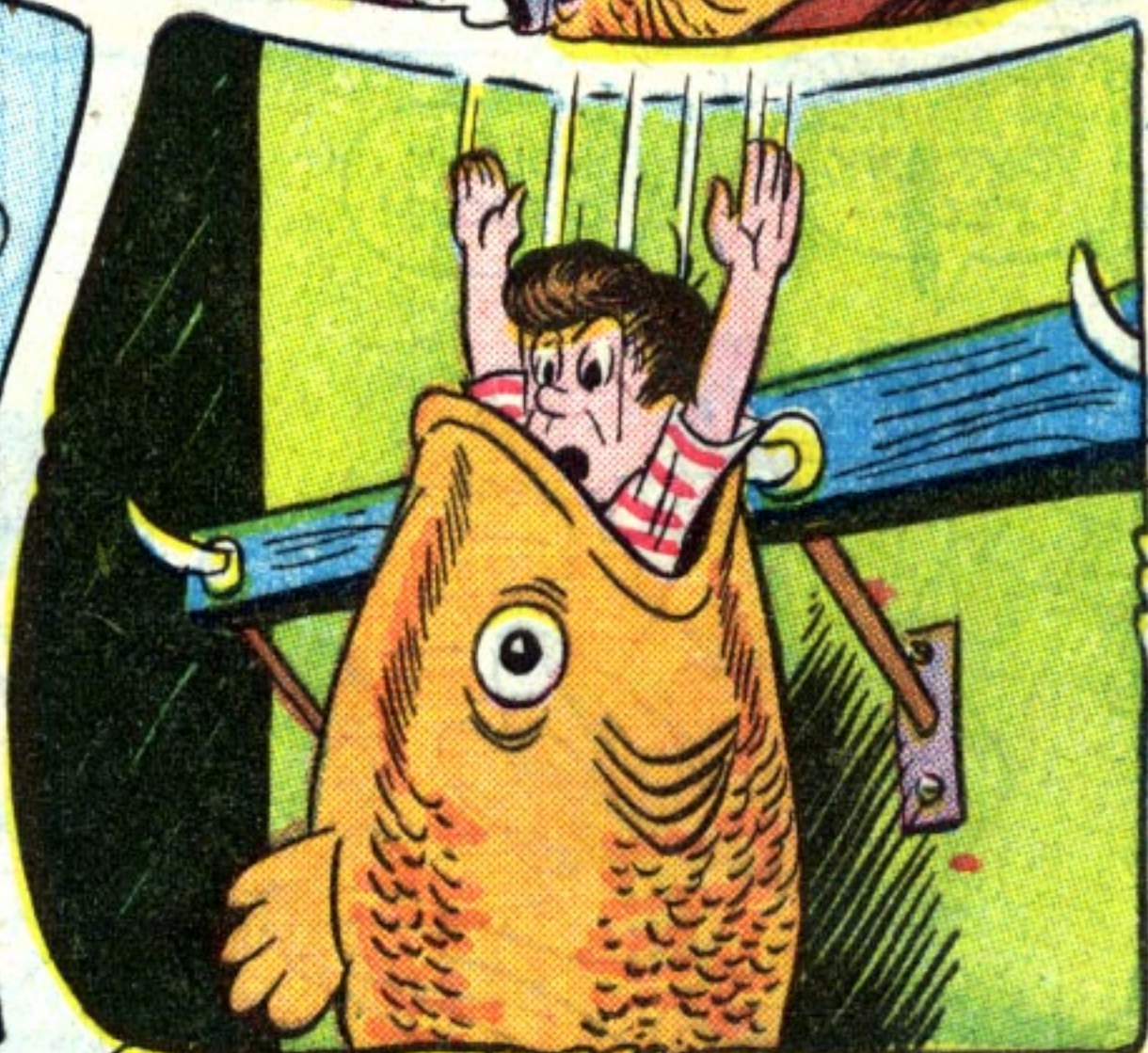
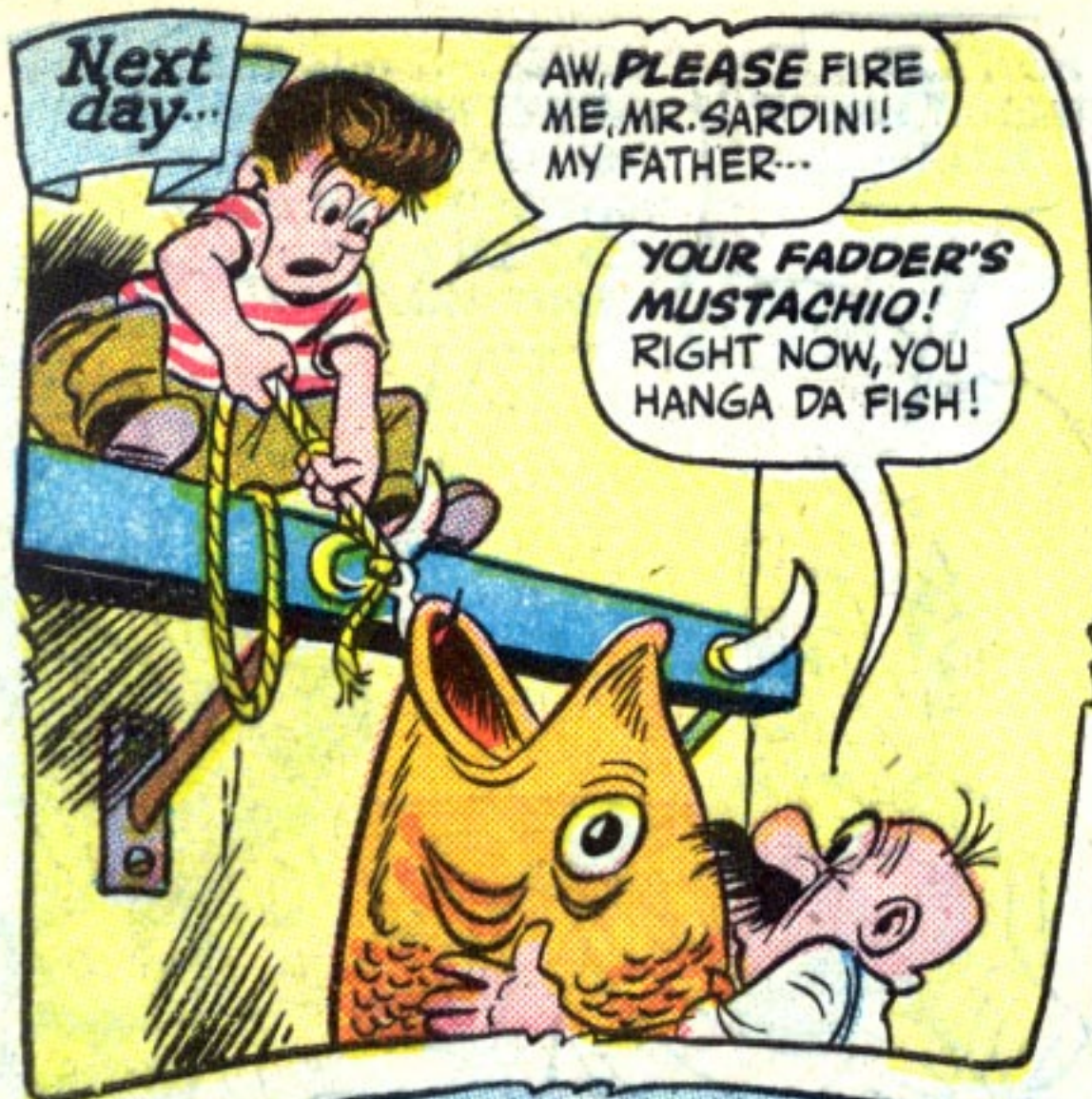


YOU'LL DO
AS YOU'RE
TOLD, COOKIE!









C'MON, KEEB!
I GOTTA DA
JOB FOR
YOU!

GOLLY, IF HE FINDS ME IN HERE,
HE'LL MAKE **ME** DELIVER THIS
THING TO ANGEL'S HOUSE! AN'
IF HE **DOESN'T** FIND ME, HE'LL
DELIVER IT HIMSELF...WITH
ME IN IT!

SO TEMPORARILY,
I GOTTA MAKE
AN **EXIT!**

HEY,
FISHIE!
LIE DOWN
...YOU'RE-A
DAID!

EXCUSE PLEASE,
MR. CROOK...DID
A BIG-A FISH RUN
BY THEES-A WAYZ?

OH, **BRUDDER!**
DESE INTERRUPTIONS
IS **KILLIN'** ME
PERFESSION!

DERE! IF YOUSE **MUST** SEE T'INGS,
DEN GAZE ON DEM PRETTY STARS
AN' BOIDIES!

BROWNING!

**HEVVINS
TA BETTE
DAVIS!**

NO, NO...OF **COURSE** I
DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT
DEN, DEY **DID** SAY DERE'D
BE SOME CHANGES...
WOT WIT' DA NEW
REPUBLICAN
CONGRESS...

...AN' WOT WIT' **ÁTOMIC BUMS**
...AN' V-2'S...AN' B-36'S...
WELL, WOT'S ONE WALKIN'
FISHIE, MORE OR LESS?

MAH FRIEND, I ENVIES YOUSE DAT
SIMPLE LIFE YOUSE IS LIVIN' RIGHT
NOW, 'MONGST DA STARS AN' BOIDIES!
SO...FER A FEW SECONDS...
FAREWELL, UGLY UNIVOISE!

JAIL BIRDS!

GET IT?

Meanwhile...at the
SODA JERKERIE...

OKAY, ZOOT...SO I'M SORRY
I SCARED YA! BUT YA GOTTA
HELP ME OUTA THIS BEFORE
ANGELPUSS...

HOLD IT, COOKIE!
THIS JOE DON'T
GOTTA DO ANY-
THING...FOR
NOTHIN', THAT
IS!

SO YA GOT
A PRICE,
HUH? WOT
IS IT?

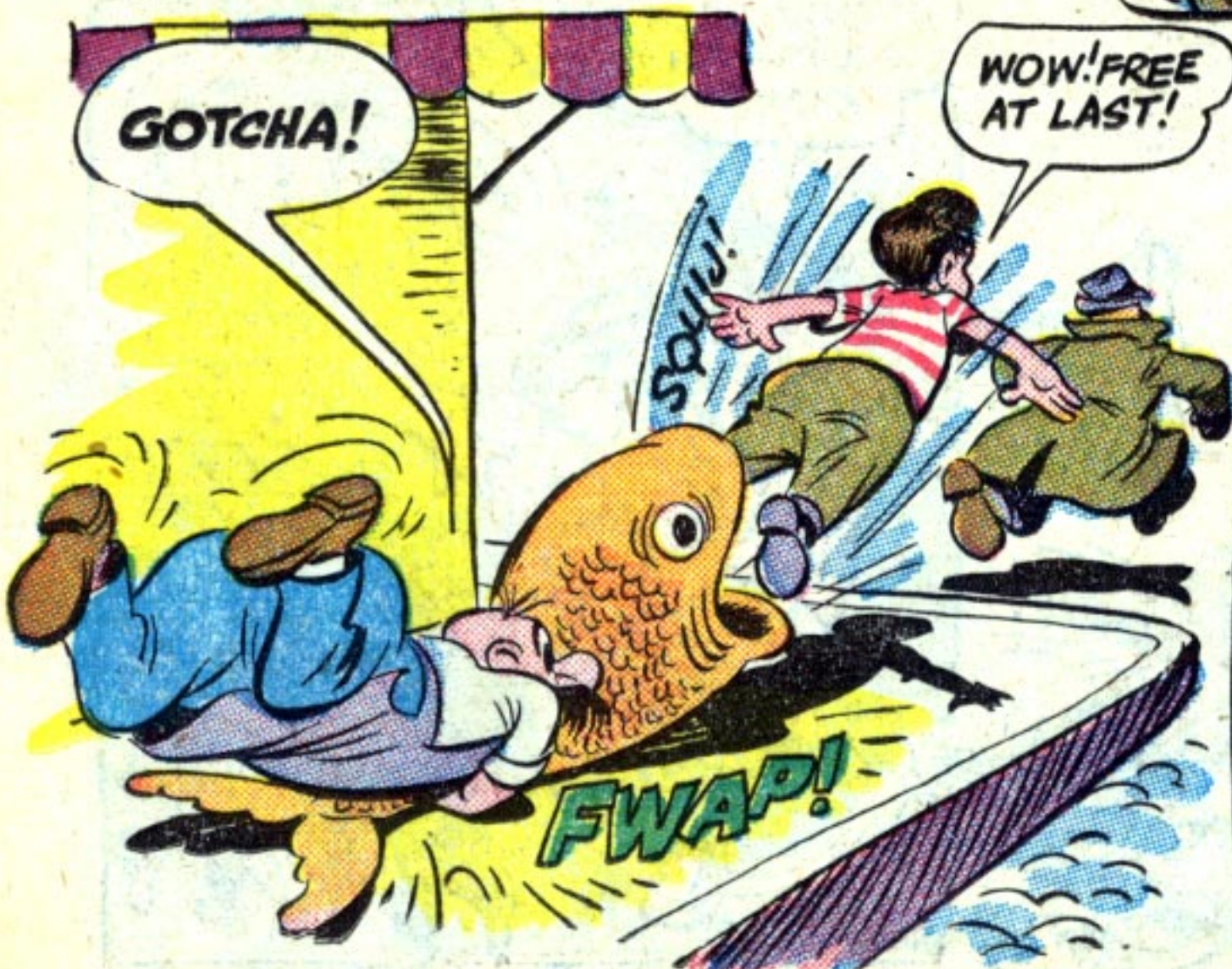
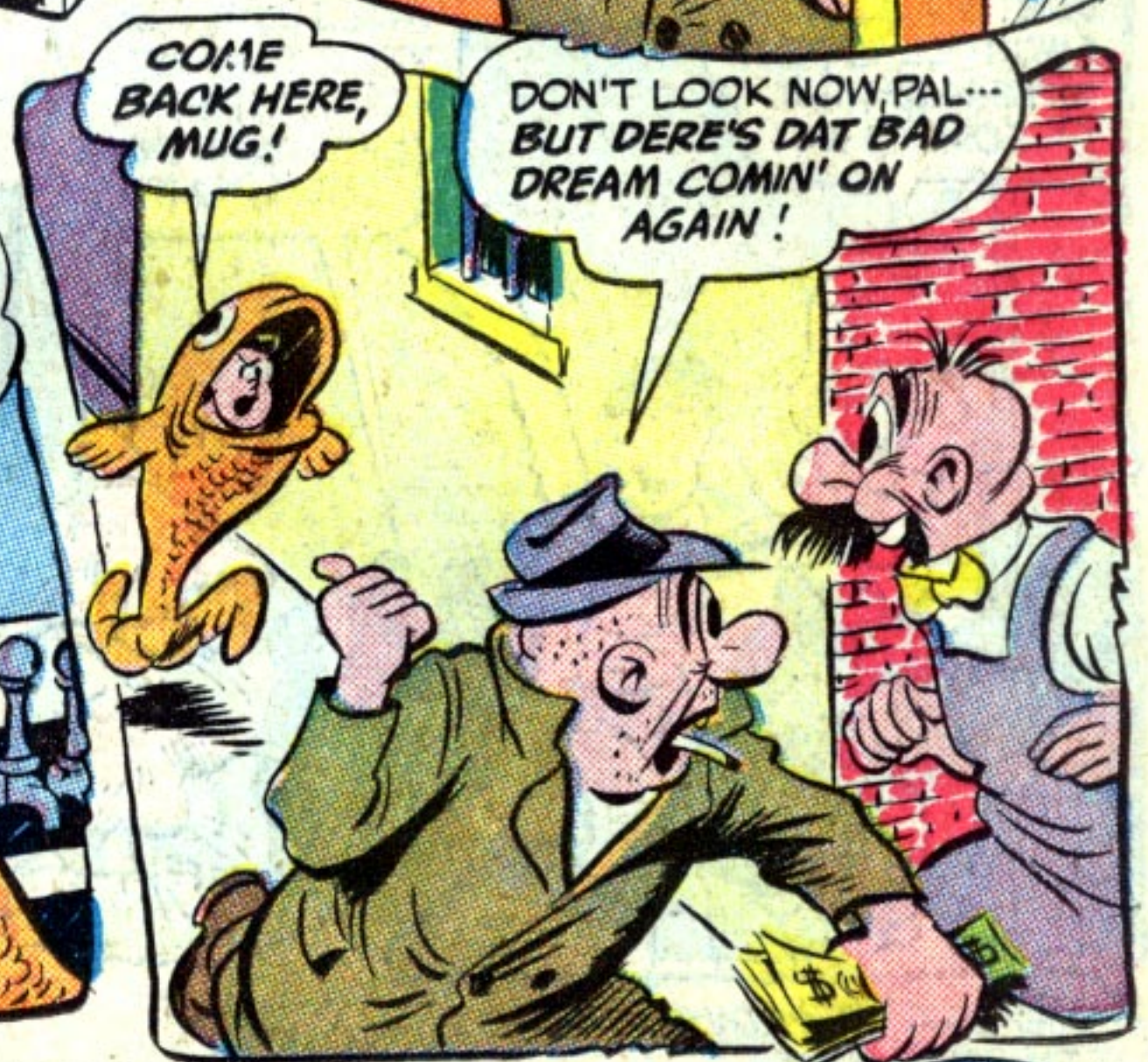
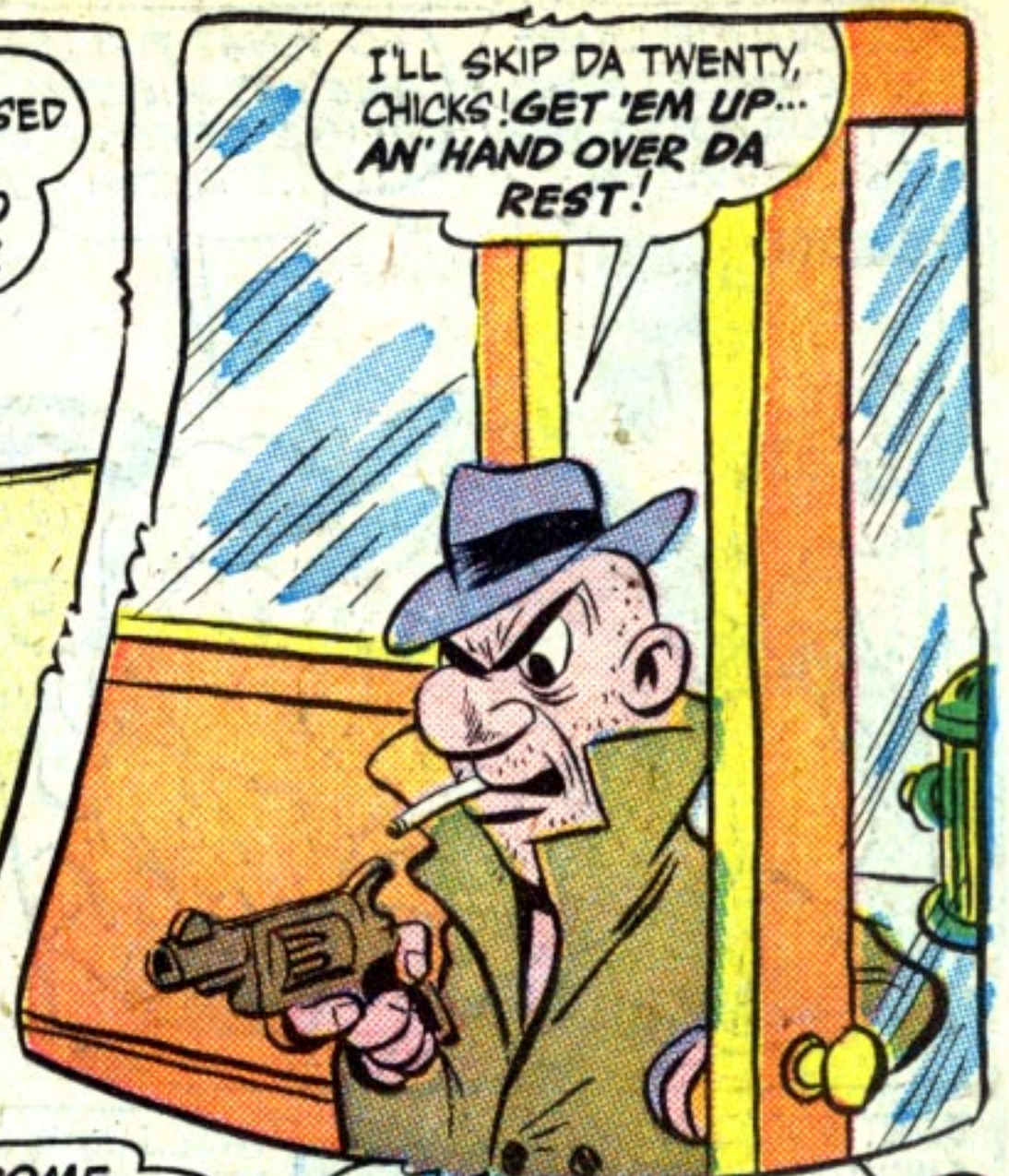
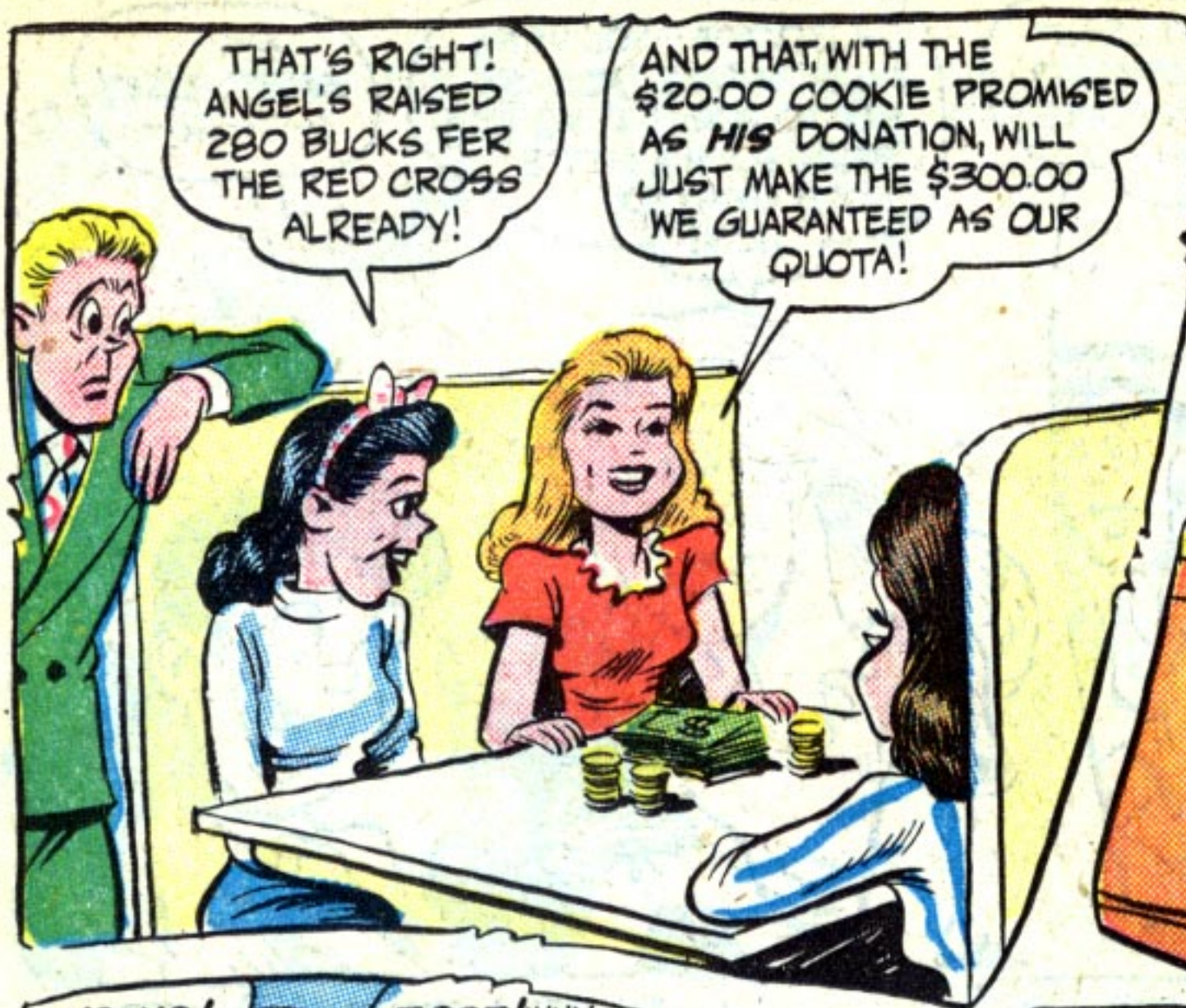
OH, IT AIN'T **MUCH, CHUM!**
YOU JUST MAKE YOURSELF
SCARCE AROUND THAT
SWEET LI'L PIGEON
ANGELPUSS FOR THE
NEXT FEW MONTHS!

YOU...YOU **HEEL!**
EVEN IF I'M STUCK
IN HERE FOR THE
REST OF MY LIFE,
I'LL NEVER...

OH, NO? HERE COME
THE GALS, SUCKER!
JUST WATCH WOT
GIVES!

HI, ANGELPUSS!
HAVE I GOT SUMP'N
TO SHOW YOU!

STOW IT FER A MINUTE,
CREEP! WE BABES GOT
BUSINESS!

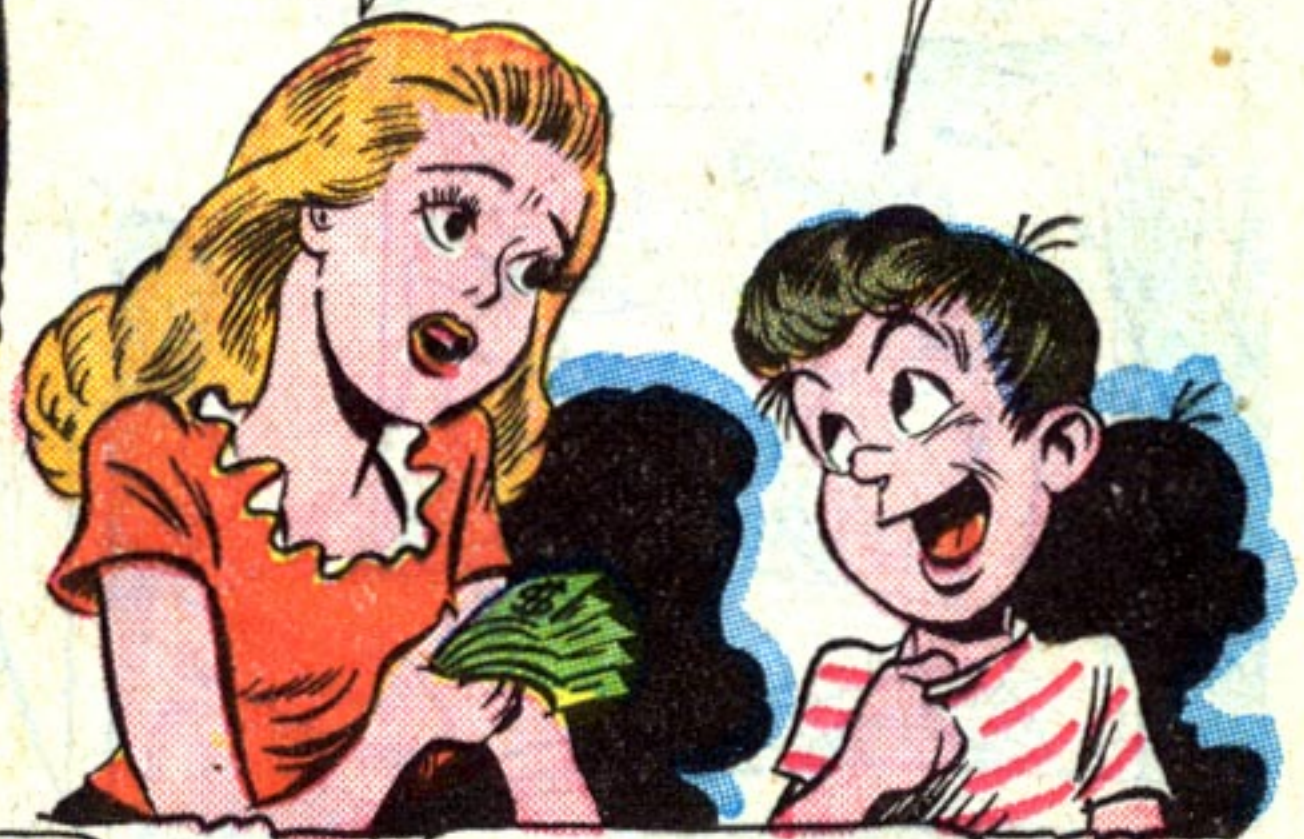
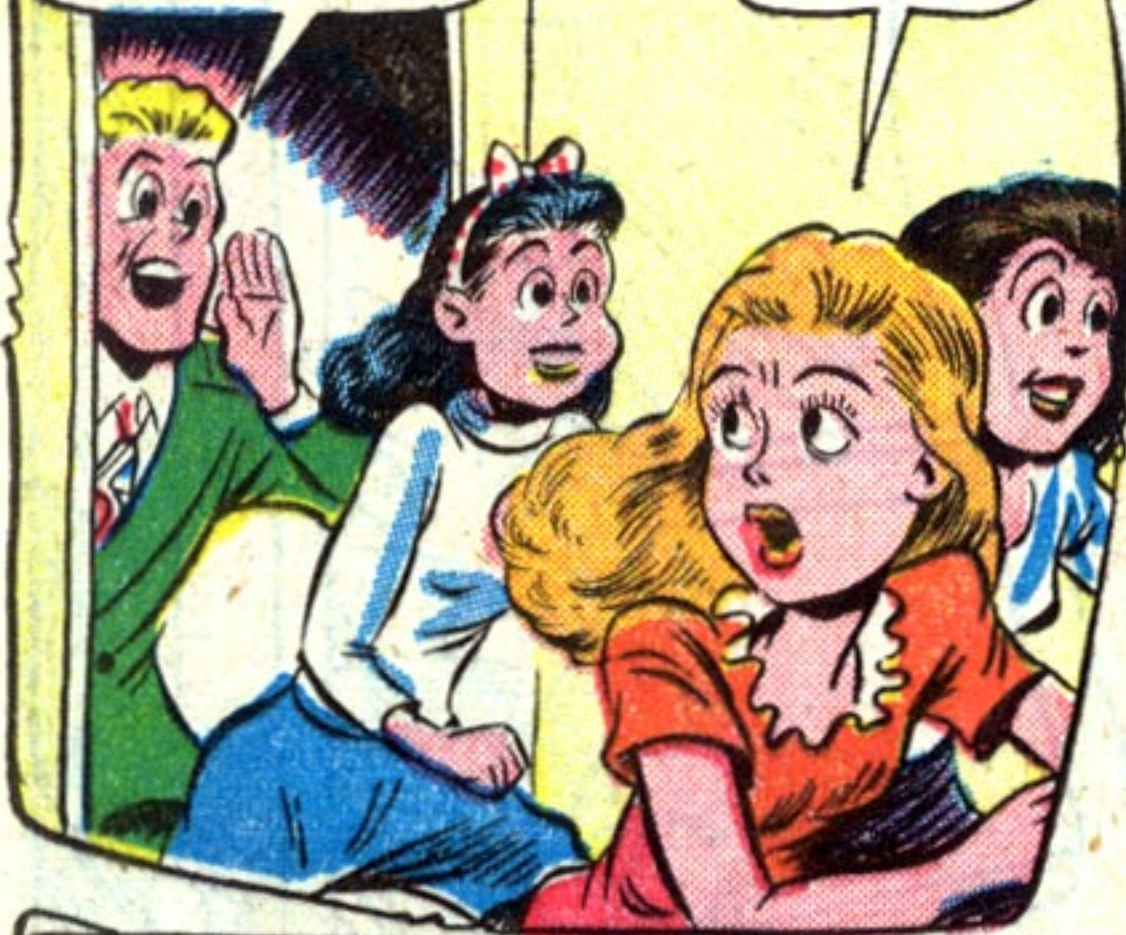


WELL, BEAUTIFUL? ARE YOU CONVINCED **NOW** THAT OUR COOKIE IS A FISH PEDDLER?

SO **WHAT**? AT LEAST, HE'S NOT A **COWARD** ...LIKE **SOME PEOPLE** I KNOW!

OH, COOKIE... YOU WERE **WONDERFUL!** PLEASE TRY TO FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SUCH A LITTLE **SNOB** ABOUT YOUR **JOB!**

AW, **ANGELPUSS!** I...I...ER...



DON'T GO 'WAY, KIDS! I WANT YOU TO BEAR WITNESS TO WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY!

WELL, I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT...ER... WELL, JEEPERS! SUPPOSE HE **DOES** SMELL FISHY...

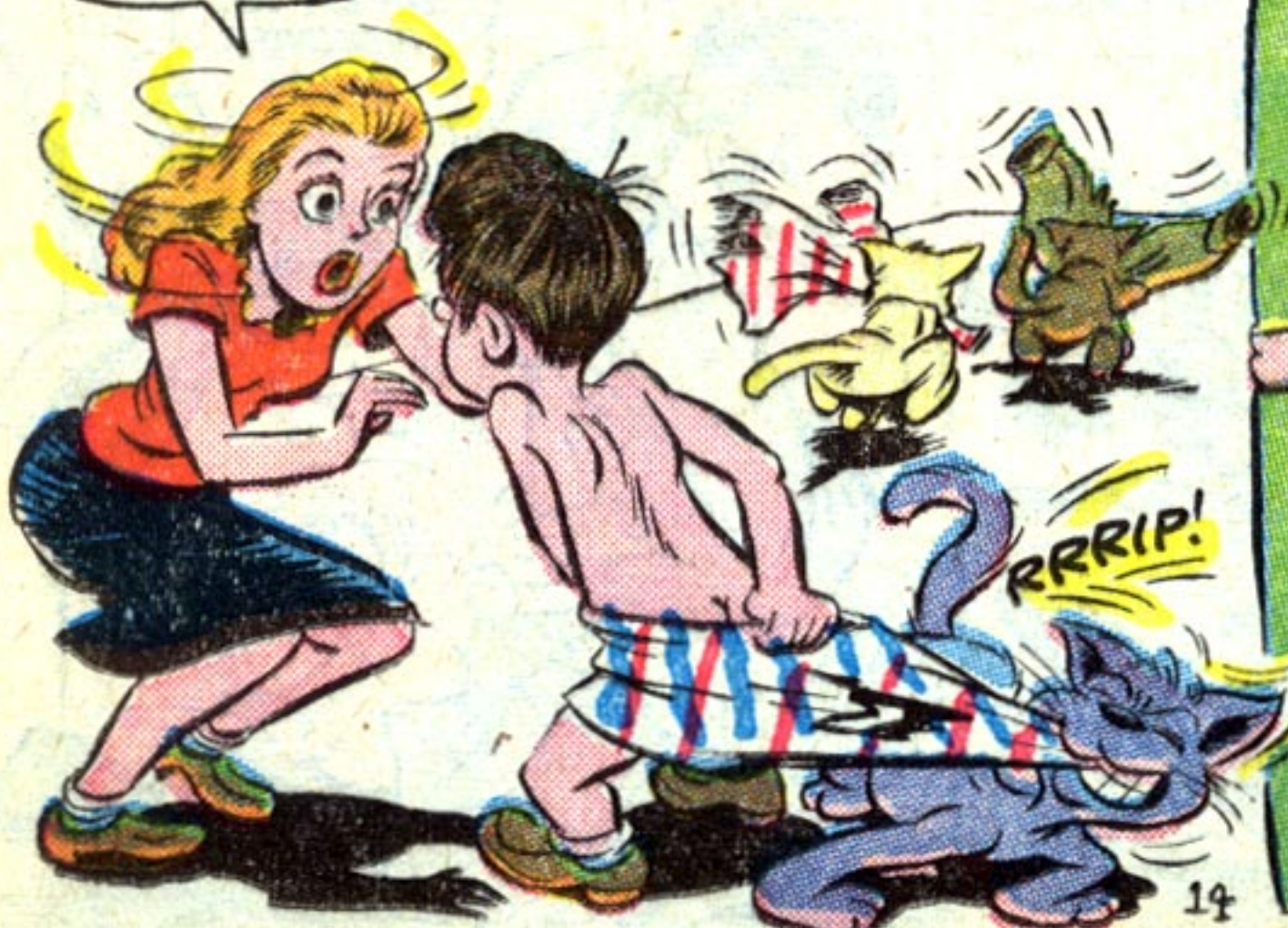
...I'M **STILL** PROUD TO CALL HIM MY BEST FRIEND ...AND **NOTHING** CAN CHANGE THAT!

HÈY! NIX! CUT IT OUT!



...AND JUST TO **PROVE** IT, I'LL SEAL IT WITH A K... OH!

SO IT SHOULDN'T BE A **TOTAL LOSS**, I'LL SEAL IT... WITH A **KICK!**

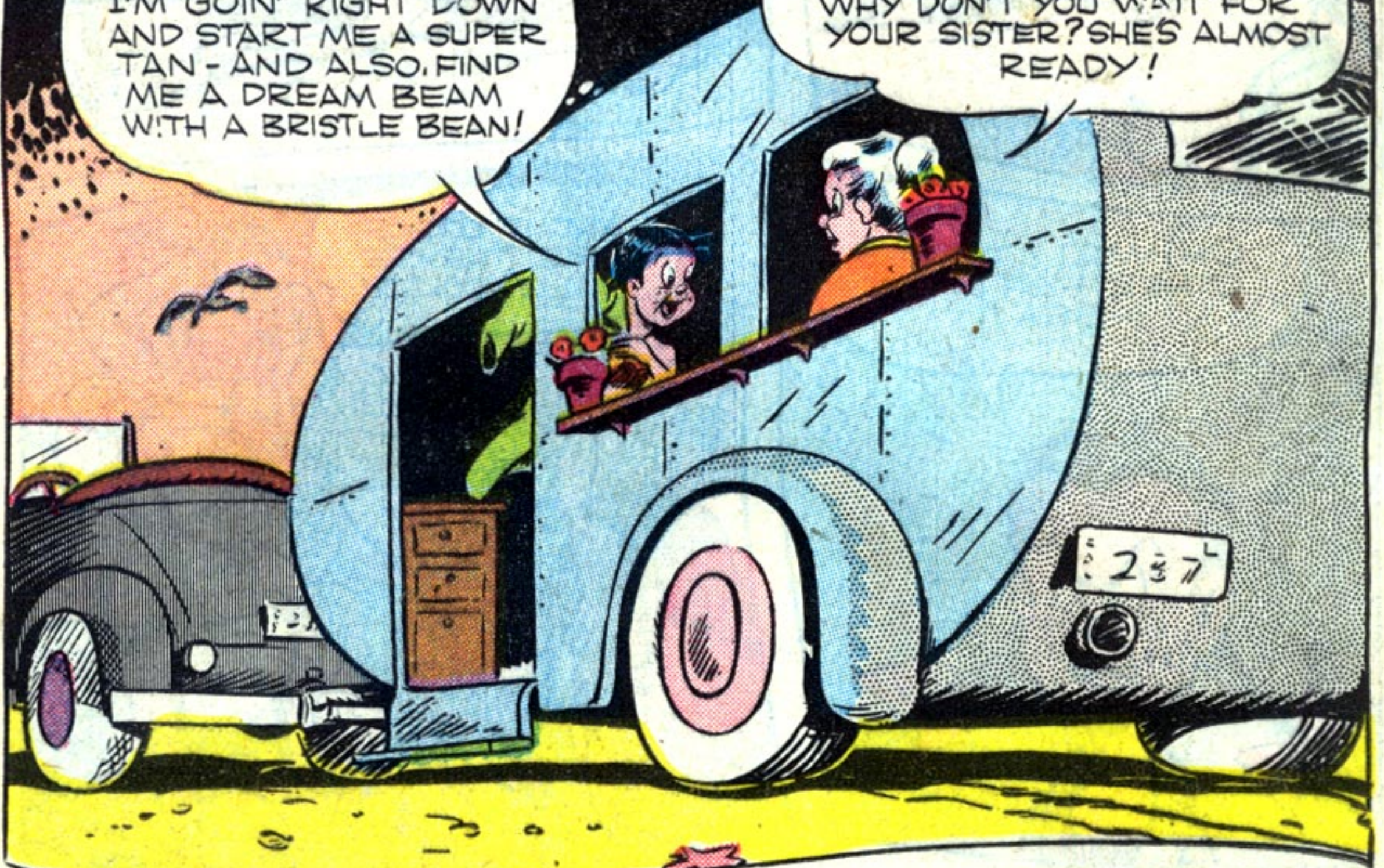


CINDY

BOB WICK

MOMS, IT'S WONDERFUL CAMPIN' HERE AT THE BEACH! I'M GOIN' RIGHT DOWN AND START ME A SUPER TAN - AND ALSO, FIND ME A DREAM BEAM WITH A BRISTLE BEAN!

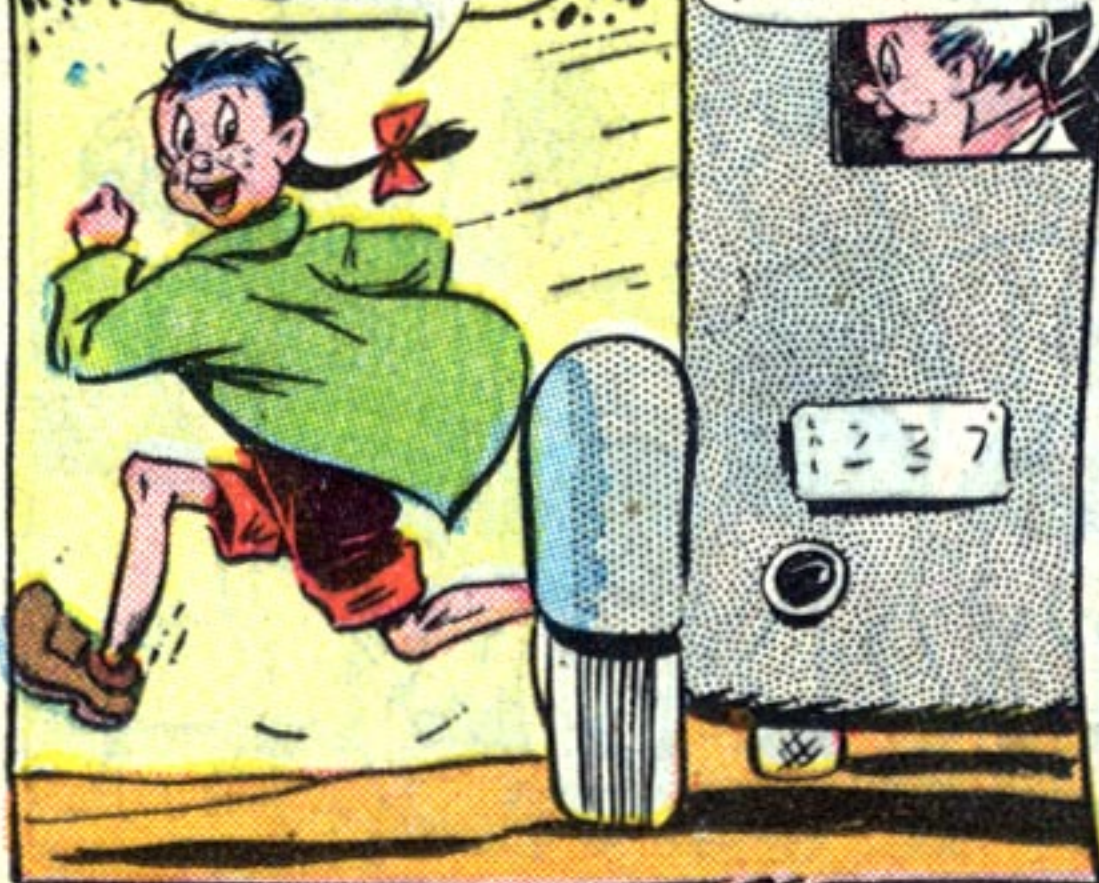
NOW, CINDY, IF "BRISTLE BEAM WITH A DREAM BEAN" IS WHAT I THINK IT IS, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! WHY DON'T YOU WAIT FOR YOUR SISTER? SHE'S ALMOST READY!

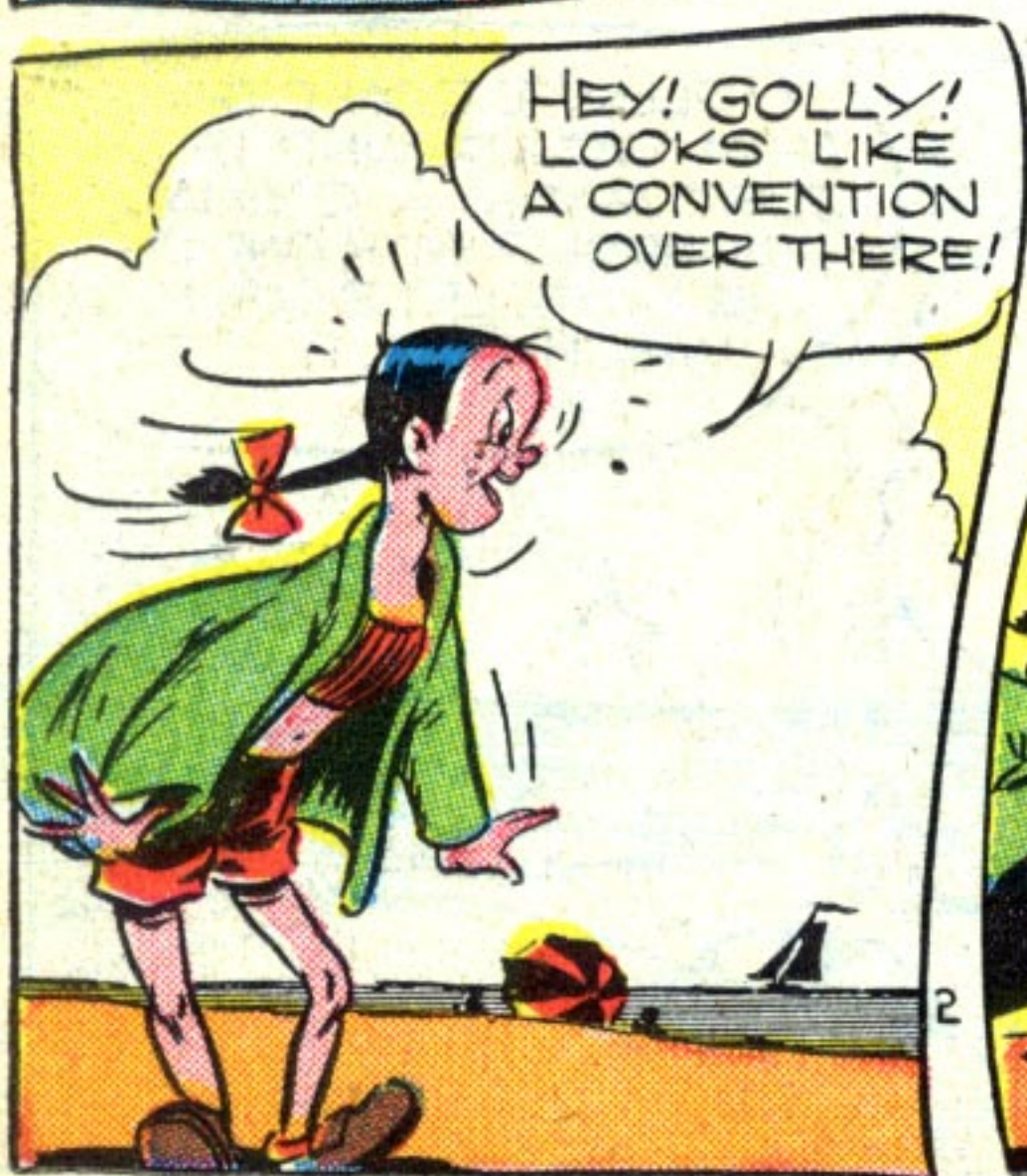
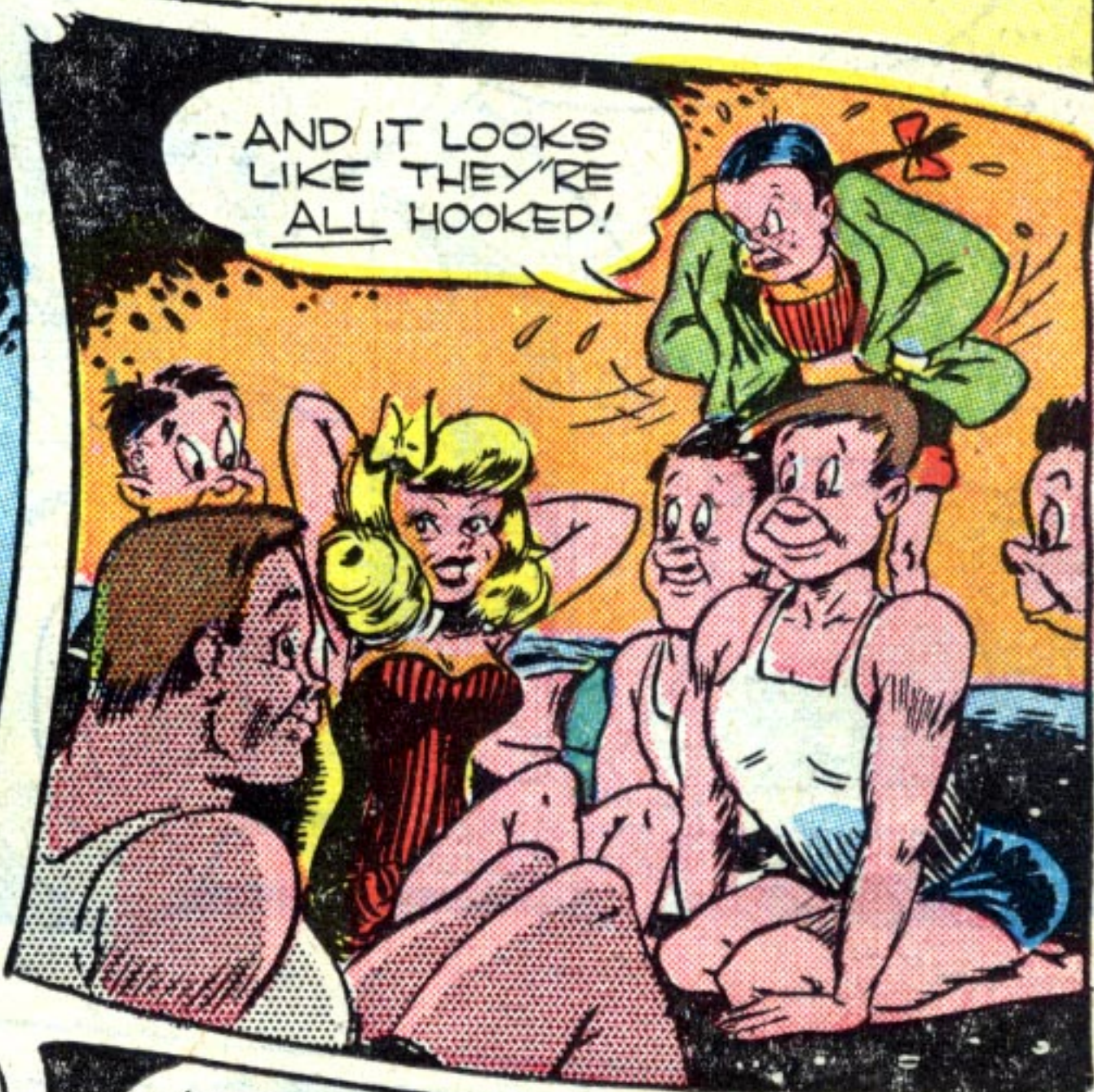
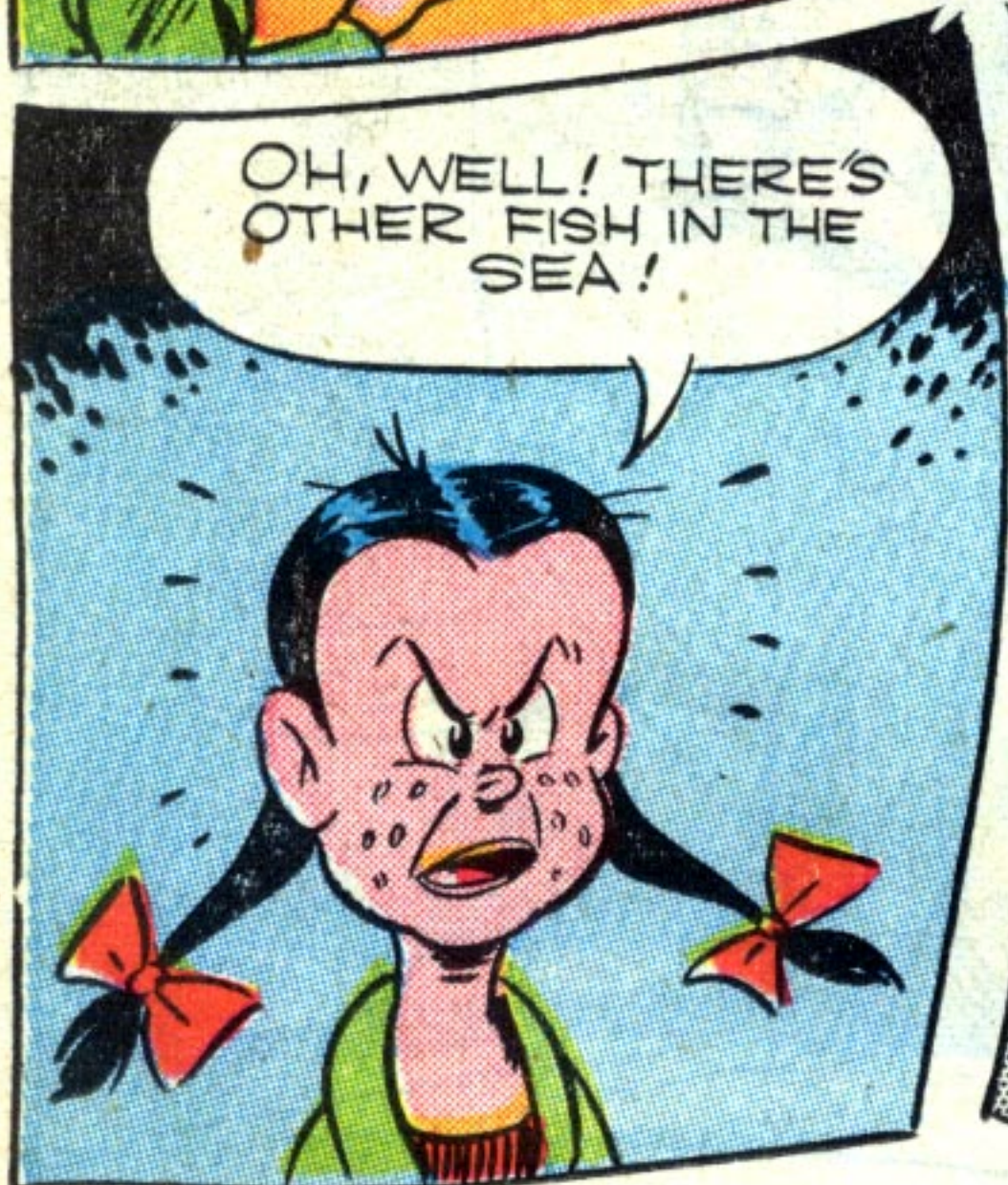
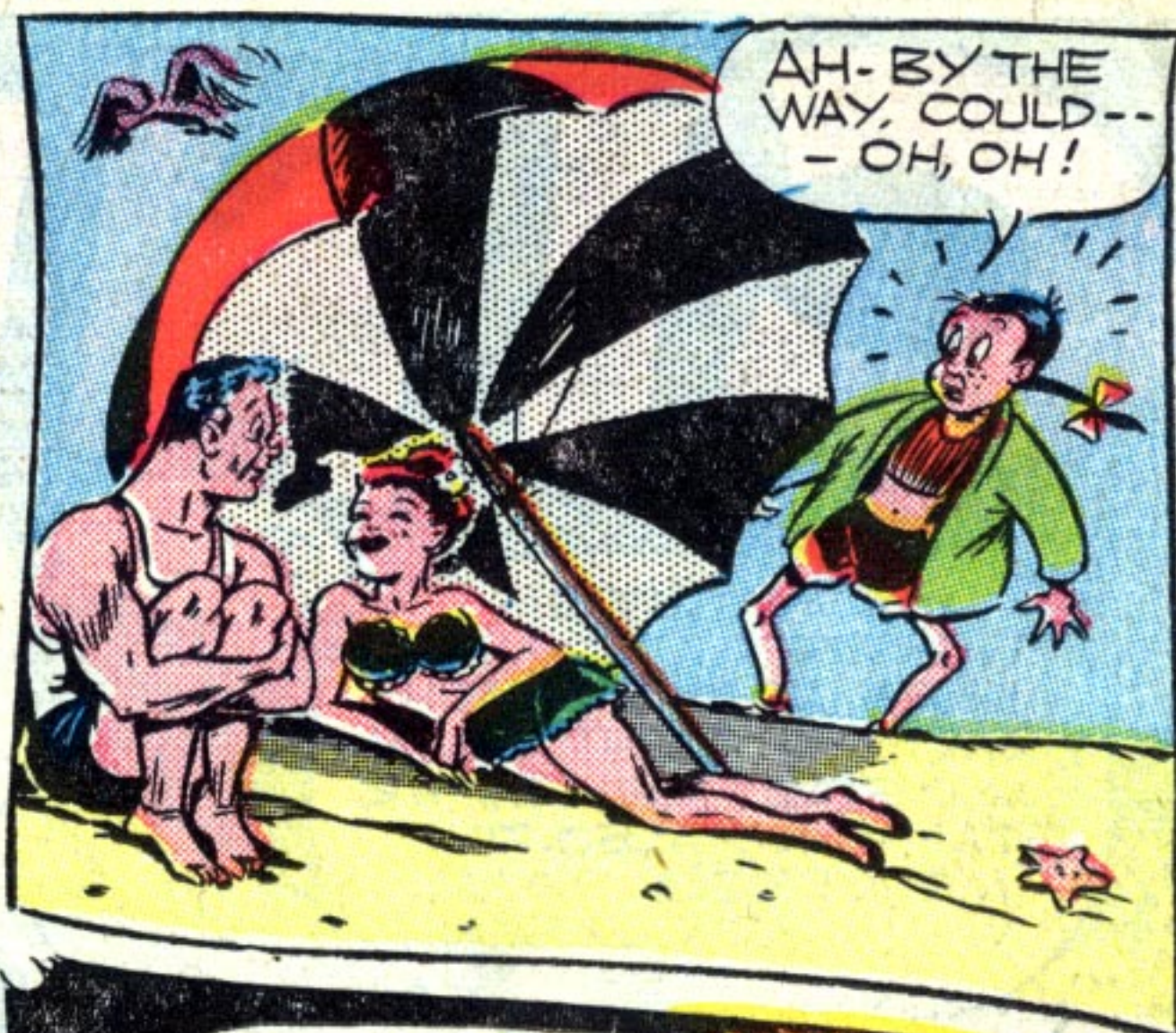


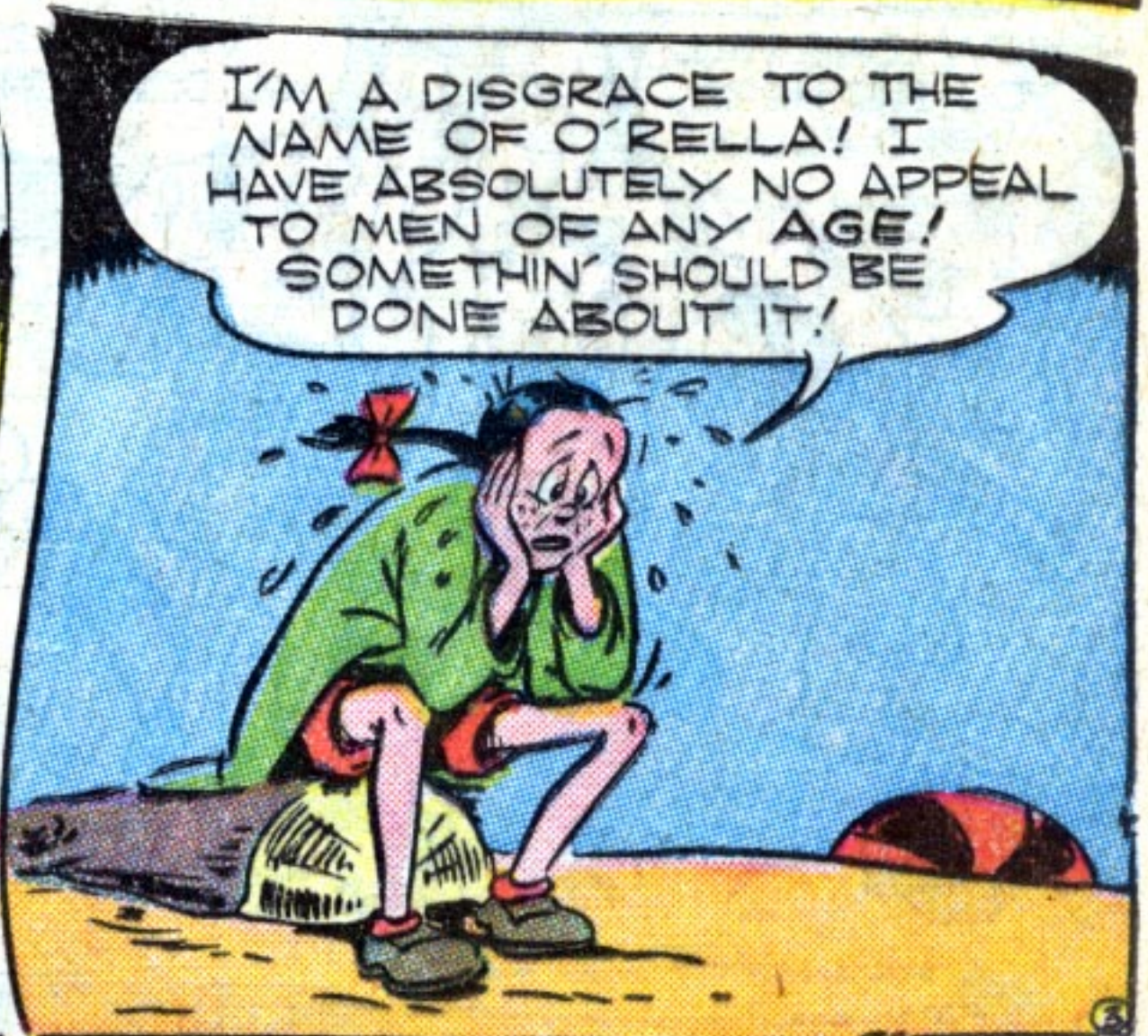
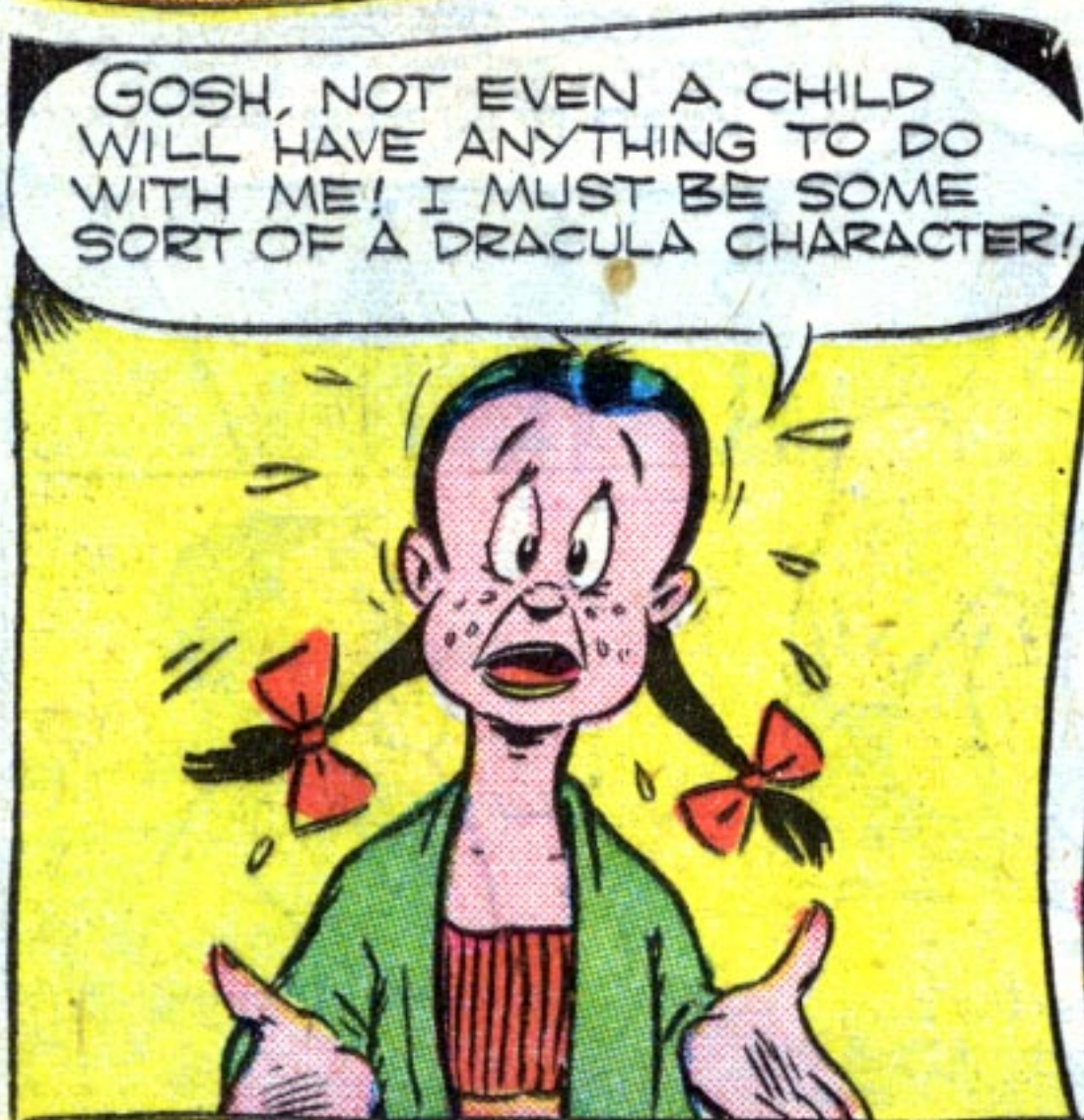
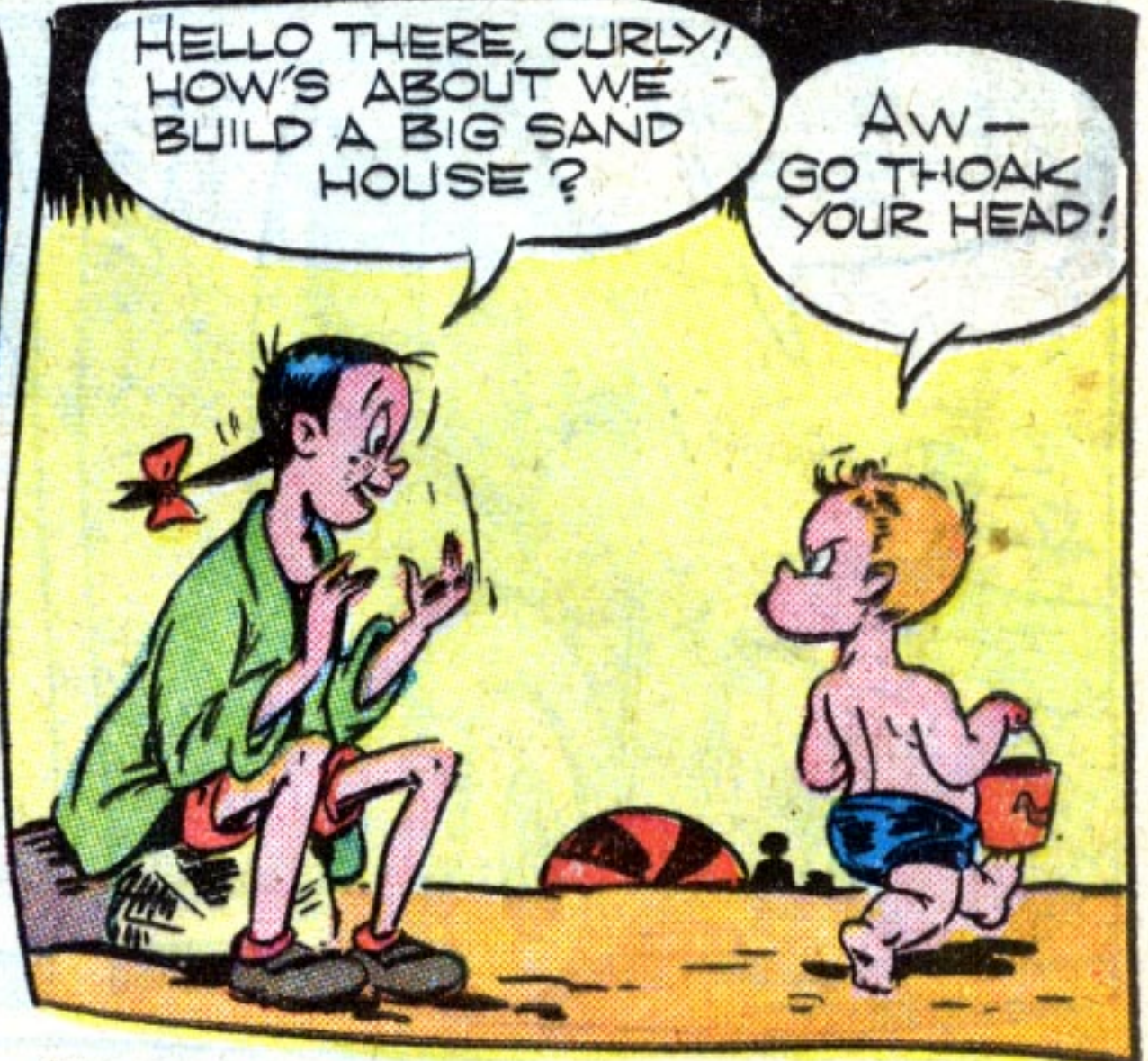
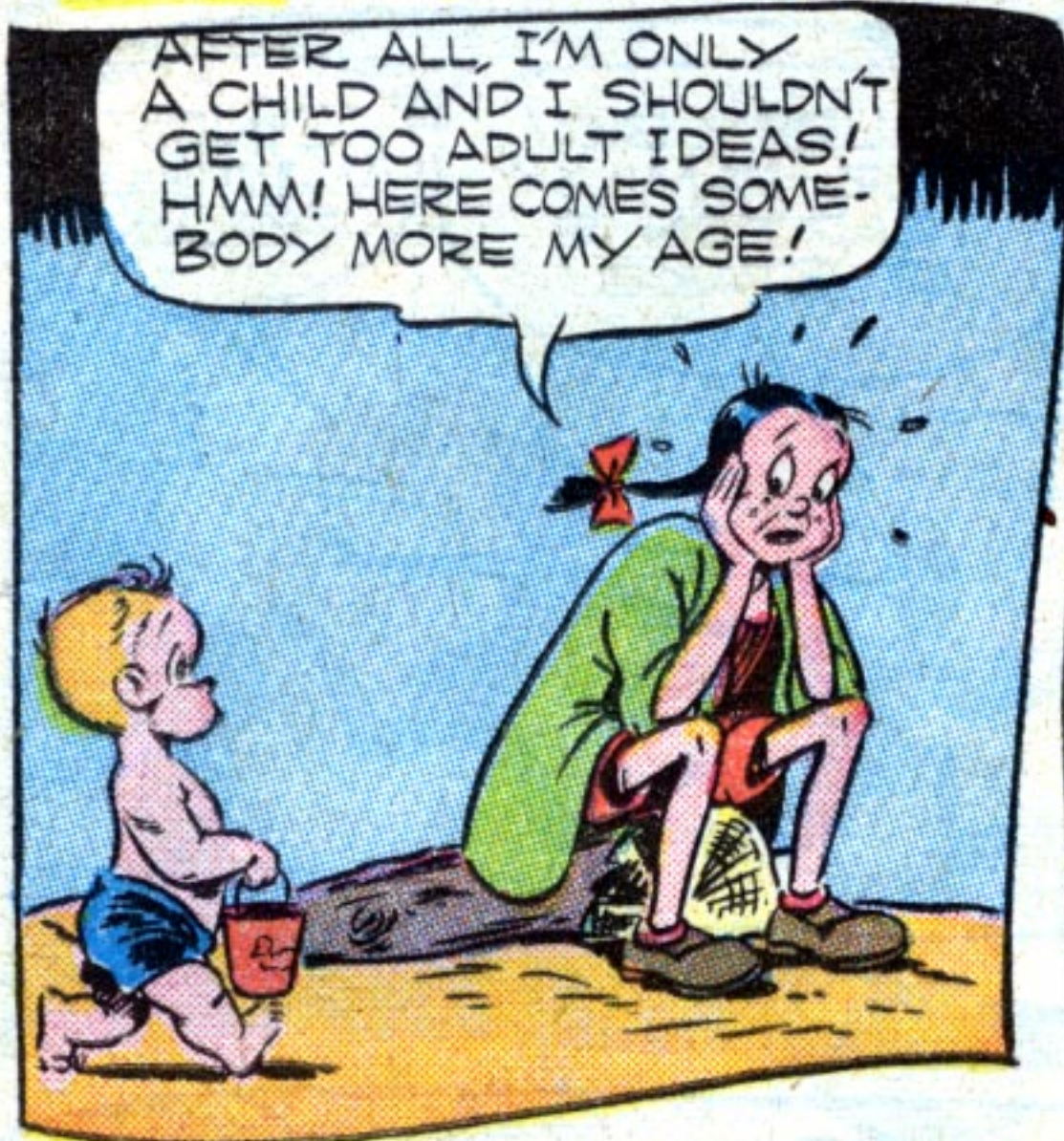
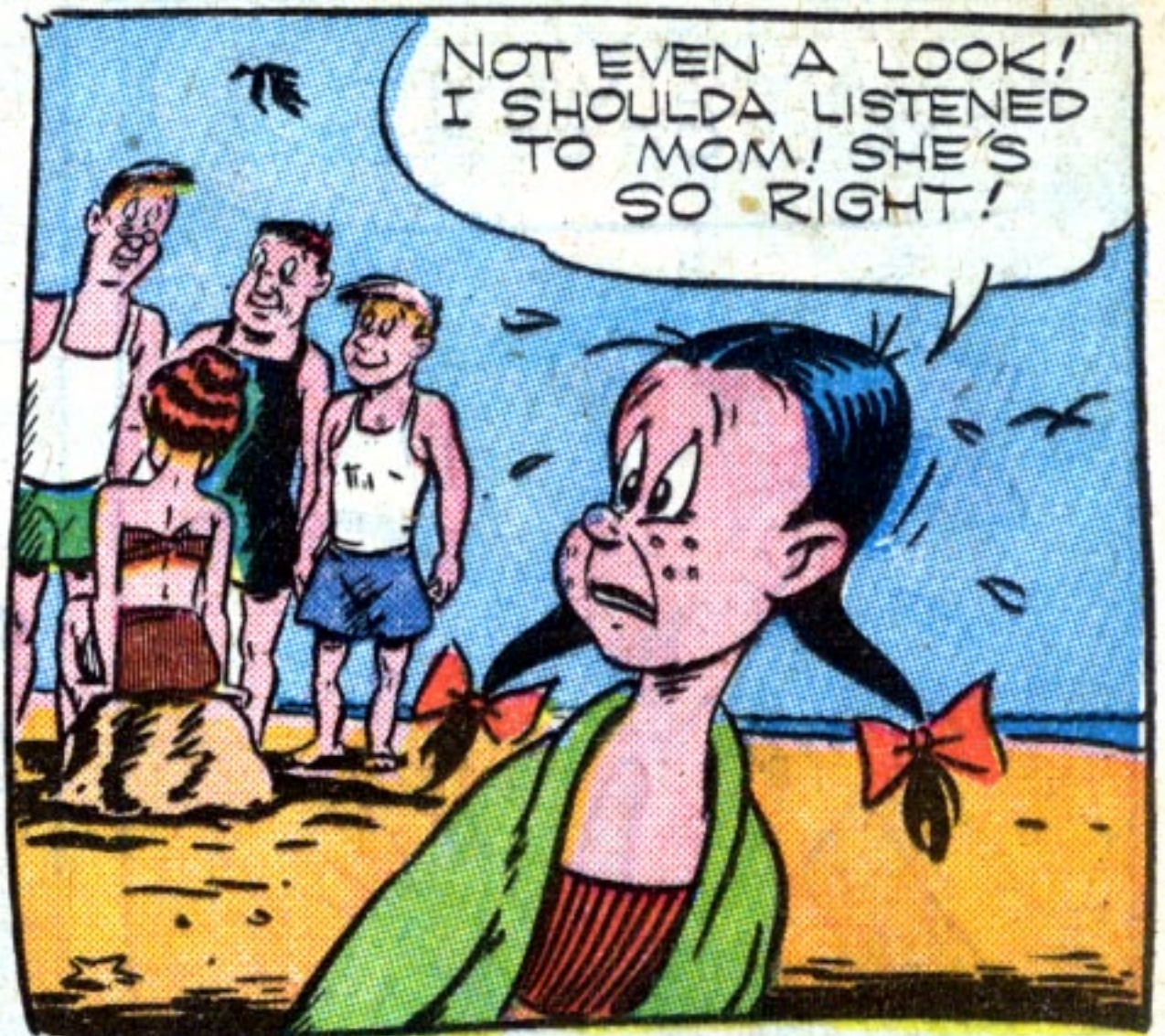
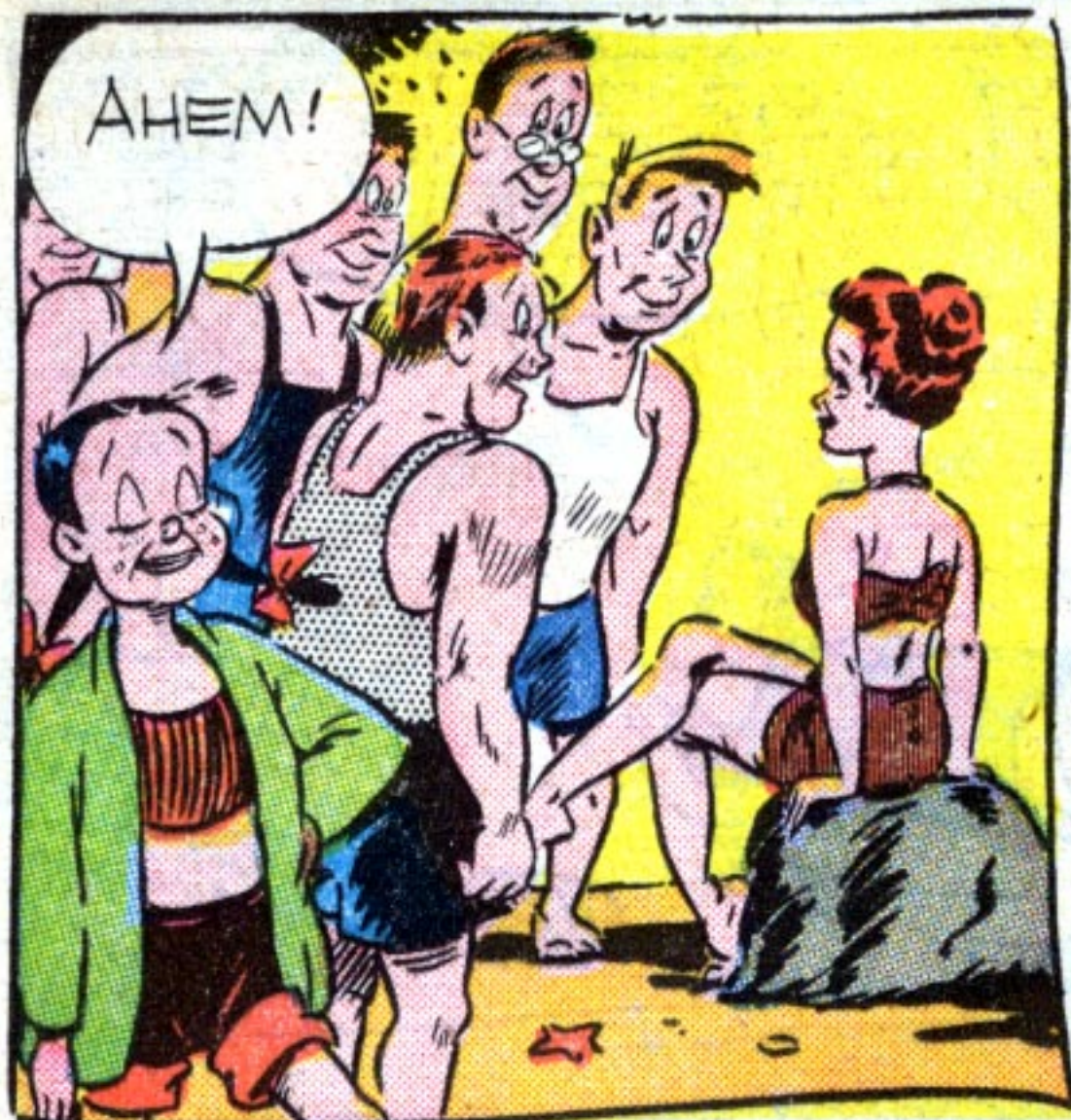
NOTHIN' DOIN', MOM! SHE'S TOO MUCH COMPETITION! G'BYE!

CINDY! REMEMBER, YOU'RE ONLY TWELVE AND THREE QUARTER YEARS OLD!

GOLLY! I DON'T THINK MOM WOULD MIND IF I JUST MADE A CASUAL FRIENDSHIP WITH ONE OF THE BOYS! LET'S SEE NOW, WHICH WILL IT BE?



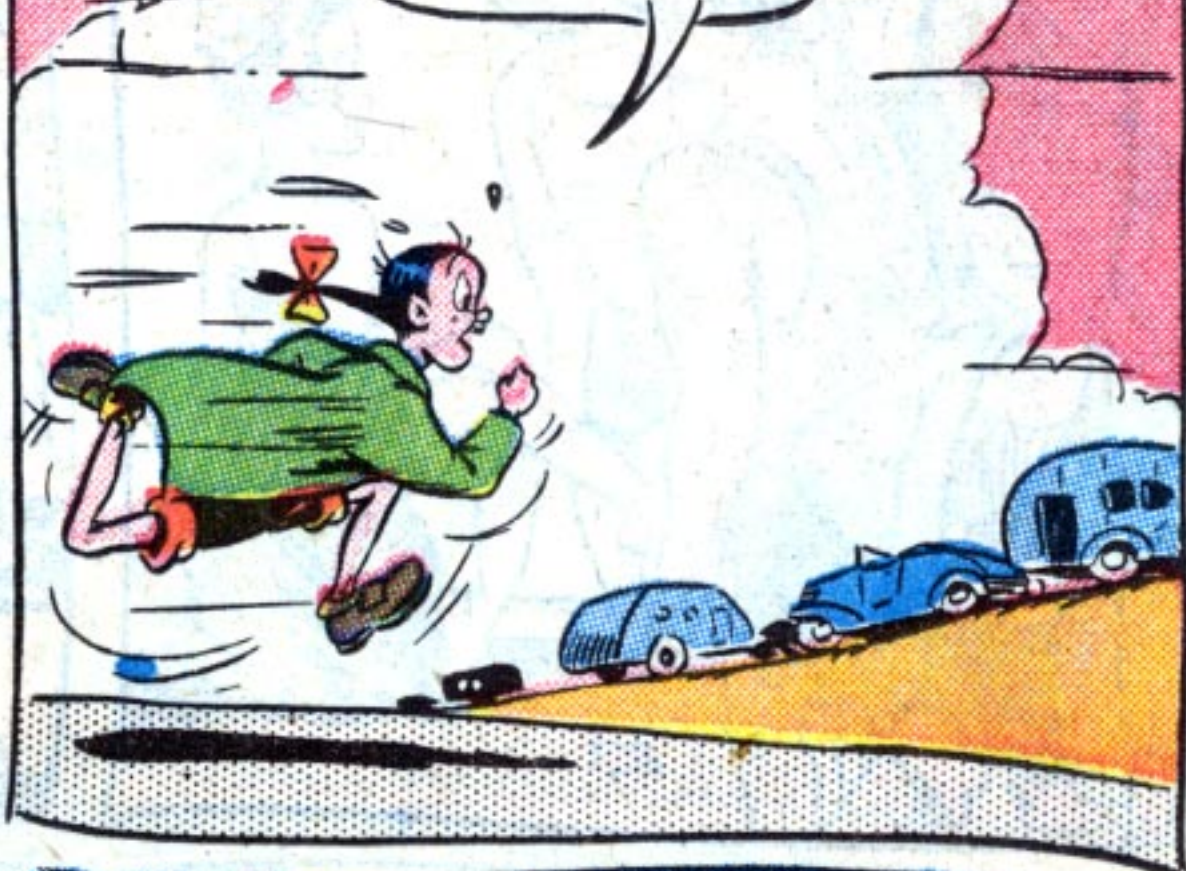




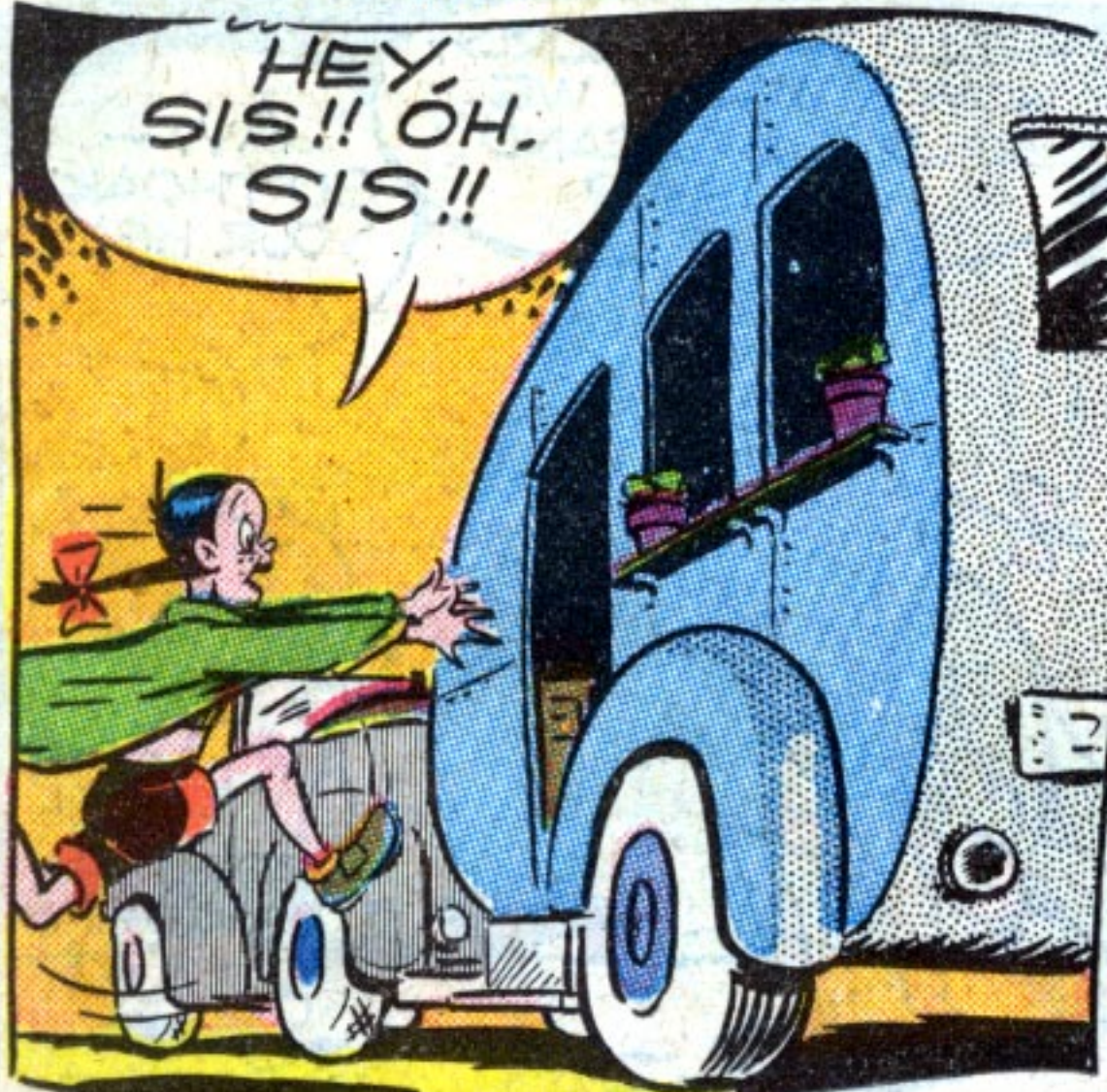
HEY!
WAIT A MINUTE!
WHY, OF COURSE-!!



WHY
DIDN'T I
THINK OF
IT SOONER!!

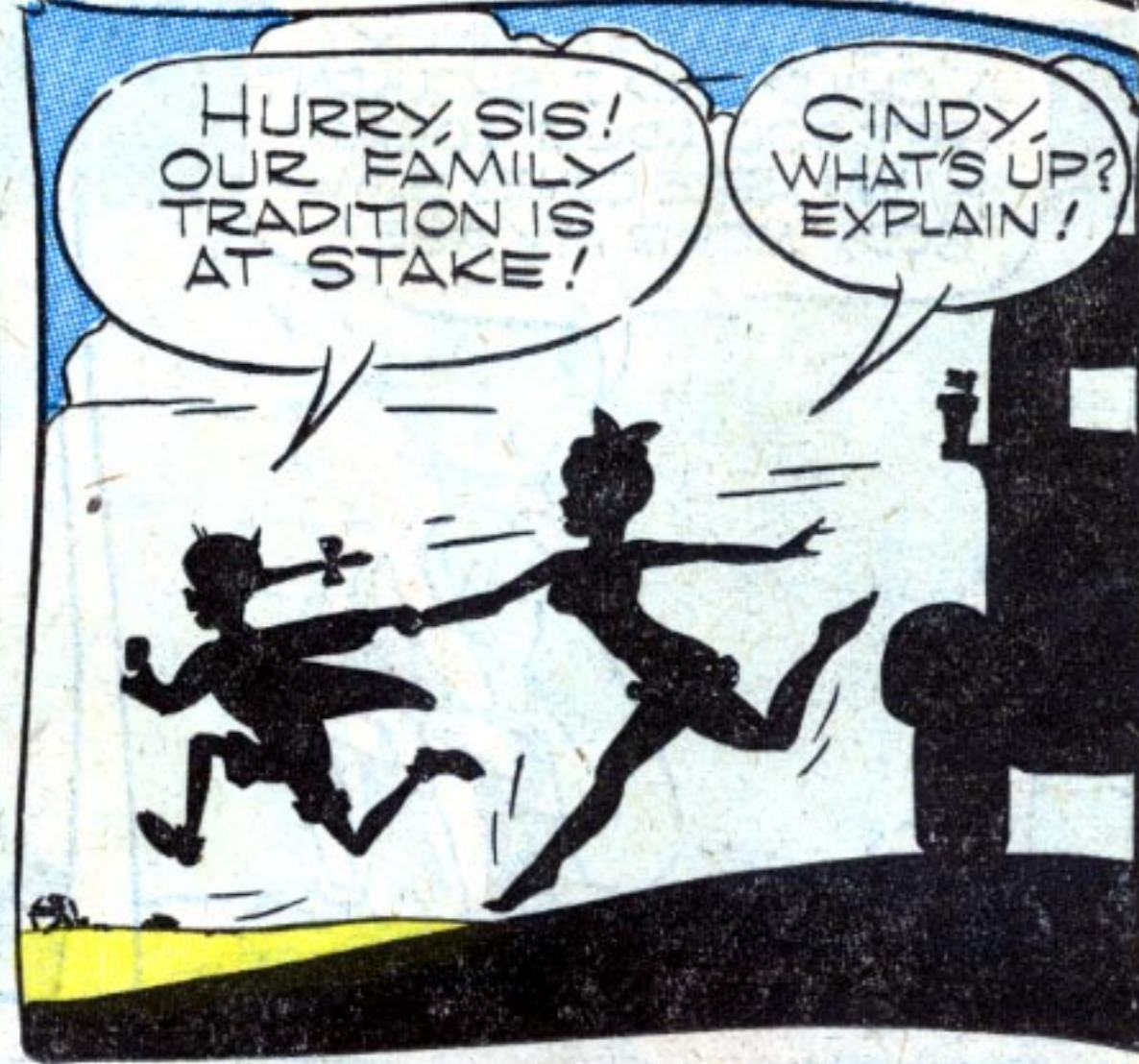


HEY,
SIS!! OH,
SIS!!



HURRY, SIS!
OUR FAMILY
TRADITION IS
AT STAKE!

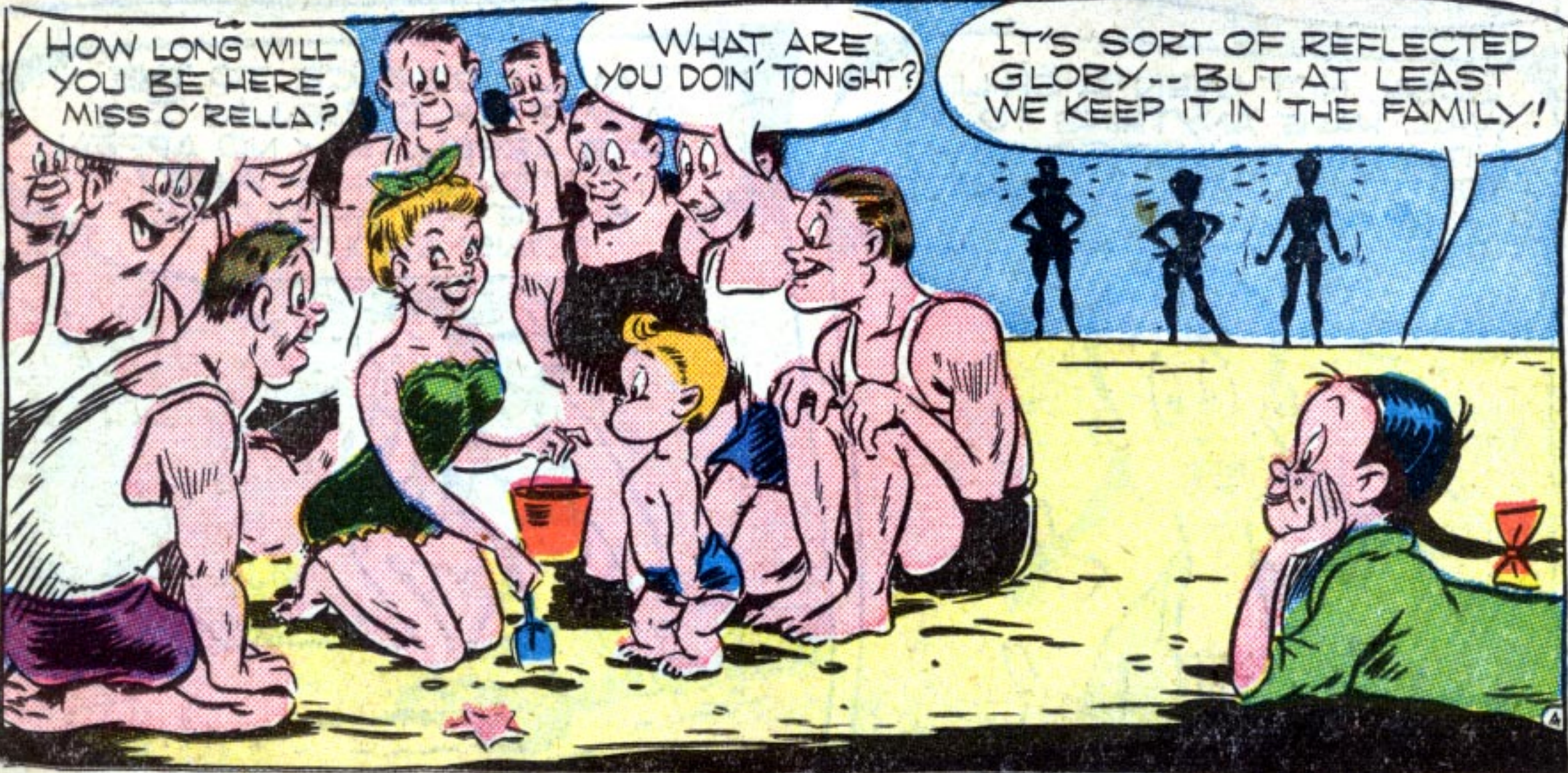
CINDY,
WHAT'S UP?
EXPLAIN!



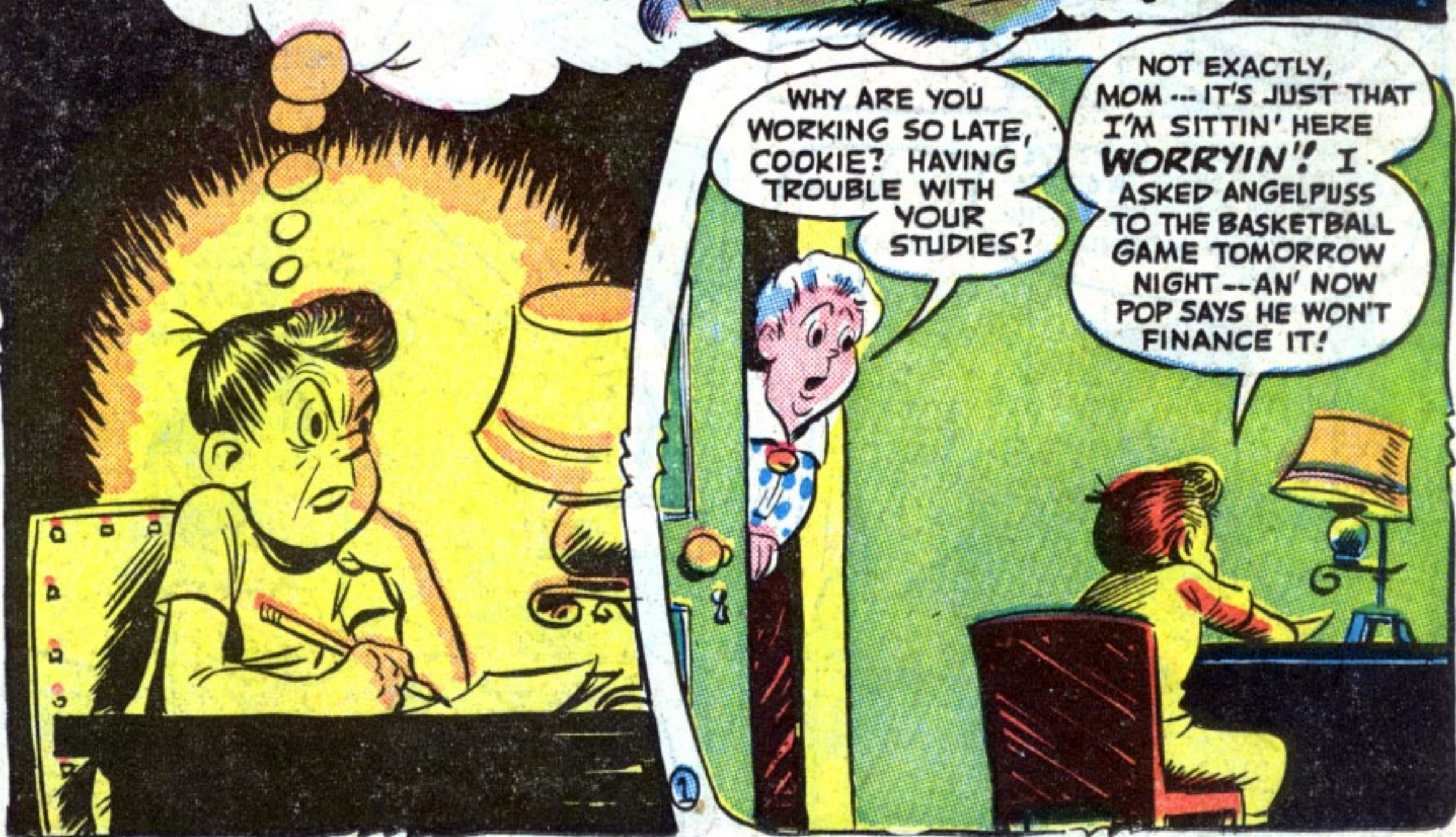
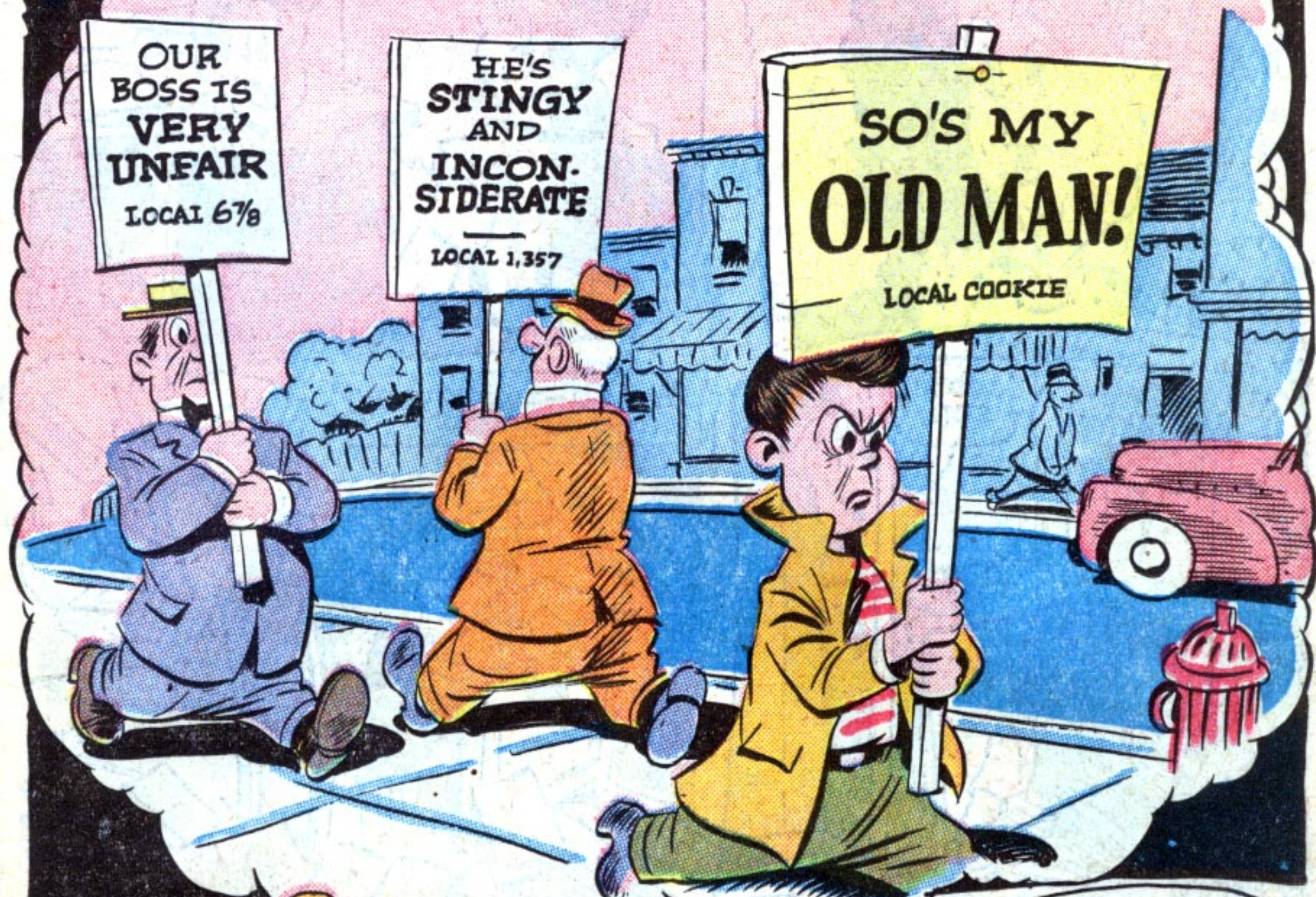
HOW LONG WILL
YOU BE HERE,
MISS O'RELLA?

WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN' TONIGHT?

IT'S SORT OF REFLECTED
GLORY-- BUT AT LEAST
WE KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY!



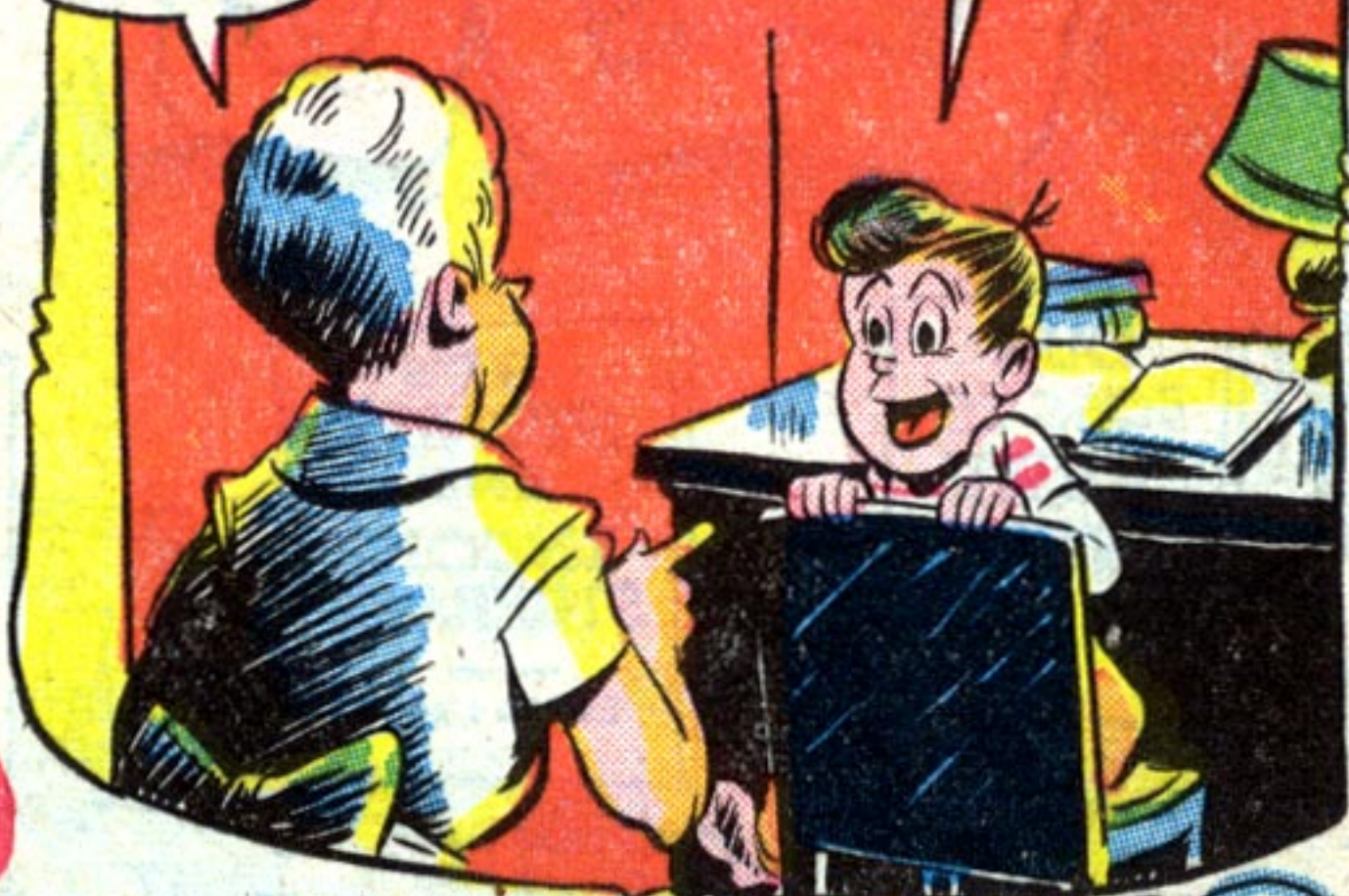
"COOKIE"



NOW, COOKIE, YOU KNOW THAT YOUR FATHER ISN'T REALLY **STINGY**! HE'S THINKING OF **YOUR** GOOD, AND ---

--WELL -- I BET IF YOU WERE TO STUDY HARD FOR TOMORROW'S EXAMINATIONS AND SHOW HIM SOME GOOD MARKS, YOU'D SEE HOW REALLY **GENEROUS** HE IS!

GEE, MOM -- YA REALLY THINK SO? HEY-- MAYBE YA GOT SUMP'N THERE!



G'NIGHT, NOW! I GOT WORK TA DO!

GOOD NIGHT, SON!



And so--for hours and hours--



OH, JEEPERS -- **WOTTA NIGHT!** NOW TA GRAB A LITTLE SHUTEYE UNTIL TOMORROW MORNIN', AN' ---



BRRINNN!

WHAT AM I SAYIN'? IT IS TOMORROW MORNIN'! I **MUSTA STUDIED ALL NIGHT!**



GOOD MORNING, SON!
MOTHER TELLS ME YOU
AND I HAVE A
LITTLE DEAL
ON!

YOU MEAN ---
YOU'LL REALLY
DIG WITH THE
DOUGH IF I
MAKE WITH
THE MARKS?

THAT'S RIGHT, COOKIE!
I'LL JIG WITH MOE
IF YOU'LL ---
I MEAN ---

HEY, COOK!

THAT'S **SWELL**,
POP! WELL ---
I GOTTA GO
NOW!

WOT'S WRONG WITH
ZOOT THIS GLORIOUS
A.M.? HUH,
JITTERBUCK?

AW, HE'S BURNIN'
UP BECAUSE YOU
COPPED ANGELPUSS
FOR THE GAME
TONIGHT!

OH --- **ENVY**
STUFF, EH? YEP ---
I GOT THE GAL --- AN'
ALL I GOTTA DO IS
PASS THOSE EXAMS
TODAY AN' I'LL
HAVE THE
DOUGH!

AH, ME! IF
ONLY THERE
WUZ SUMP'N
I COULD DO
TA SEE YA
DIDN'T
PASS!

**HEY,
COOKIE--
C'MON!**

WODDEYA
KNOW!
**HE'S
SOUND
ASLEEP!**

POOR GUY!
HE TOLD ME
HE CRAMMED
ALL NIGHT!

UMMM... MAYBE
FIXIN' HIS WAGON'S
GONNA BE EASIER
THAN I
THOUGHT!

Here it is! And here's our Cookie, making like Einstein!

GOLLY, I HOPE I CAN STAY AWAKE THROUGH THIS! LET'S SEE, NOW---

A
t

Here it is! And here's our Cookie, making like Einstein!

GOLLY, I HOPE I CAN STAY AWAKE THROUGH THIS! LET'S SEE, NOW---

and before you can say Jack Robinson
a thousand times--**HE'S FINISHED!**



**THERE!...
ZZZZZZZZ.....**

AHA!

and before you can say Jack Robinson
a thousand times--**HE'S FINISHED!**



**THERE!...
ZZZZZZZZ.....**

AHA!

and before you can say Jack Robinson
a thousand times--**HE'S FINISHED!**



**THERE!...
ZZZZZZZZ.....**

AHA!

NOBODY LOOKIN'....

FEAR NOT, FAIR

IN HIS DESK! HA!

COOKIE O'TOOLE---WAKE UP!

[illegible]

FEAR NOT, FAIR ANGELPUSS! THIS FOUL BEAST SHALL NEVER SPOIL OUR EVENING TOGETHER!

EXAMINATIONS

COOKIE O'TOOLE---WAKE UP!
WHERE ARE YOUR PAPERS--OR DID YOU SLEEP THROUGH THE **ENTIRE** TEST?

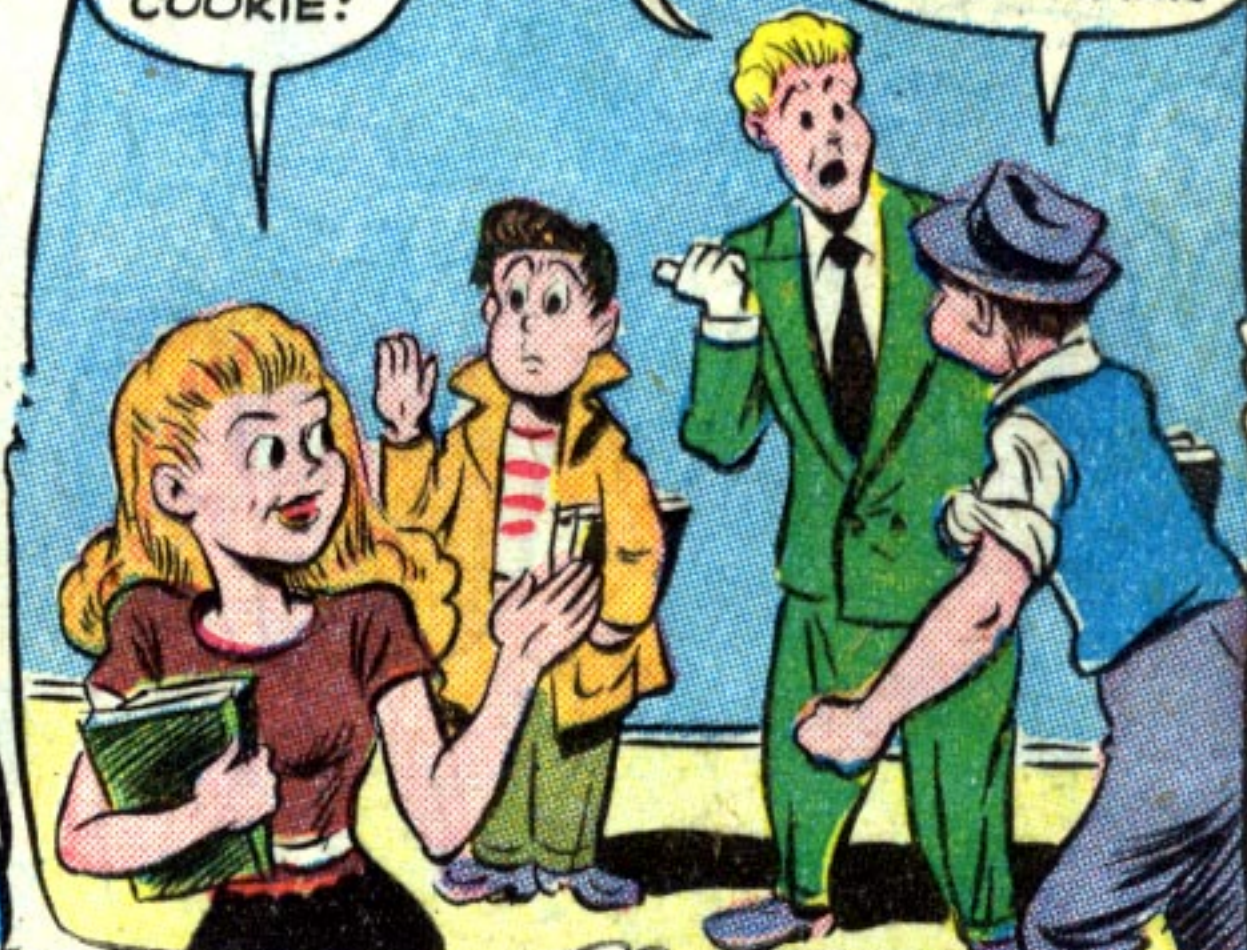
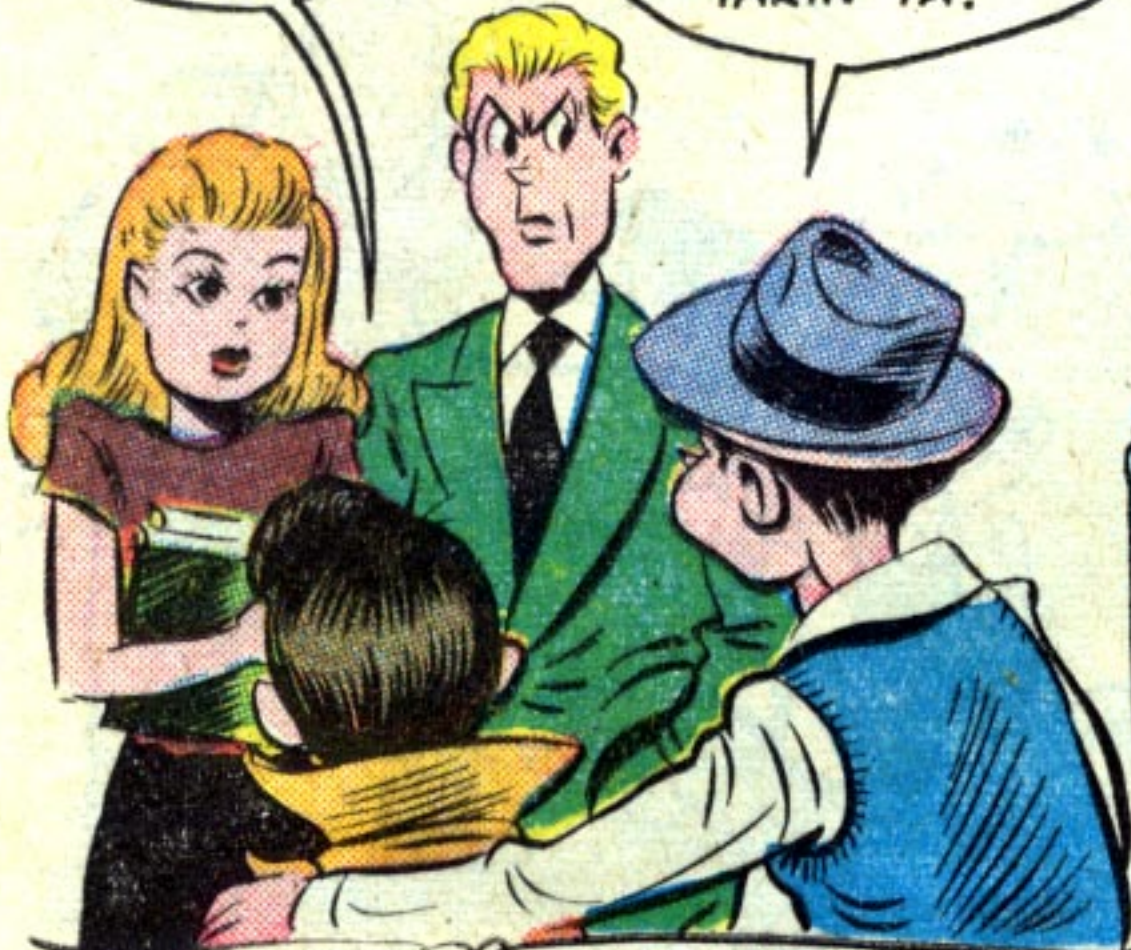
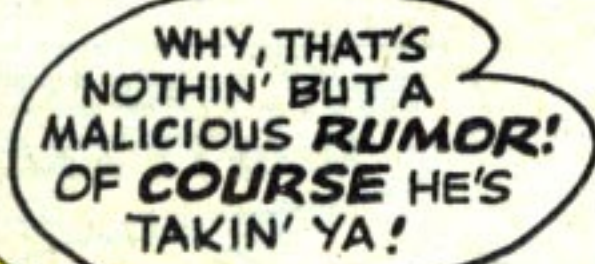
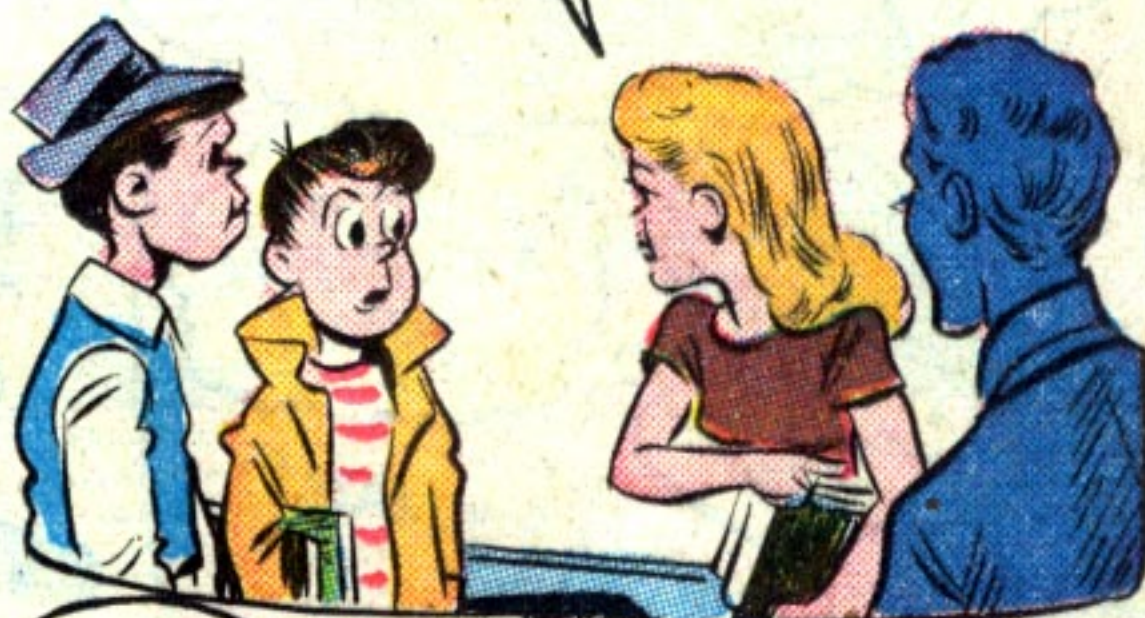
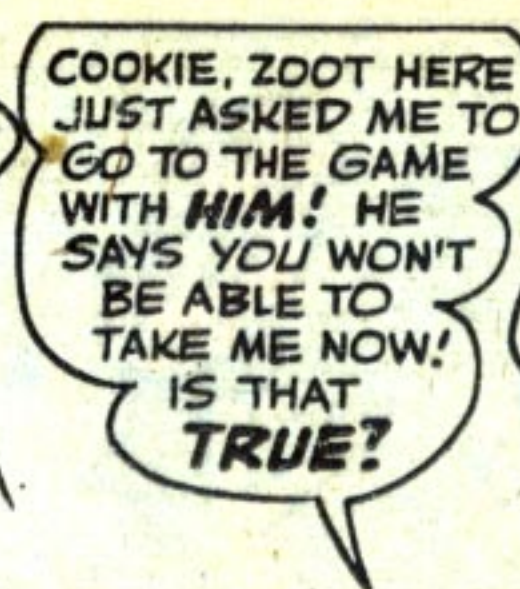
SCRAM, YA OLD DRAGON!
...ULP! I M-MEAN I'M NOT SURE... I---I **CAN'T REMEMBER!**

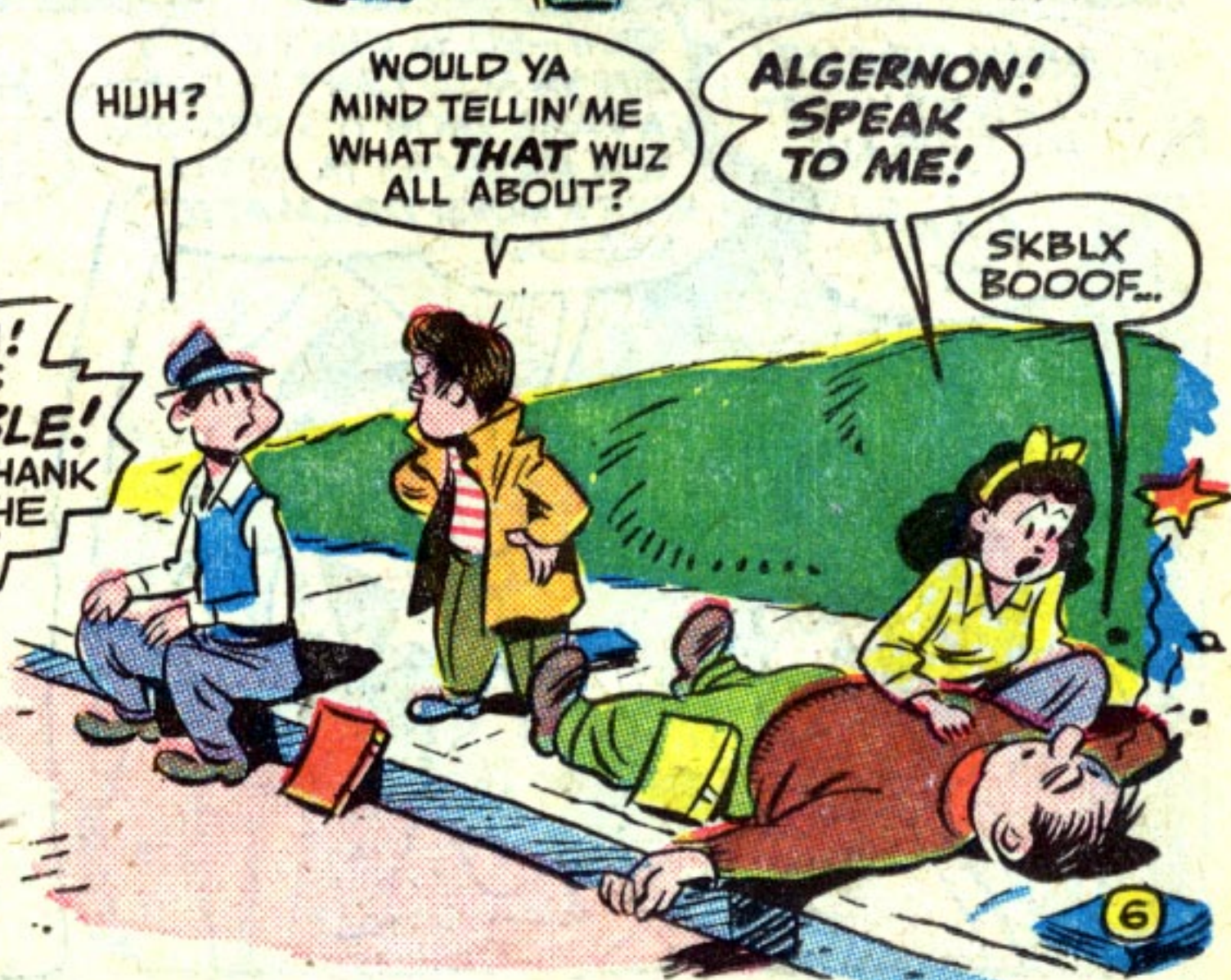
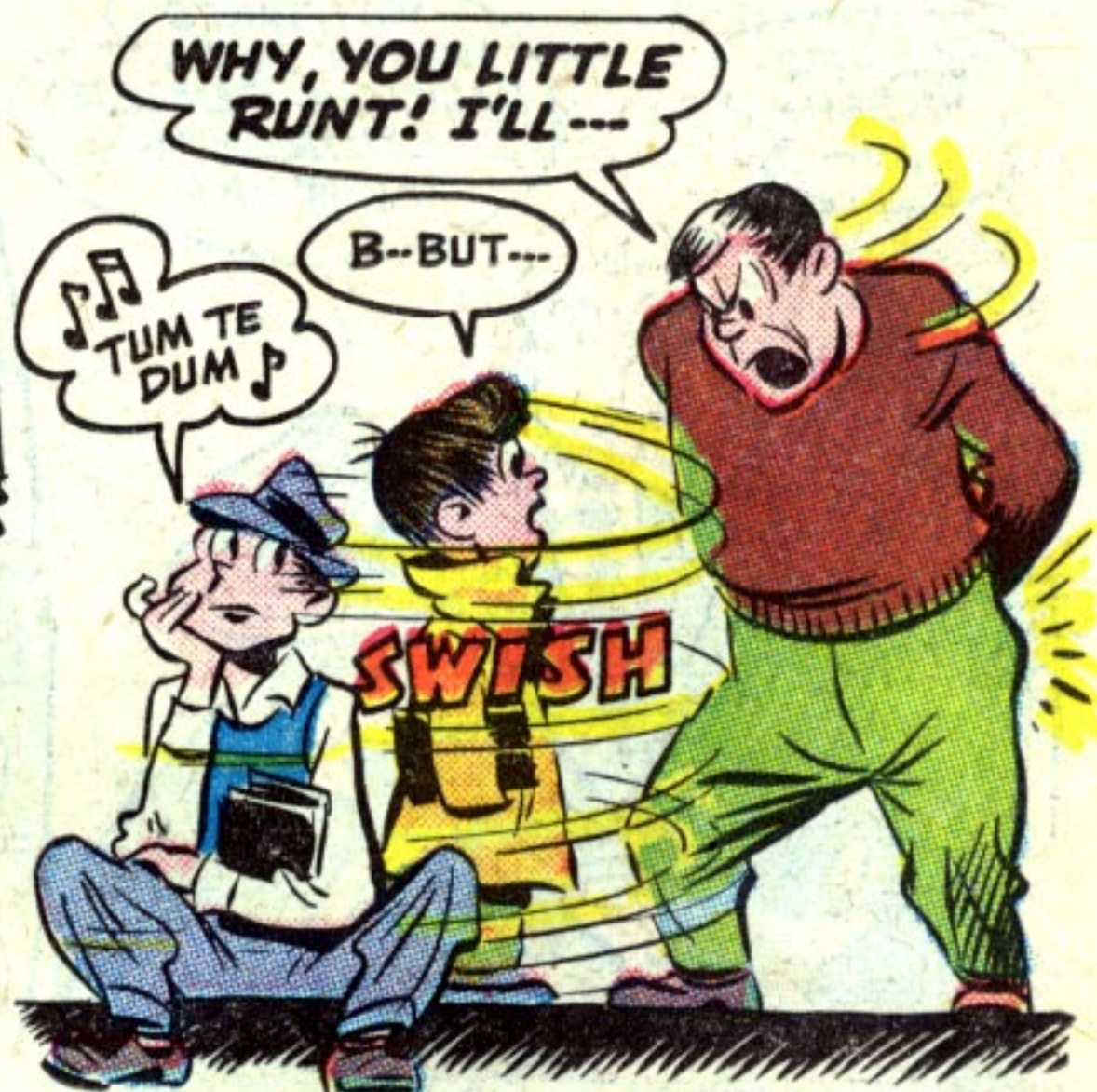
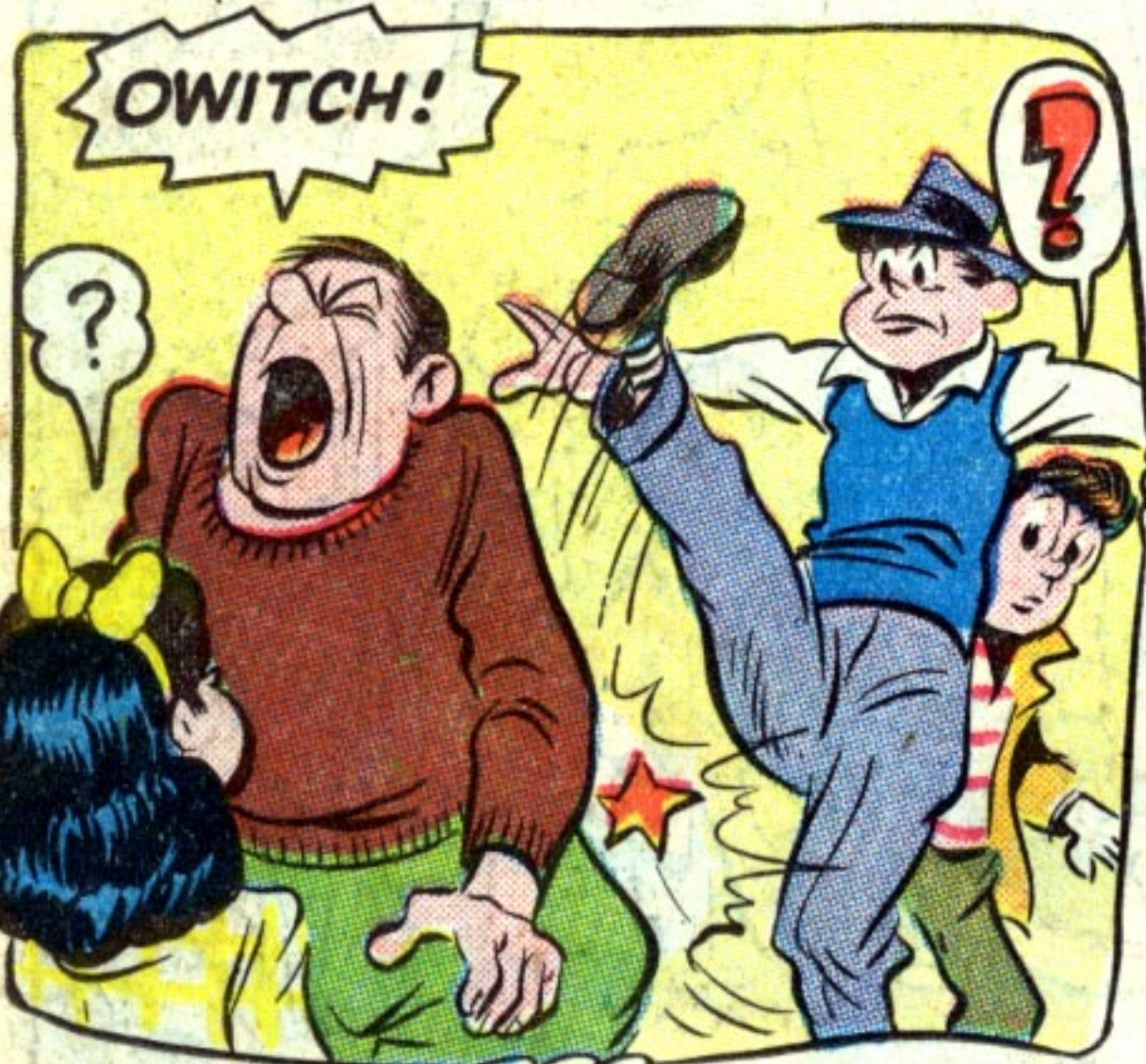
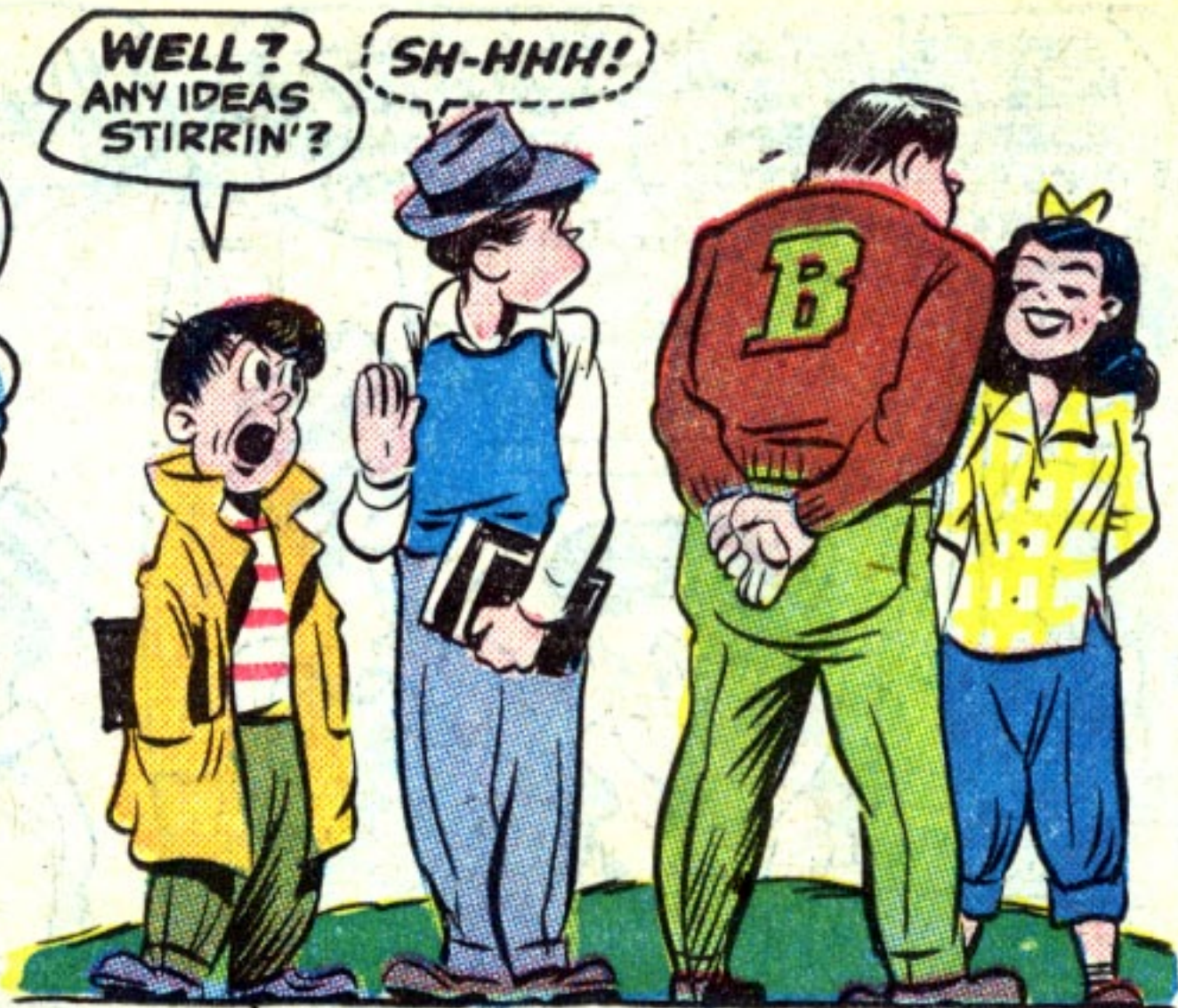
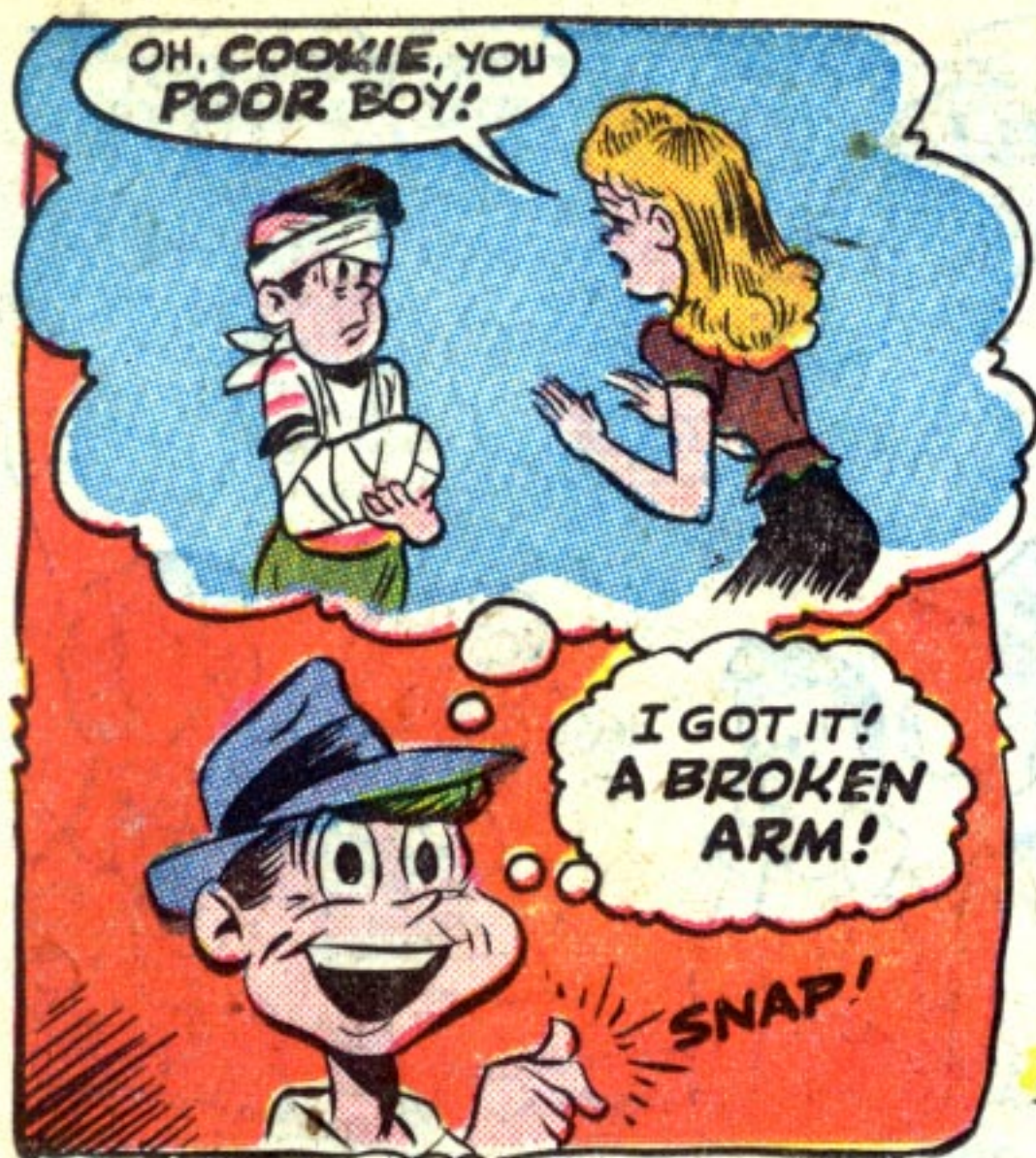
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COOKIE O'TOOLE---WAKE UP!
WHERE ARE YOUR PAPERS--OR DID YOU SLEEP THROUGH THE **ENTIRE** TEST?

SCRAM, YA OLD DRAGON!
...**ULP!** I M-MEAN I'M NOT SURE... I---I **CAN'T REMEMBER!**

4





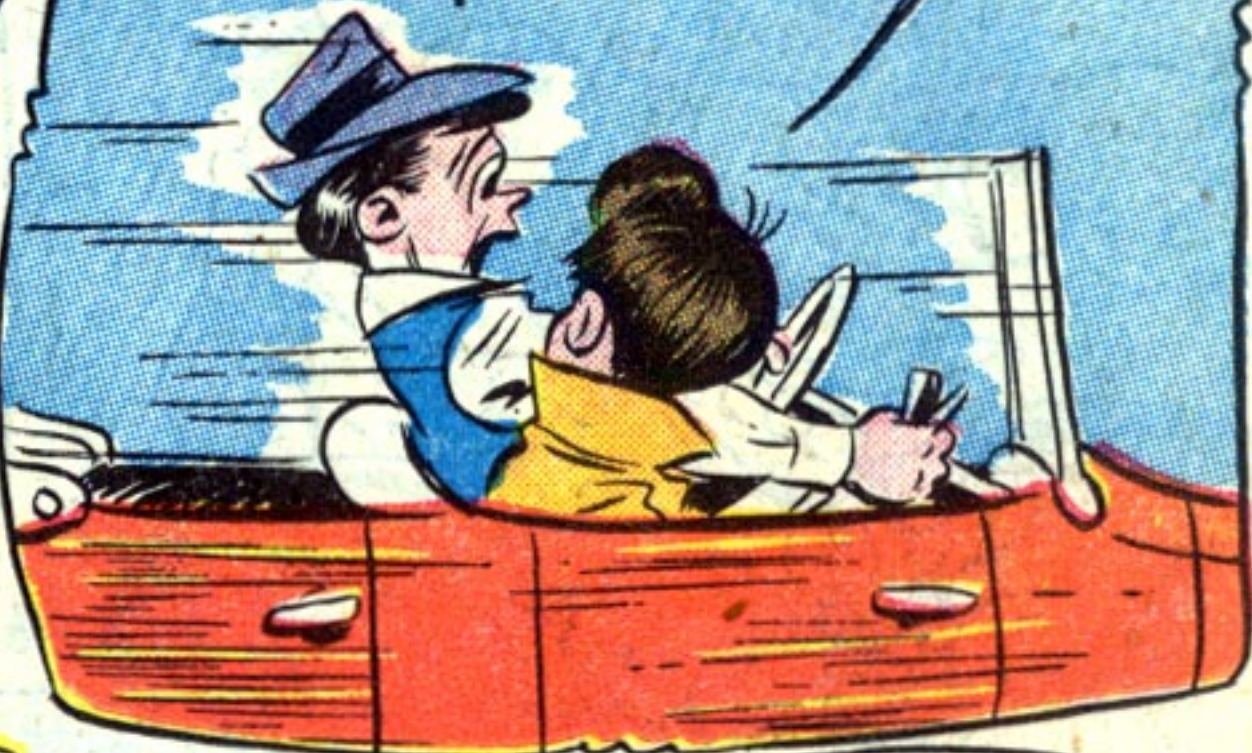
OKAY - SO I TRY
TA DO YA A FAVOR
AN' FIX YA UP WITH
A LEGITIMATE
AILMENT! SO
WOT HAPPENS?
YA GET
SORE!

AW, I'M NOT SORE -
I'M JUST DISGUSTED!
I WISH THIS
JALOPY'D RUN
INTO A POLE
OR SUMP'N!



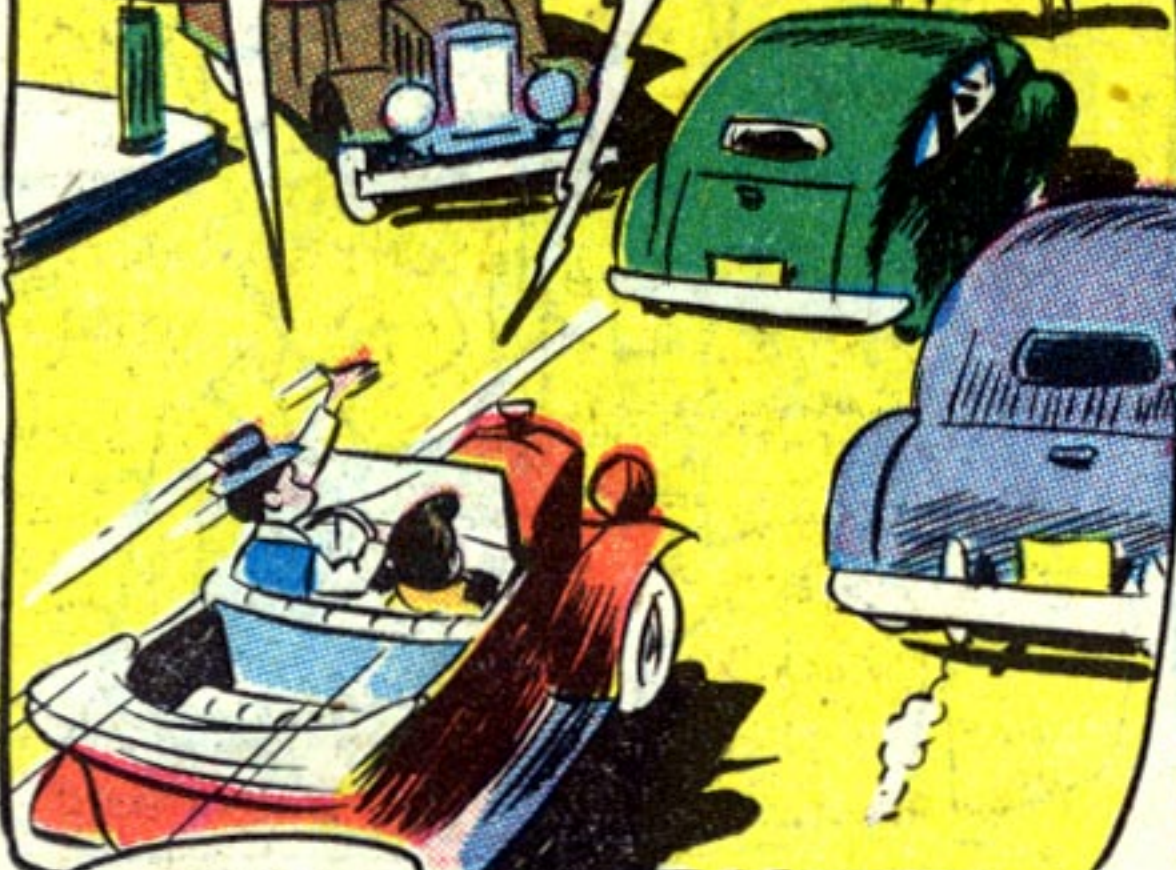
UHP! WELL,
COOKIE, IT LOOKS
LIKE YA'LL GET YER
WISH ABOUT RUNNIN'
INTA SUMP'N!

HUH?
HOW DO
YA MEAN?



RED LIGHT--
AN' NO
BRAKES!

OH!

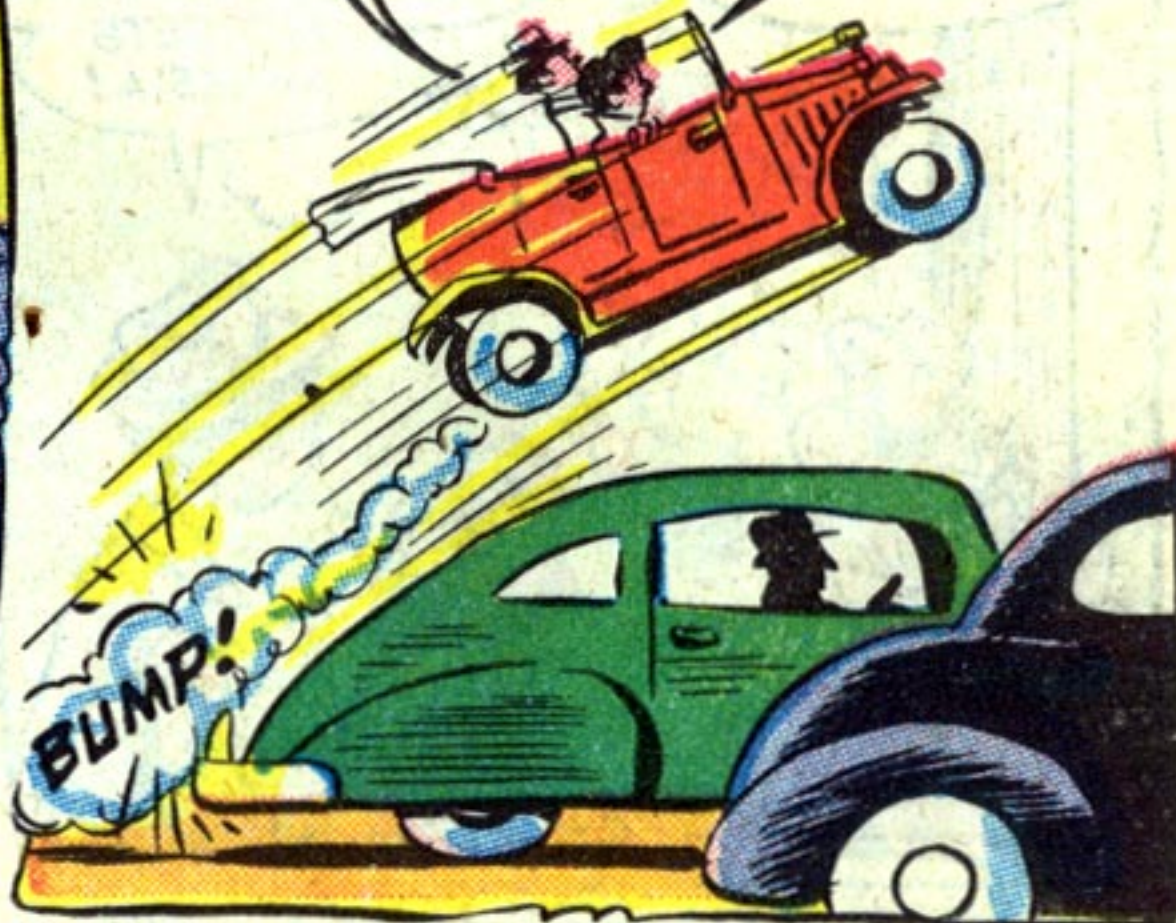


OH-OH! WE
SOCKED OFFICER
MURPHY!



WELL, WODDEYA
KNOW! NO
CRASH!

MUST BE ONE OF
THEM STREAMLINED
'46 MODELS!



THAT'S FUNNY! HERE I'M
SITTIN' ASHTRIDE A HORSE, AN'
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I AM!
AN' A GUN I'M TOTIN', TOO! NOW,
LET'S SEE.... I MUST BE
SOMEBODY! WAIT, NOW....
WITH A HORSE AN' GUN,
WHO **ELSE** COULD I
BE? **OF COURSE!**

CRASH!





HI-HO, SILVER! YAY!

WOT THE--?

BANG!
BANG!



PLEASE,
OFFICER
MURPHY...
PLEASE!

OFFICER MURPHY, HE
SEZ! AN' ME THE LONE
RANGER! GIT ALONG,
LITTLE DOGIE!
YIPPEE!

BANG!
BANG!



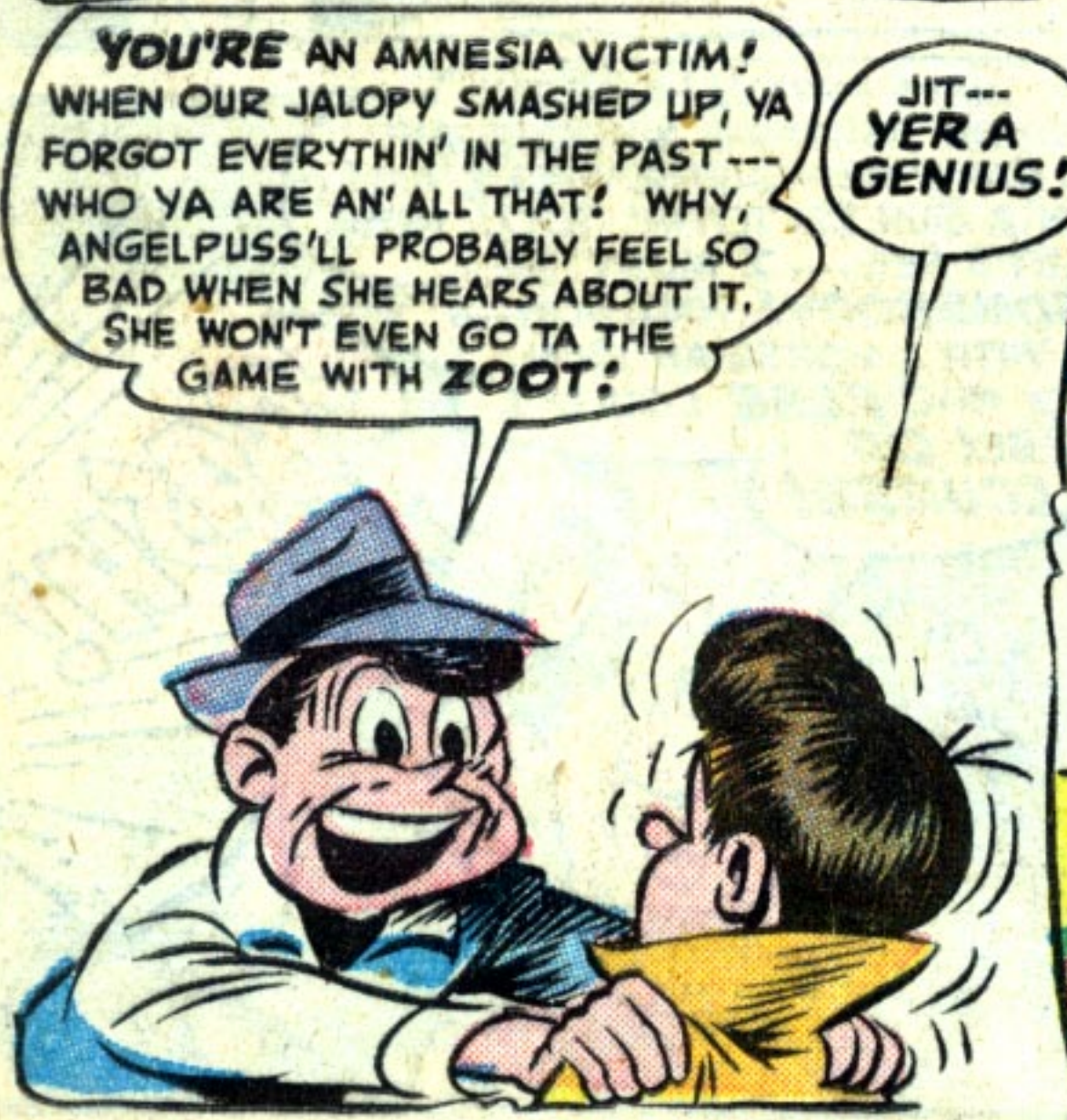
GOODNESS! HE'S
SUFFERING FROM
AMNESIA!

HODDEYA LIKE *THAT*? HERE
YOU'RE TRYIN' TA GET A
BROKEN ARM OR SUMP'N--
AN' WOT HAPPENS?
**HE GETS
AMNESIA!**



AMNESIA... THAT'S
WHEN YA FORGET
EVERYTHIN',
ISN'T IT?

YEH -- YA
FORGET WHO
YA ARE AN'...
**HEY!
THAT'S IT!**



YOU'RE AN AMNESIA VICTIM!
WHEN OUR JALOPY SMASHED UP, YA
FORGOT EVERYTHIN' IN THE PAST ---
WHO YA ARE AN' ALL THAT! WHY,
ANGELPUSS'LL PROBABLY FEEL SO
BAD WHEN SHE HEARS ABOUT IT,
SHE WON'T EVEN GO TA THE
GAME WITH ZOOT!

JIT---
**YER A
GENIUS!**



ONLY ONE THING ---
SUPPOSE MOM
GETS UPSET AN'
CALLS A
DOCTOR!

THAT I'LL FIX, TOO!
FIRST STOP, MY
HOUSE --- THEN ON
TA YOURS! **LET'S
GO!**

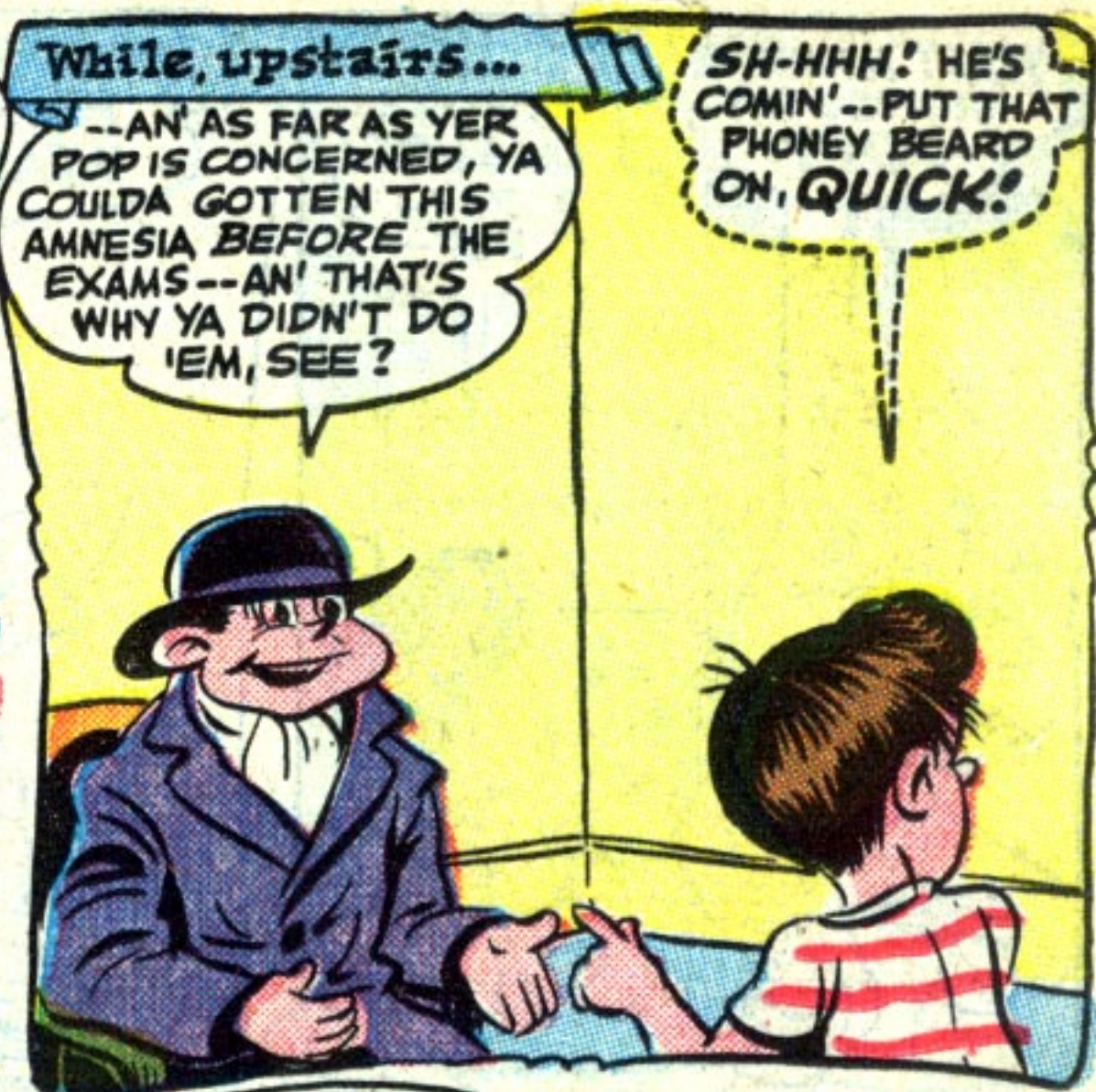


Later...

OH, POP... I'M SO

GLAD YOU'RE HOME! POOR COOKIE'S VERY SICK -- THE DOCTOR'S UPSTAIRS WITH HIM NOW!

HE'D BETTER BE SICK! I MET ONE OF THE KIDS IN HIS CLASS --AND HE TOLD ME COOKIE SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH HIS EXAMINATIONS TODAY!



While, upstairs...

--AN' AS FAR AS YER POP IS CONCERNED, YA COULDA GOTTEN THIS AMNESIA BEFORE THE EXAMS--AN' THAT'S WHY YA DIDN'T DO 'EM, SEE?

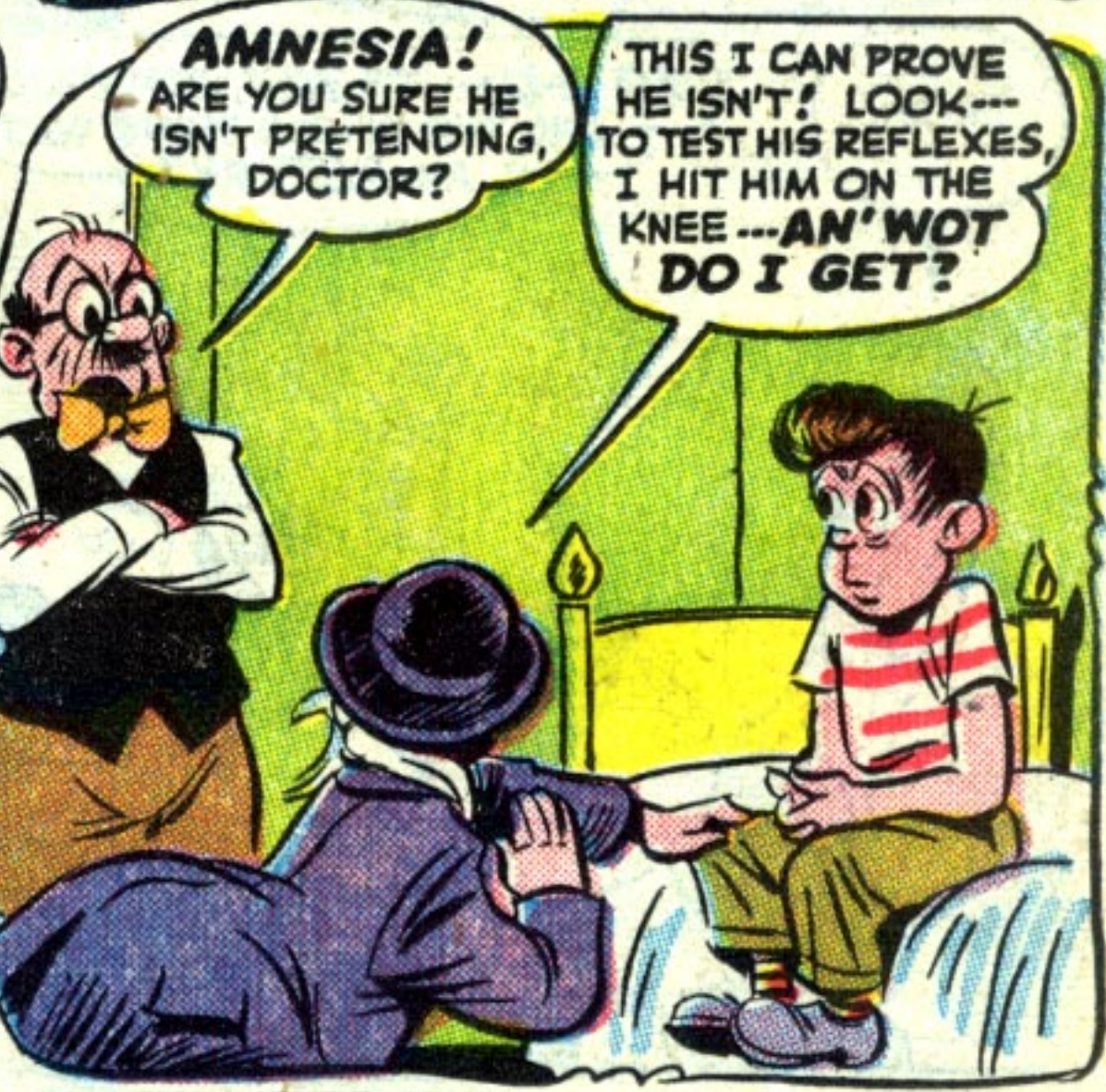
SH-HHH! HE'S COMIN'--PUT THAT PHONEY BEARD ON, QUICK!



WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU BEING SICK? TALK UP!

WHO WANTS TA KNOW?

TCH, TCH! MISTER, THIS POOR BOY WOULDN'T BE KNOWING YOU FROM A HOLE IN HIS HEAD! IT'S AMNESIA!



AMNESIA! ARE YOU SURE HE ISN'T PRETENDING, DOCTOR?

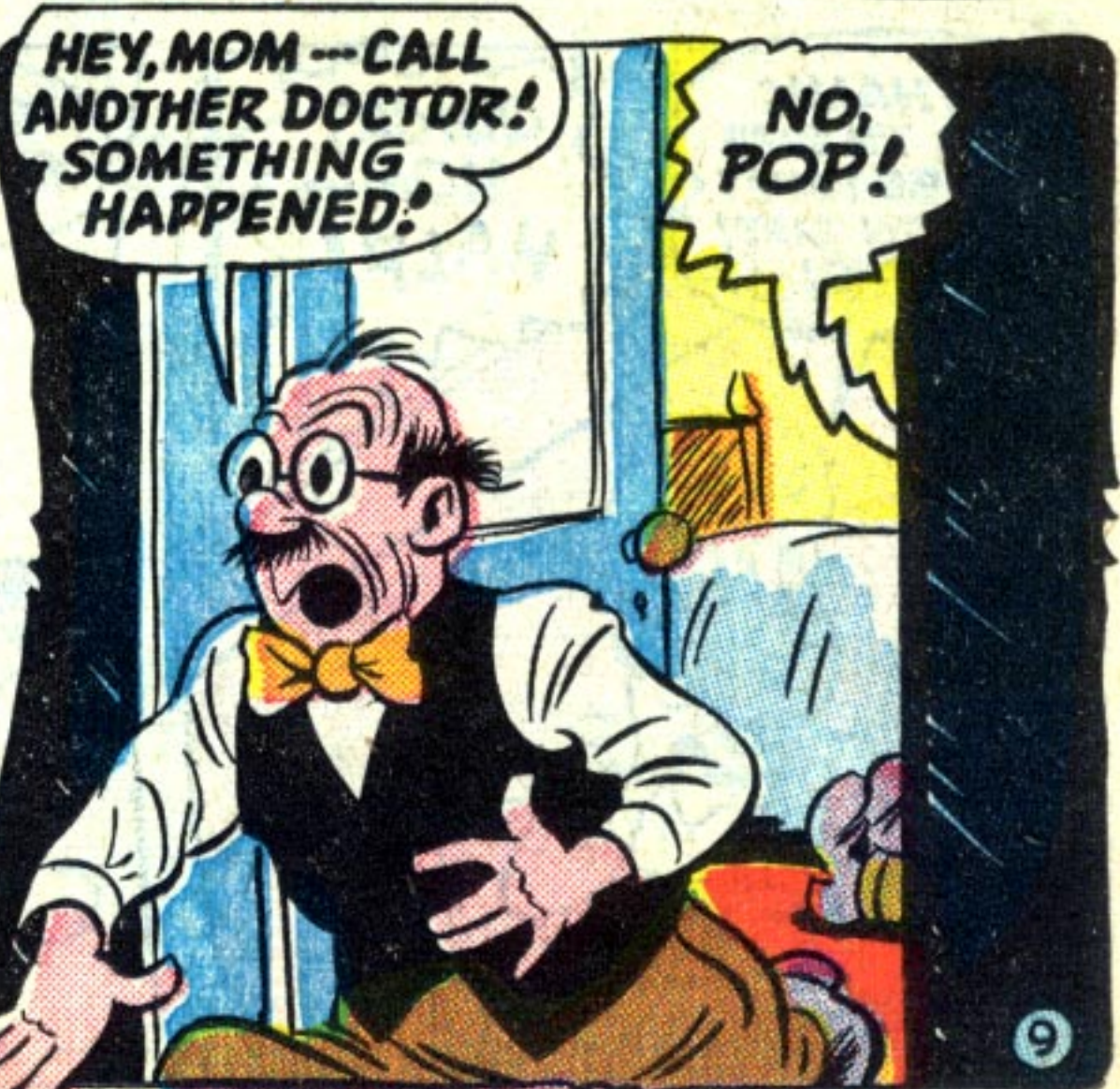
THIS I CAN PROVE HE ISN'T! LOOK--- TO TEST HIS REFLEXES, I HIT HIM ON THE KNEE---AN' WOT DO I GET?



OOPS!

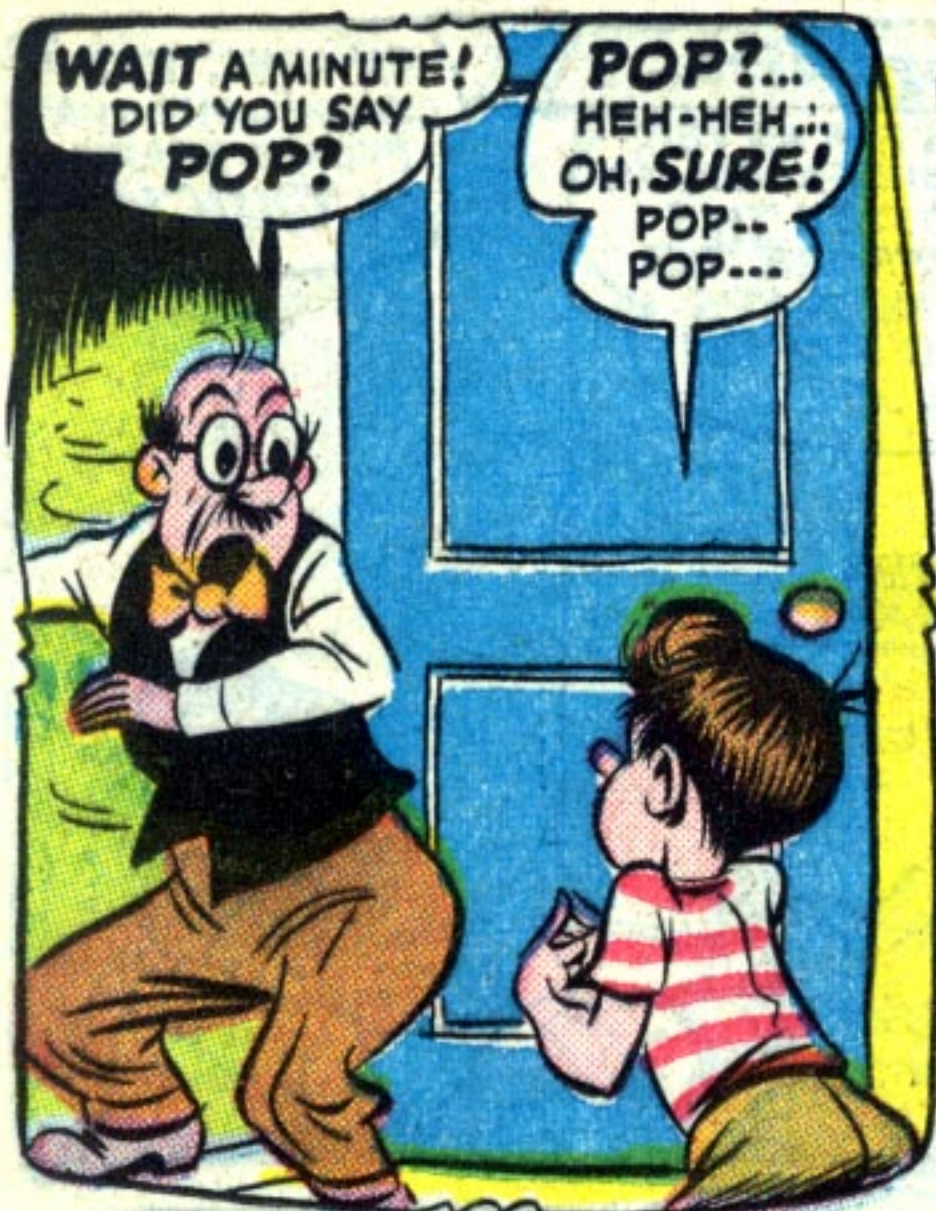
BAM!

SOCK!



HEY, MOM--CALL ANOTHER DOCTOR! SOMETHING HAPPENED!

NO, POP!



WAIT A MINUTE!
DID YOU SAY
POP?

POP?...
HEH-HEH...
OH, **SURE!**
POP...
POP...



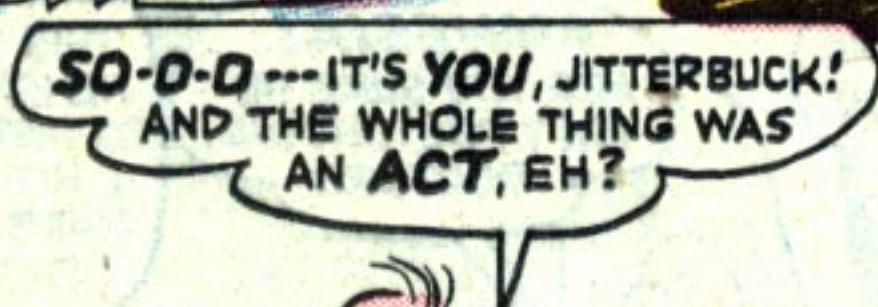
**POPITZKY--POPSICLE...
POP GOES THE
WEASEL--POP...**



**I'M A LITTLE PRAIRIE
FLOWER, GROWIN' WILDER
BY THE HOUR! POPSY-
DOPSY-
DINGLE-
FOOSH!**



OH-OH!



**SO-O-O---IT'S YOU, JITTERBUCK!
AND THE WHOLE THING WAS
AN ACT, EH?**



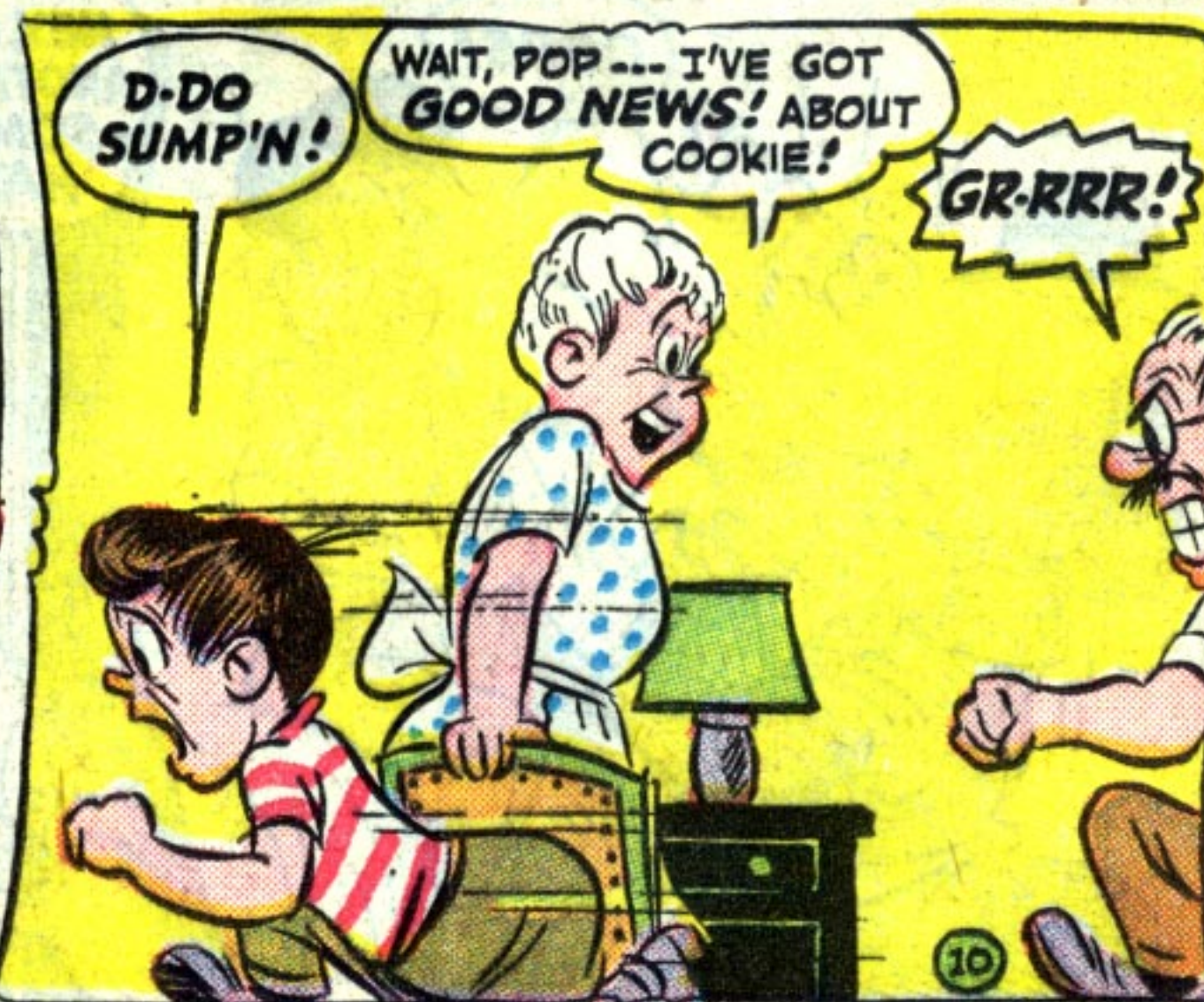
**--AN ACT TO GET SYMPATHY
FROM YOUR UNSUSPECTING FATHER--
INSTEAD OF THE THRASHING YOU
DESERVE FOR YOUR DISGRACEFUL
SHOWING IN SCHOOL!
COME BACK HERE!**

**MOM...
HELP!**



OH, THANK
YOU! I'M SURE
HE'LL BE HAPPY
TO KNOW THAT!
GOODBYE!

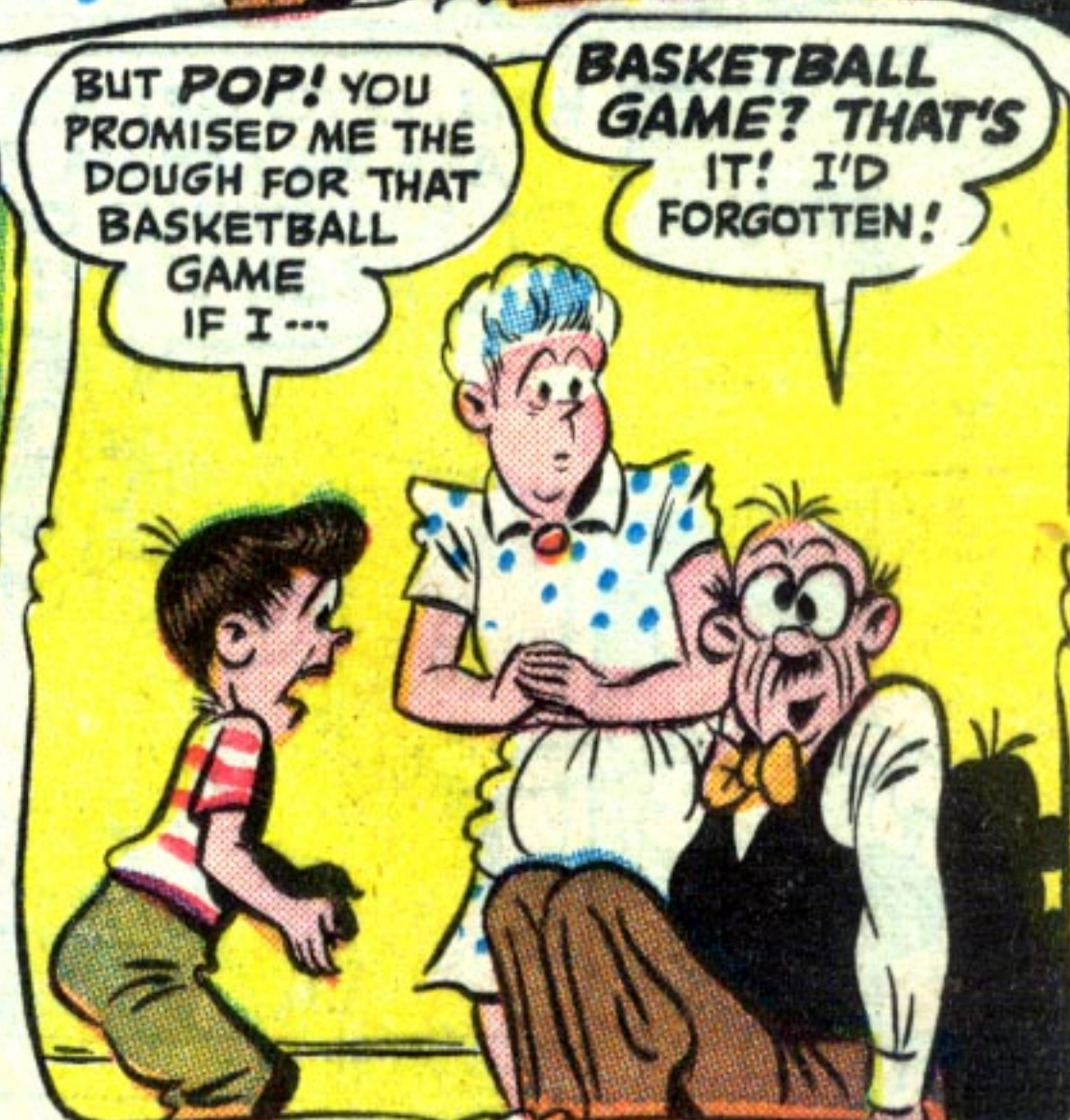
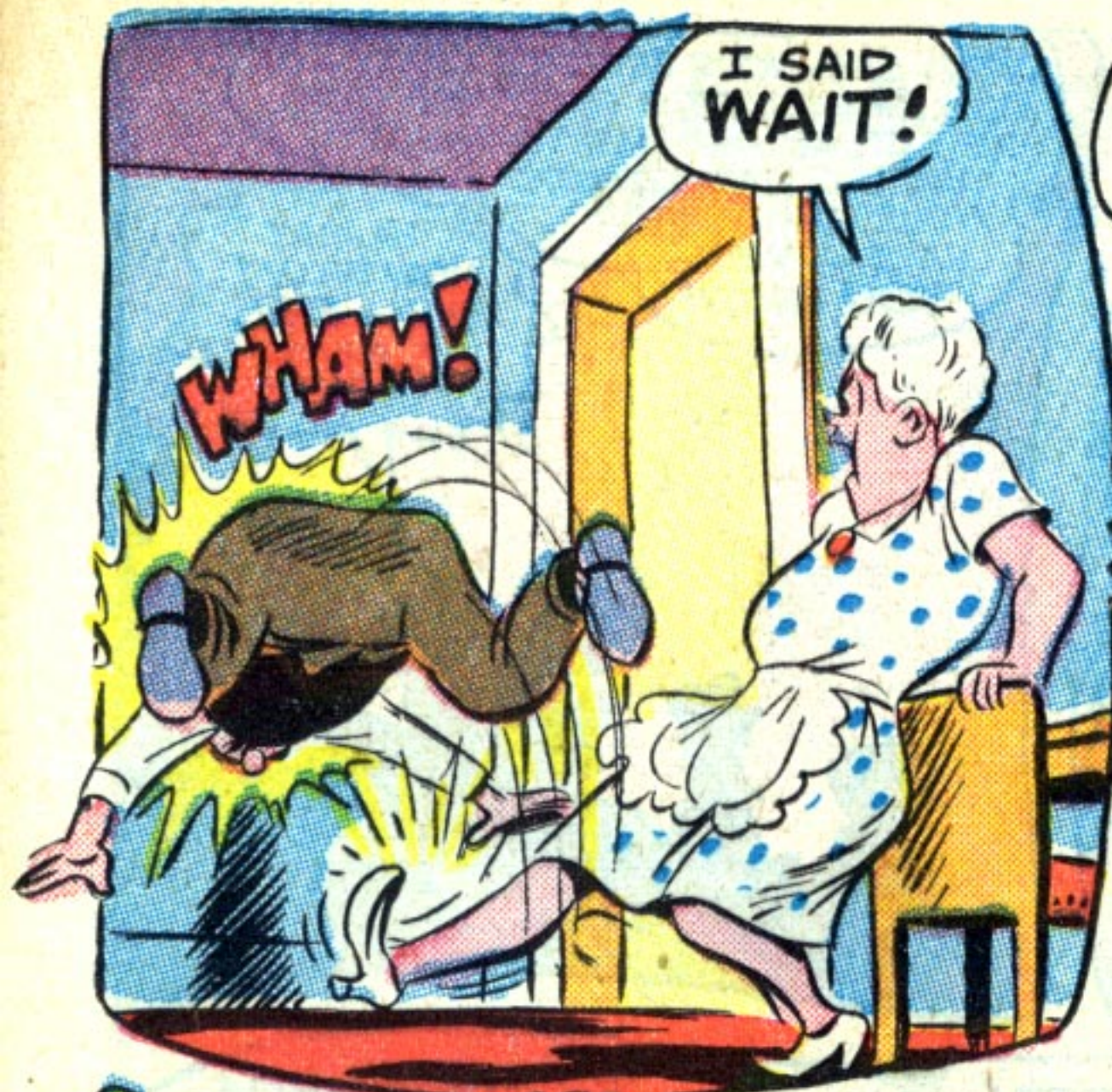
**QUICK,
MOM...
HALP!**



**D-DO
SUMP'N!**

WAIT, POP... I'VE GOT
GOOD NEWS! ABOUT
COOKIE!

GR-RRR!



Just before the big game ...

IT WAS SO MEAN OF ZOOT TO TELL THOSE LIES ABOUT YOUR NOT BEING ABLE TO COME TO THE GAME WITH ME TONIGHT! HE EVEN HINTED THAT YOUR FATHER WAS STINGY!

POP? NEVER! WHY, AT HEART HE'S REALLY QUITE A GUY, ANGELPUSS! YESSIR!

DADDY SAYS YOUR FATHER'S CRAZY -- IN FUN, OF COURSE, I SUPPOSE! BUT HE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO THINK THAT IF I MARRIED INTO YOUR FAMILY, WE'D HAVE --- WELL, YOU KNOW!

HA-HA! HOW SILLY! WHY --- OH, N-NO!

WELL, LET'S GET STARTED! ARE WE GONNA PLAY BASKETBALL OR AREN'T WE?

WOWIE! IT'S MR. O'TOOLE! JUST LOOK AT HIM! HAW-HAW!

HO-HO-HO! HA-HA! WHO OPENED THE BOOBY-HATCH?

GYMNASIUM

FAMILY PORTRAIT

I KNOW JUST WOT YOU'RE THINKIN', ANGELPUSS!

GULP!

COOKIE in STITCHES

COOKIE squirmed uncomfortably and tried to look happy. He managed to wrinkle his face in a feeble imitation of a smile.

"Oh, Cookie, I'm so glad you like it!" Angelpuss squealed. "For a minute, I wasn't so sure. You see, it didn't come out exactly the way I thought. . . . I mean . . . well, it's . . ."

Cookie gulped. "It's beautiful, Angel!" he declared manfully. "An' what's more, it's . . . uh . . . unusual!"

He tried not to look at the sweater on the table. The fact that Angelpuss had knitted it for him with her own little hands was terrif', but, oh! What a color! *Baby blue!* And the sleeves were kinda puffy or somethin' . . . sorta like a girl's. But what're ya gonna do when yer dream-scheme gives out with a sweater from nightmare valley? Tell 'er ya love it, of course!

"You'll wear it, won't you, Cookie?" Angelpuss asked, making with the eyelashes.

"Through thick an' thin!" Cookie said, smothering an impulse to answer, "Over my dead body!" He smoothed his hair

down and planted a light kiss on Angel's cheek. "Well, so long, lovely . . . an' . . . uh . . . thanks! I gotta be shovin' home now."

"But, Cookie, you're forgetting your sweater!" Angel reminded him. "How could you? I'm beginning to think you don't like it!"

"Perish forbid! I'm crazy about it! In fact, ta prove it, I'll put it on right now!" Cookie managed to struggle into the baby blue sweater, despite the rather small neckline and the tight armholes. "See? I'm wearin' it!"

When Cookie got home that afternoon, he tried to bypass his mother, unseen. But Mrs. O'Toole had a sharp eye and a tongue to match.

"Cookie O'Toole!" she exclaimed. "What on earth is that . . . that . . . thing you're wearing?"

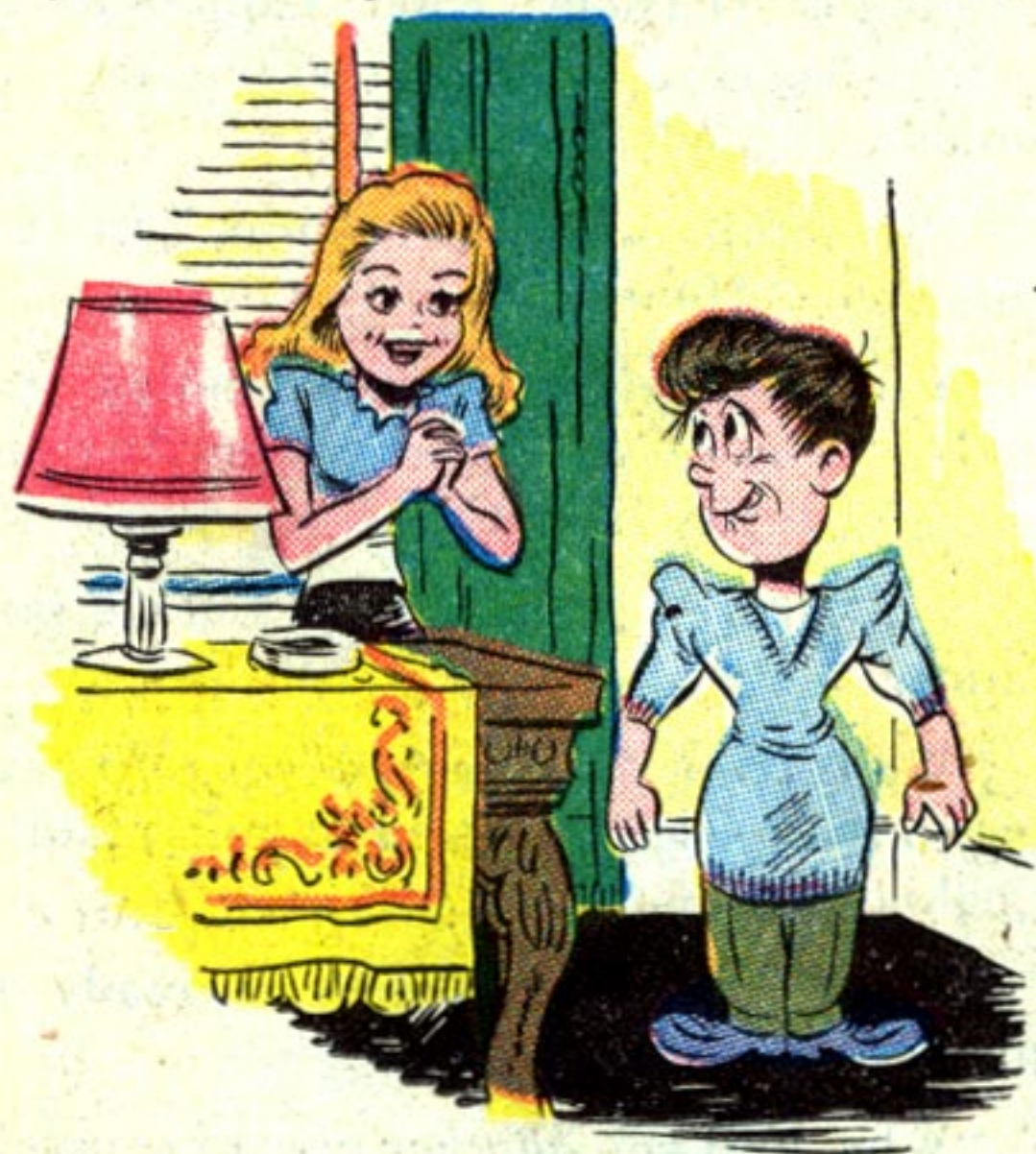
"Heh, nice, isn't it?" Cookie blushed. "Angelpuss made it fer me. It's a sweater . . . sorta."

"Well, I like that!" Mrs. O'Toole was hurt and showed it. "When I knitted you that perfectly beautiful slipover with the cables, you *refused* to try it on! But when Miss Witherspoon, who can't even tell a knit from a purl . . ."

"But, mom," Cookie tried to protest. "I can't help it if . . ."

"So, young man!" Cookie's father had entered the room. "You won't wear the sweater your mother slaved over and you won't wear the one I bought you! But that light blue potato sack is fine, I suppose! Well, let me tell you something. I've never seen a sillier, worse-looking excuse for a sweater and I don't expect to!"

Dinner that night was eaten in silence at the O'Toole household. Mother was hurt, father was angry and Cookie felt like a dope. A loyal dope, very much in love, but a chowder-head just the same.



As soon as he had gulped his chocolate milk, Cookie asked to be excused. "I'm goin' out fer a stroll," he said to his stony-faced parents. "G'bye."

On the street, Cookie tried to button his coat so it would hide most of the sweater. It was beginning to make him more than uncomfortable. It was making him downright *miserable*!

Just as he was beginning to breathe the cool evening air, a sharp voice cut into his thoughts. "Well, well, well!" Zoot smiled. "If it isn't Little Boy Blue! Whoops, dearie! Is that the latest thing from Paris It's just *dee-vine*!"

Cookie gritted his teeth, curled up his fists and turned to take a swing at Zoot. But the blond boy was already half-way down the block, mincing daintily on his

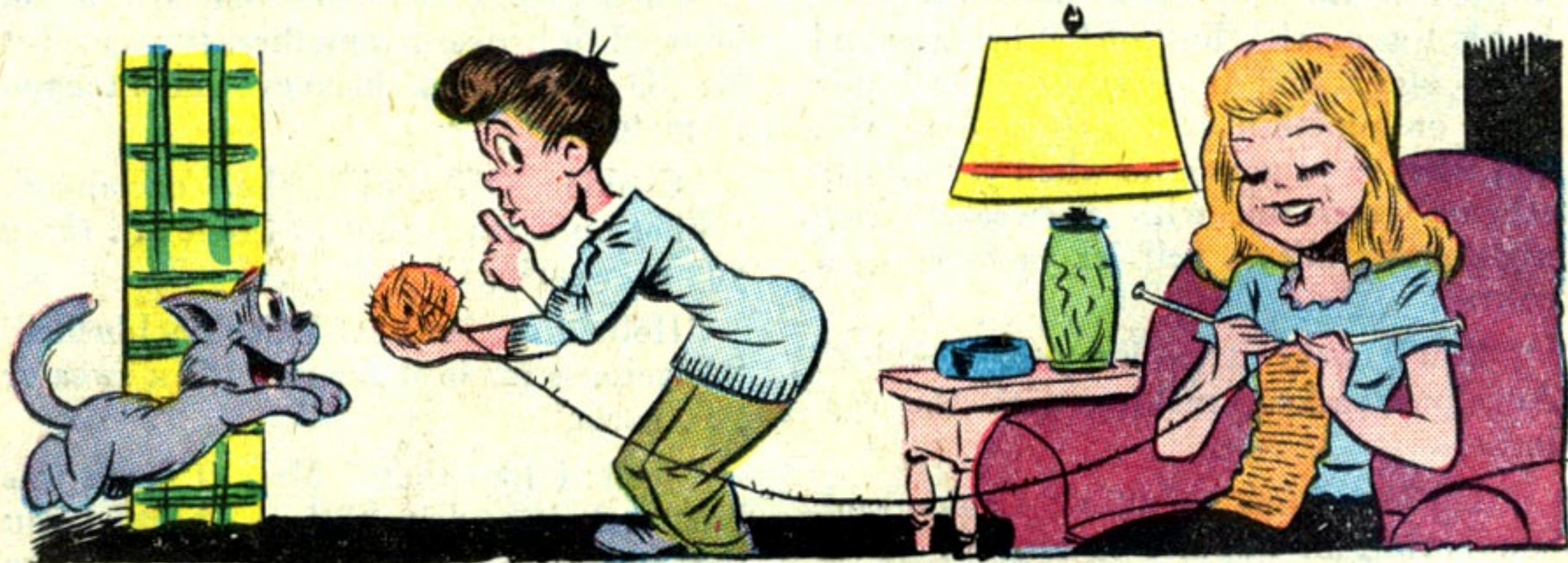
coupla minutes, *you're gonna say it's the best sweater you ever saw!*"

"Yeah?" asked the tough kid.

"Yeah!" answered Cookie, launching himself at the sweater critic.

The quiet little street was converted into a battle ground. Never had Cookie fought as he did now. He was full of grief and woe and had to get rid of it. The boys used everything in the book, and a few things that weren't, and by the time the dust had cleared off, there was only Cookie, nursing a black eye and a bruised fist.

"Well, he didn't hurt Angel's sweater," Cookie said, picking himself up and dusting himself off. "He didn't even . . . *why, Angel!*"



toes. "Ta-ta," he called. "I must report this to the crowd at the Soda Jerkerie . . . they'll be thrilled!"

"Oh, Angelpuss!" Cookie sighed. "What I go through for you!"

"Hi, sister!" an unfamiliar voice greeted Cookie.

"Whaddaya mean 'sister'?" Cookie faced a tough-looking kid, three times his size.

"I beg your pardon," the stranger said. "I thought you wuz a *goil*! Must be that thing fooled me! What is it, anyway?"

"It's a *sweater*!" Cookie answered firmly.

"G'wan. Yer kiddin'!"

"What's more," Cookie said, "in a

"Cookie O'Toole, what happened to you?" Angelpuss asked, taking in the minor cuts and lacerations.

"Oh, nothin' worth mentionin'," Cookie answered. "Honest!"

"You darling!" Angelpuss smiled tenderly. "You're still wearing my sweater . . . you *really* like it!"

"I . . . sure . . . do!" poor Cookie said faintly.

"Well, then, I know *just* what I'm going to do," Angelpuss said happily, taking Cookie's arm.

"What?" Cookie asked, all ready to pucker up.

"Why, knit you *another one*, of course!" Angelpuss said.

by AL HARTLEY



**THIS WE
GOTTA
HEAR!**

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY TONIGHT IN THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM!

**ALL CANDIDATES
FOR THE OFFICE OF
STUDENT PRESIDENT
WILL MAKE THEIR
FINAL CAMPAIGN
SPEECHES! PLEASE
ATTEND!**

YEGGIR, BINKIE...YER LOOKIN' AT YER NEW PRESIDENT RIGHT NOW! "**PRESIDENT PICKLES**"! DON'T IT SOUND **GROOVEY**?

IT SOUNDS SOLID... BUT YA AIN'T GOT A **CHANCE!** US FELLAS ARE ALL WITH YA, BUT THE GALS OUTNUMBER US...AN' THEY'RE SWOONIN' OVER THAT LATIN LOVER, **ROMEO RAVELLI!** HE'S THEIR CHOICE!

JEEPERS! IF ONLY THERE WUZ SOME WAY O' CAPTURIN' THAT BOBBY-SOX VOTE!

BOY, OH BOY...I GOT IT!



WHAT DO THESE SLICK CHICKS GO FOR? **GROANERS**, RIGHT? SO ALL I GOTTA DO IS SELL MYSELF AS **THE GREAT VOICE**...AN' RIDE IN ON AN OCEAN O' VOTES!

BUT **HOW**, PICKLES? YOU SOUND LIKE A **CEMENT-MIXER... PUTTI-PUTTI!**

TONIGHT, ON THE STAGE, I'LL ANNOUNCE THAT I'M GONNA SING FOR THE GALS! AND WHILE I GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS, YOU PLAY A **PERRY COMO RECORD** OFFSTAGE! **LATCH ON?**



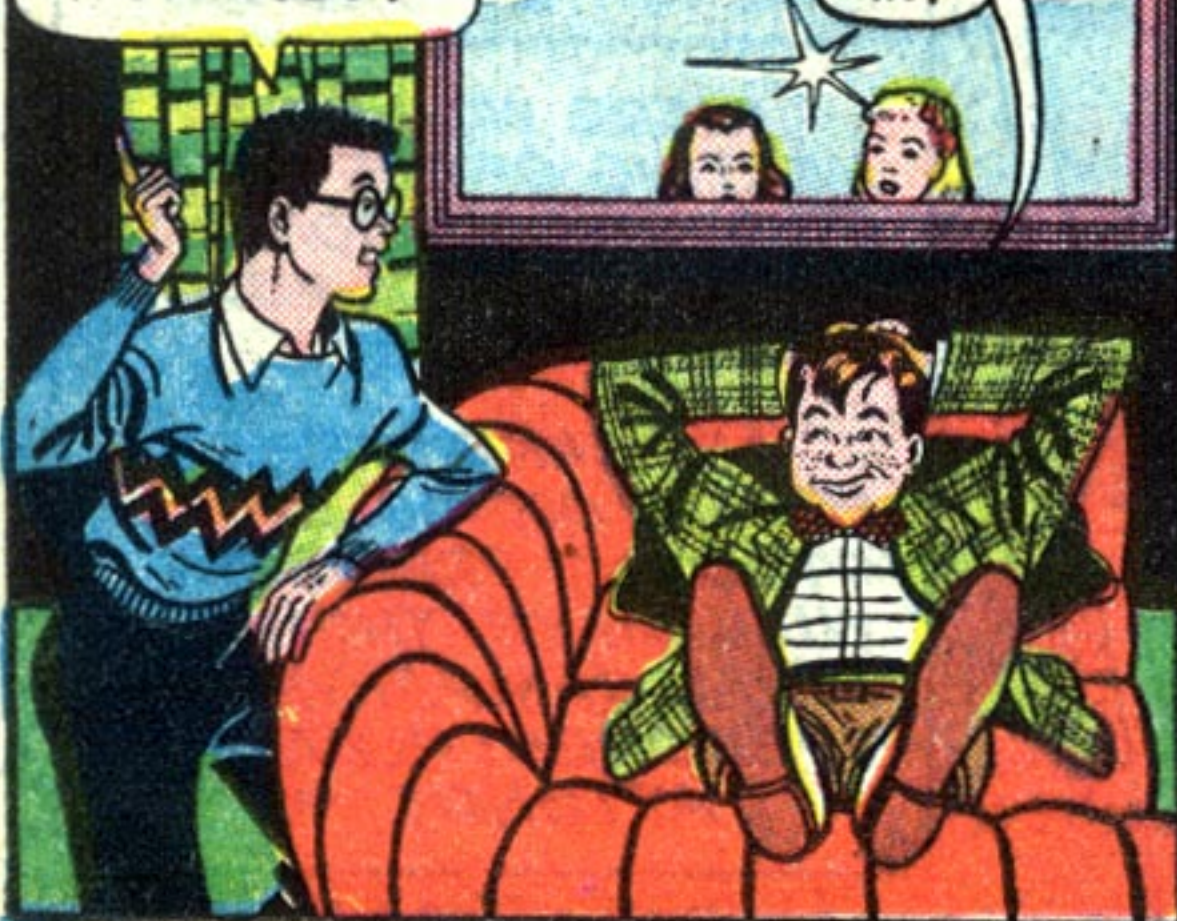
NOW HOP TO IT AN' GET THAT RECORD, BINKIE! **WE'LL SHOW THAT ROMEO RAVELLI!**

ROGER!

JUST WAIT UNTIL ROMEO HEARS **THIS!**

I GET IT! THE GALS WILL THINK **YOU'RE** DOIN' THE SINGIN'-- AND THEY'LL BE IN THE AISLES!

YEAH! MAKIN' A DEAD RUN FER THE BALLOT BOX ...TO VOTE **ME** IN!



AND WHEN ROMEO HEARS THE NEWS...

...AND THAT'S WHAT THAT BIG FAKER, PICKLES, PLANS! ARE YOU GONNA TAKE IT SITTING DOWN, ROMEO?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? C'MON... WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE RECORDIN' STUDIO! I'M MAKIN' A RECORD OF MY OWN!

THAT'LL BE ONE DOLLAR!

MMM! AND IS IT WORTH IT!

LET'S GO, SWEETMEATS!



NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY! BINKIE'LL HAVE THAT PERRY COMO RECORD... AN' IT'S UP TO YOU TWO TO GET NEXT TO HIM! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT... BUT SWITCH THOSE RECORDS!

AH, YES! PICKLES WILL FIND HE BIT OFF MORE'N HE COULD CHEW, TANGLIN' WITH ME... AN' ROMEO RAVELLI WILL BE STUDENT PRESIDENT!



That night...

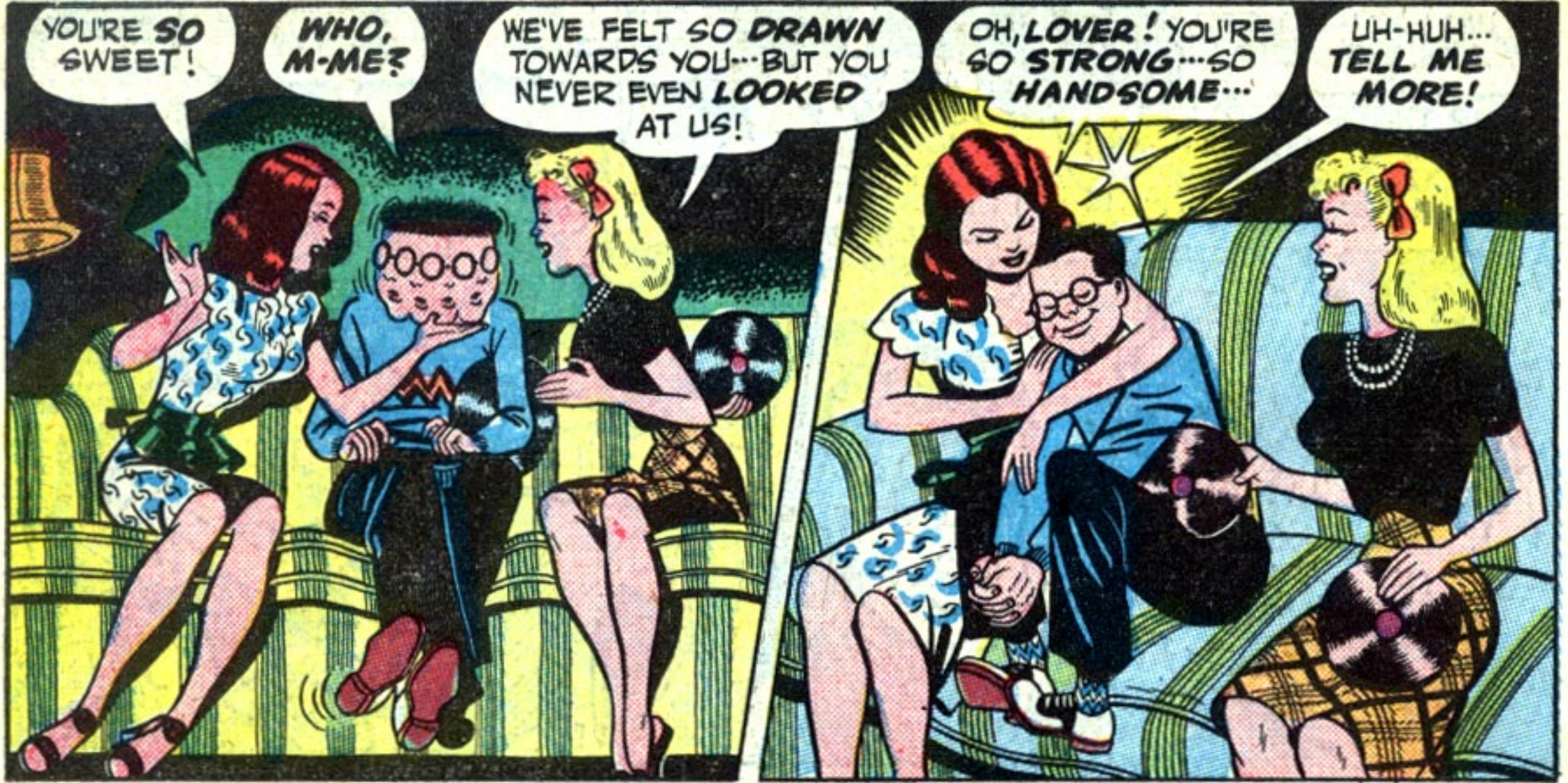
ALL SET, BINKIE?

YEAH! I GOT THE RECORD HERE! YOU RUN ALONG DOWN TO THE AUDITORIUM, WHILE I GET RID OF SUZIE AN' MABEL... THEY JUST DROPPED IN! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

IT'S SWELL HAVIN' YA HERE, BUT I GOTTA BE GOIN'! YA SEE, I-- ...ULP!

OH, BINKIE! HAVEN'T YOU JUST A MOMENT... FOR LITTLE US?





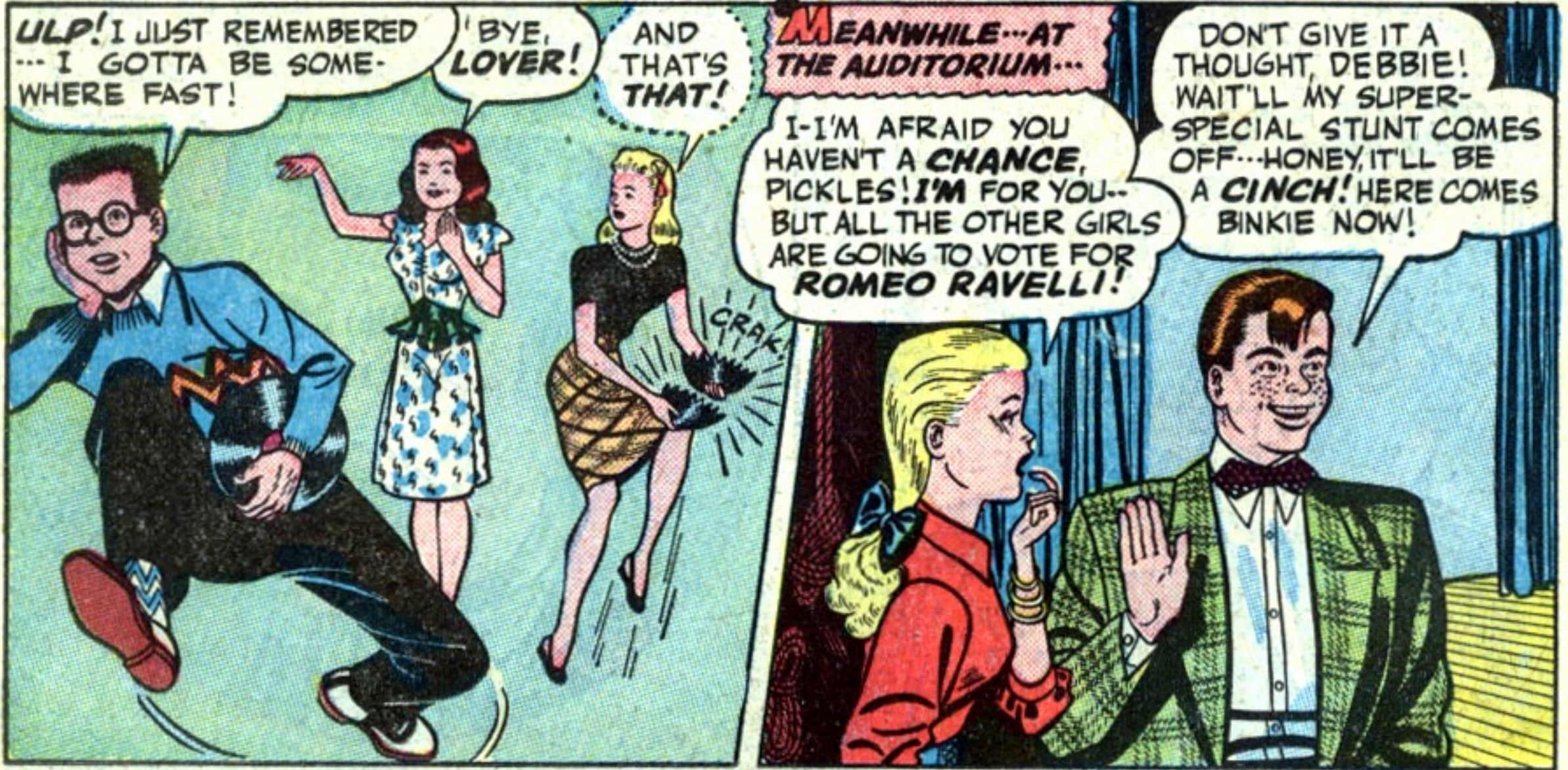
YOU'RE SO SWEET!

WHO, M-ME?

WE'VE FELT SO DRAWN TOWARDS YOU...BUT YOU NEVER EVEN LOOKED AT US!

OH, LOVER! YOU'RE SO STRONG...SO HANDSOME...

UH-HUH... TELL ME MORE!



ULP! I JUST REMEMBERED... I GOTTA BE SOMEWHERE FAST!

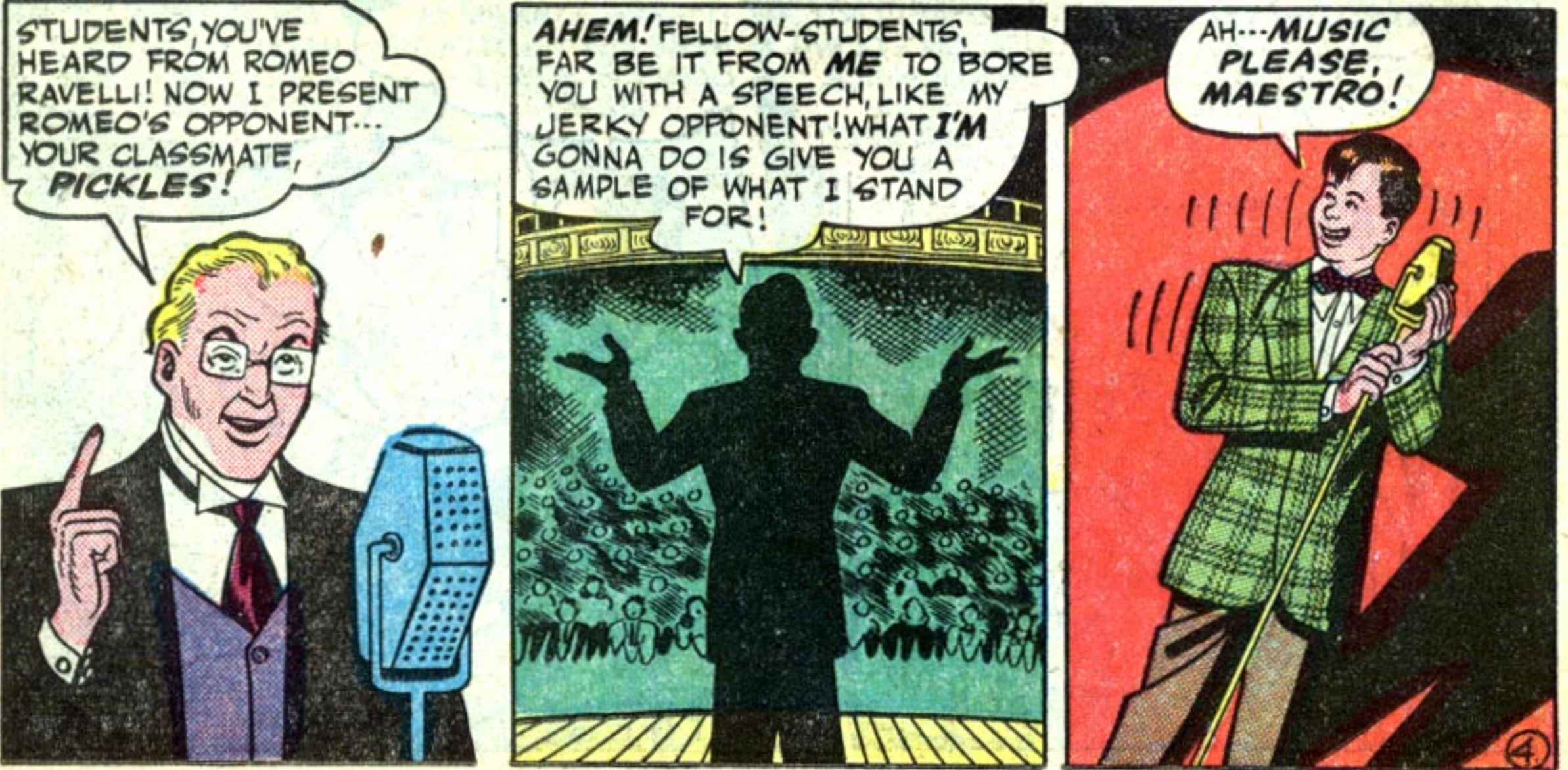
'BYE, LOVER!

AND THAT'S THAT!

MEANWHILE...AT THE AUDITORIUM...

I-I'M AFRAID YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE, PICKLES! I'M FOR YOU-- BUT ALL THE OTHER GIRLS ARE GOING TO VOTE FOR ROMEO RAVELLI!

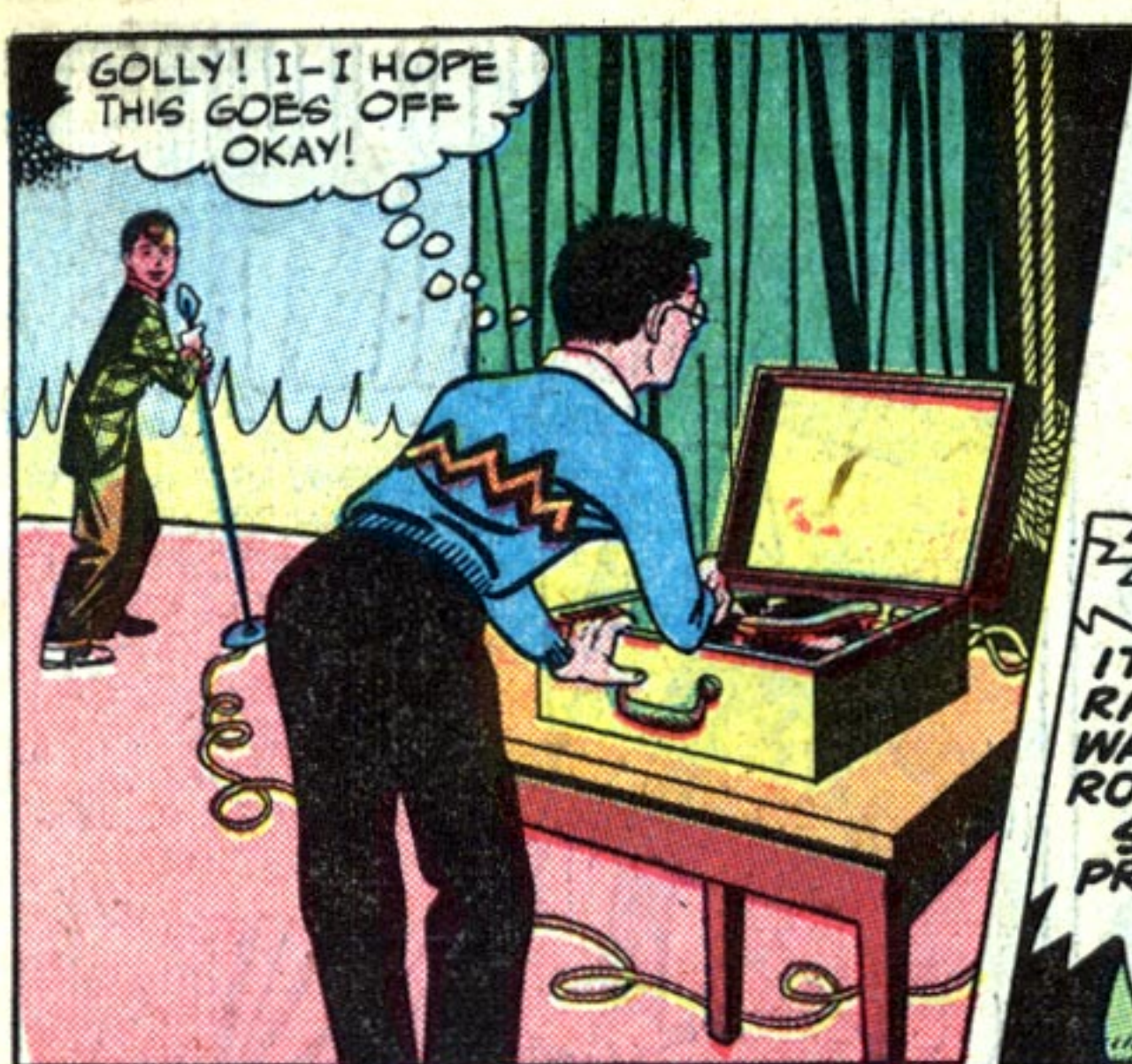
DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT, DEBBIE! WAIT'LL MY SUPER-SPECIAL STUNT COMES OFF...HONEY, IT'LL BE A CINCH! HERE COMES BINKIE NOW!



STUDENTS, YOU'VE HEARD FROM ROMEO RAVELLI! NOW I PRESENT ROMEO'S OPPONENT... YOUR CLASSMATE, PICKLES!

AHEM! FELLOW-STUDENTS, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO BORE YOU WITH A SPEECH, LIKE MY JERKY OPPONENT! WHAT I'M GONNA DO IS GIVE YOU A SAMPLE OF WHAT I STAND FOR!

AH...MUSIC PLEASE, MAESTRO!



GOLLY! I-I HOPE THIS GOES OFF OKAY!



HUH?

IT'S ROMEO RAVELLI, ALL THE WAY! VOTE FOR ROMEO FOR STUDENT PRESIDENT!



FELLOW STUDENTS... I WISH TO WITHDRAW FROM THIS ELECTION! MY CONSCIENCE DEMANDS I ADMIT THAT ROMEO IS THE BETTER MAN!

I-I BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!

PICKLES! W-WOT ARE YOU SAYIN'?



BINKIE... I-TURN THAT RECORD OFF!... I... I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE... FAST!



HAW-HAW! THERE HE GOES... BUT THE BEST PART'S STILL COMIN'! WATCH!





L-LOOK!

WHERE'S HE GOIN'?



STUDENTS AN' FRIENDS! ABOVE ME YOU SEE SUSPENDED MY FOUL OPPONENT, PICKLES! I LEAVE IT TO YOUR JUDGMENT...WHICH ONE OF US IS MORE DOWN TO EARTH? GIVE ME YOUR VOTE AS STUDENT PRESIDENT!



PALS...THIS MAY LOOK LIKE CURTAINS FOR ME, BUT I ASSURE YOU--I'M HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE MY OPPONENT! VOTE FOR ME!



LISSEN, FELLAS...THIS IS AN **EMERGENCY!** THE ELECTIONS COMIN' OFF IN A FEW MINUTES...AN' IT LOOKS **BAD** FER OUR SIDE! IF ROMEO'S ELECTED, THE CHICKS'LL BE CRAZIER ABOUT HIM THAN **EVER!** THEY'LL NEVER GIVE **US** ANOTHER LOOK!

OH, JEEPERS!



YA MEAN MY LI'L HONEYBUNCH'LL TURN **COLD?**

YEAH...IT MEANS NO MORE DATES FER US! ARE WE GONNA STAND FER THAT?

WE GONNA STAND FER THAT?

NEVER! I'VE GOT A PLAN...LISTEN...

ROMEO RECEIVES A DELEGATION!

I JUST WANNA TELL YA WOT YA KIN EXPECT AS OUR NEW STUDENT PRESIDENT! YA GOTTA COME OUT FER FOOTBALL PRACTICE!

AN' AS CAPTAIN OF TH' BOXIN' TEAM, I NEED A NEW SPARRIN' PARTNER ...YOU!

TH' LIFE-SAVIN' CLASS NEEDS DROWNIN' MEN TA WORK ON TWICE A WEEK ...GET IT?

OH-HH! BE REASON-ABLE, FELLAS! CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER?

YOU'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE! HERES A FINAL CAMPAIGN SPEECH WE PREPARED FOR YA! YA GOTTA DELIVER IT TO THE SCHOOL-RIGHT NOW!



CANDIDATE RAVELLI HAS BEEN GRANTED PERMISSION TO MAKE A LAST ADDRESS, REVEALING SOME FACTS OF INTEREST TO ALL OF YOU! TAKE IT AWAY, ROMEO!

GULP!

AND IF I AM ELECTED, WE'LL RETURN TO SANITY! SCHOOL HOPS WILL GIVE WAY TO FOLK DANCING! NO RUG CUTTING! DOWN WITH JIVE! JUKE JOINTS WILL BE DECLARED OFF LIMITS!

WHAT TH'!!

HUH?

BOO!

RUN HIM OUTA TOWN!

DOWN WITH ROMEO RAVELLI!



AND WHEN THE BALLOTS ARE COUNTED...

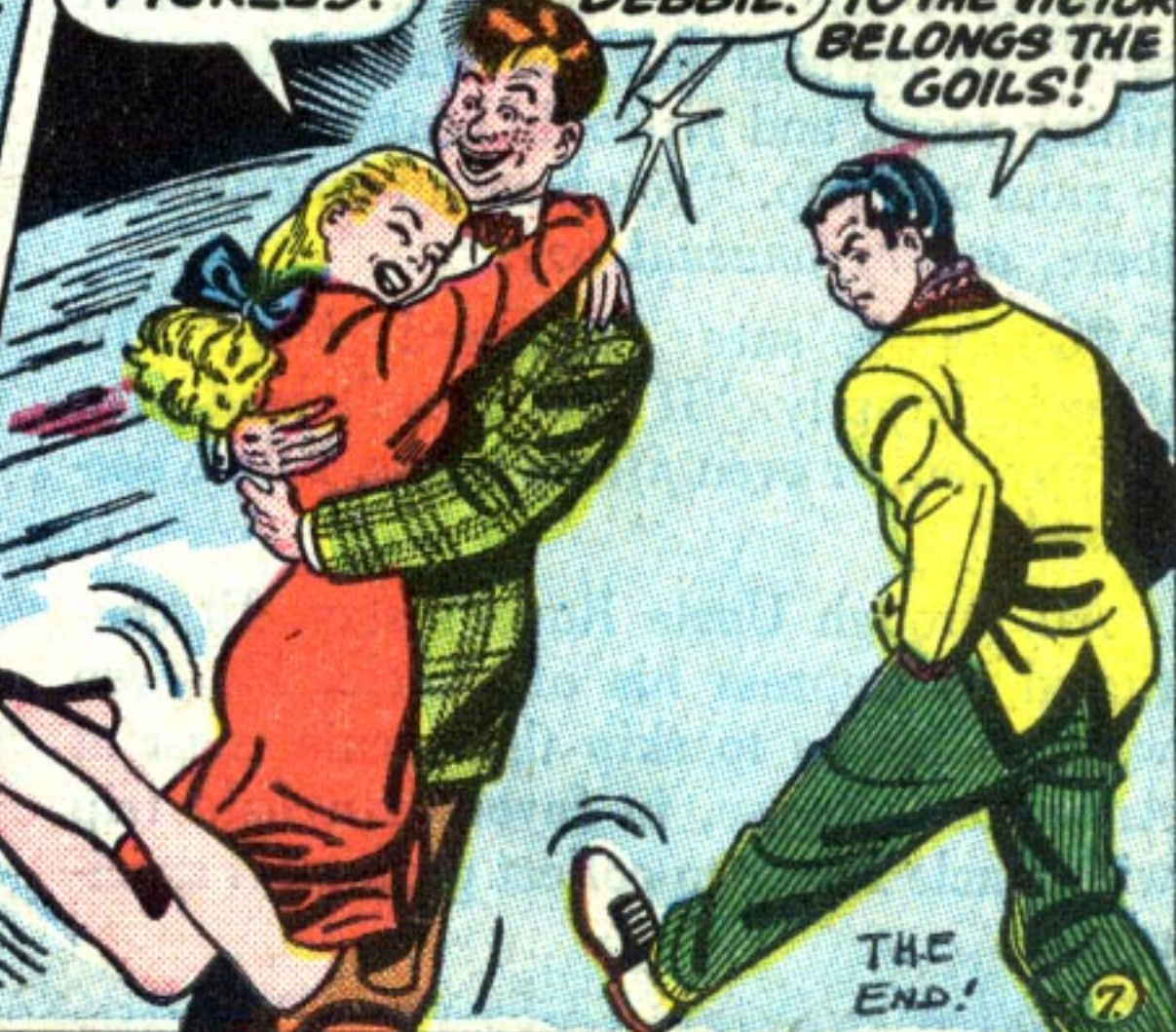
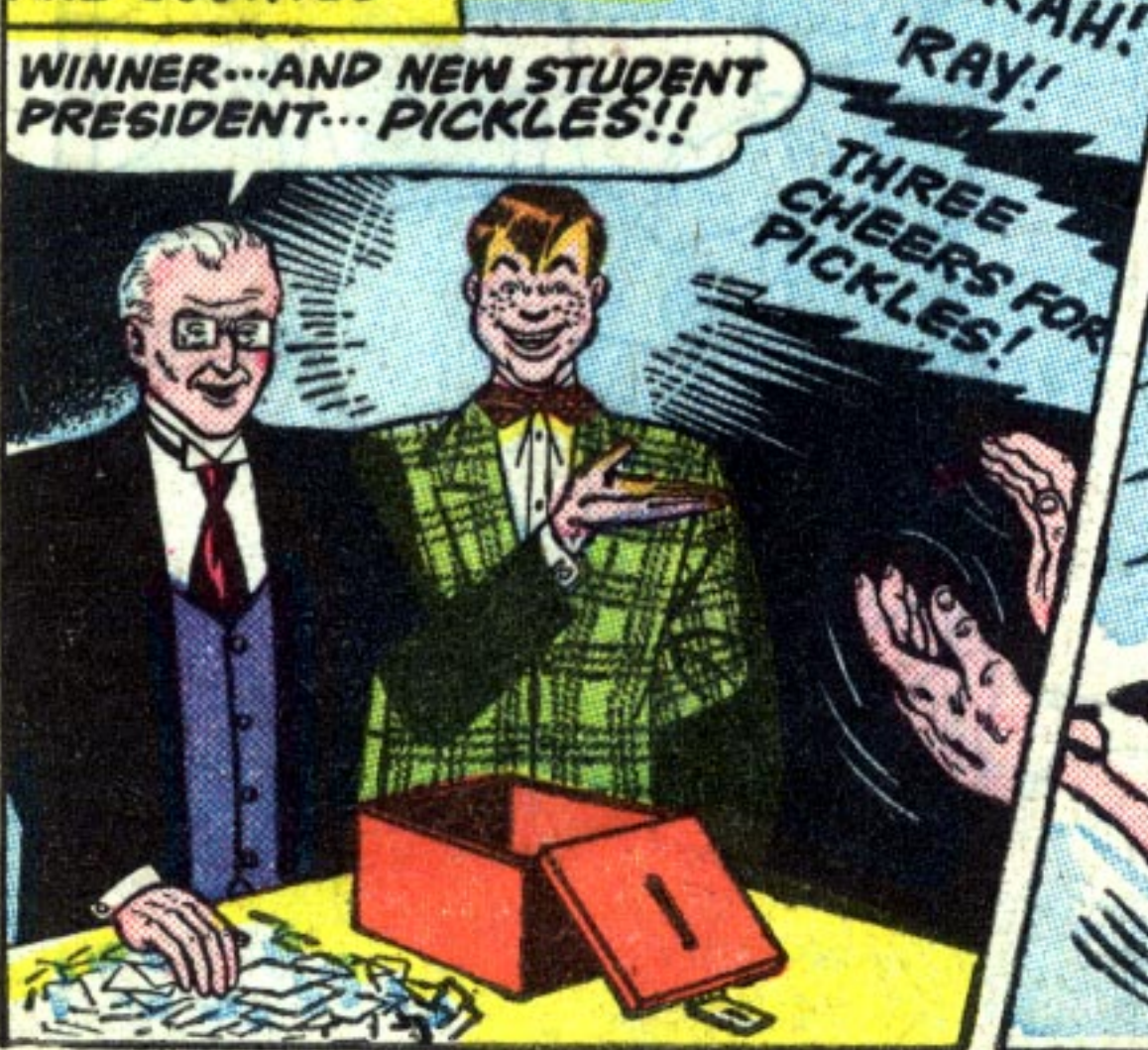
WINNER...AND NEW STUDENT PRESIDENT...PICKLES!!

HURRAH! 'RAY! THREE CHEERS FOR PICKLES!

OH, PICKLES!

OH, DEBBIE!

OH, NUTS! TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE GOILS!



From **GOOD** TO **WORSE**

"**TODAY?** Ya mean he's comin' *today*? Uncle Roger?" Jitterbuck yanked at his mother's apron, as he followed her about the house.

"Yes, son, today," Mrs. Jones replied. "So you'd better be on your best behavior!"

"Don't worry, mom, I *will*!" Jit vowed. Then he added to himself, "Oh, boy! Uncle Roger's *the rich one*! Here's my chance ta promote five bucks . . . or maybe even *ten*, which I could sure use. I'll just hafta *impress* the old gent!"

Three hours later, when Uncle Roger came through the front door, Jit was all ready for him. "Well, well!" boomed the old man, patting Jit's head. "So *this* is your boy! A fine lad! What's that you're reading, my boy?"

"I happen to be making a study of pre-historic glacial formations, Uncle Roger," Jit answered, looking up from a huge book. "It's a *fascinating* subject!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Uncle Roger. "Is there much swimming and fishing around here?"

"I believe there is, sir," Jit answered, "but I have little time to devote to frivolity. I've been collecting insect specimens and I also plan to write a paper on labor and management in the postwar economy! So you see, Uncle Roger, I keep fairly occupied."

Again Uncle Roger boomed, "You don't say!" As he said this, he walked into the dining room, and Jit could hear him talking to mom and pop. "You have an unusual boy there, a *very unusual* boy!"

"Guess I sure impressed *him*!" Jit thought happily. "If this doesn't lead to a snappy ten, or even *fifteen* bucks, I'll be surprised!"

All through Uncle Roger's stay, Jit continued to impress his old uncle. He even went so far as to skip the wienie roast at Angelpuss's house, in favor of a field trip with Uncle Roger to collect geological specimens.

"Have I got *him* sewed up!" Jit thought, on the day of the old man's departure. "This act I put on is worth a lotta cabbage!"

"Uh, nephew," Uncle Roger said, smiling warmly at Jit. "Before I leave, ending what has been a *most pleasant* visit, I'd like to present you with a little token . . . a gift."

"Here it comes!" Jit thought, rubbing his hands. Aloud, he said, "Oh, Uncle Roger, it's not at all necessary! Believe me, I—"

"I *want* you to have it!" Uncle Roger said. "It was my original idea to give you a small sum of money . . . fifteen or twenty dollars . . . but you're just not the *type*, my boy. Instead, here is *the finest encyclopedia that money can buy*! Any other boy might prefer money, but not *you*! You are too studious, too . . . *Good Heavens*!"

Uncle Roger might well have exclaimed, for Jitterbuck Jones had turned a pale green, gulped, extended his hand to receive the heavy volume . . . and keeled over in a faint!

Before he closed his eyes, he murmured, ever so faintly, "Thank you, Uncle Roger!"



JITTERBUCK

IT'S NO USE, COOKIE! I *THOUGHT* I COULD RAISE SOME QUICK CASH BY PEDDLIN' THESE VACUUMS AFTER SCHOOL, BUT...

NO SALES, HUH?

AW-- YER SALES TECHNIQUE IS ALL *WRONG!* WHY, IF I...

GO AHEAD, JIT --TELL ME YOU GOT A *BETTER ONE!*

I HAVE, HEP, OL' KID! GIMME' THAT GIMMICK FER FIVE MINUTES--AN' IT'S SOLD!



GO AHEAD, HEP! WOT CAN YOU LOSE?

OKAY, WISE GUY! HERE-- GIVE WITH THE DEMONSTRATION!

HOLD THE GRUB, BUB! WE'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH WITH THE CASH!

THIS I GOTTA SEE!

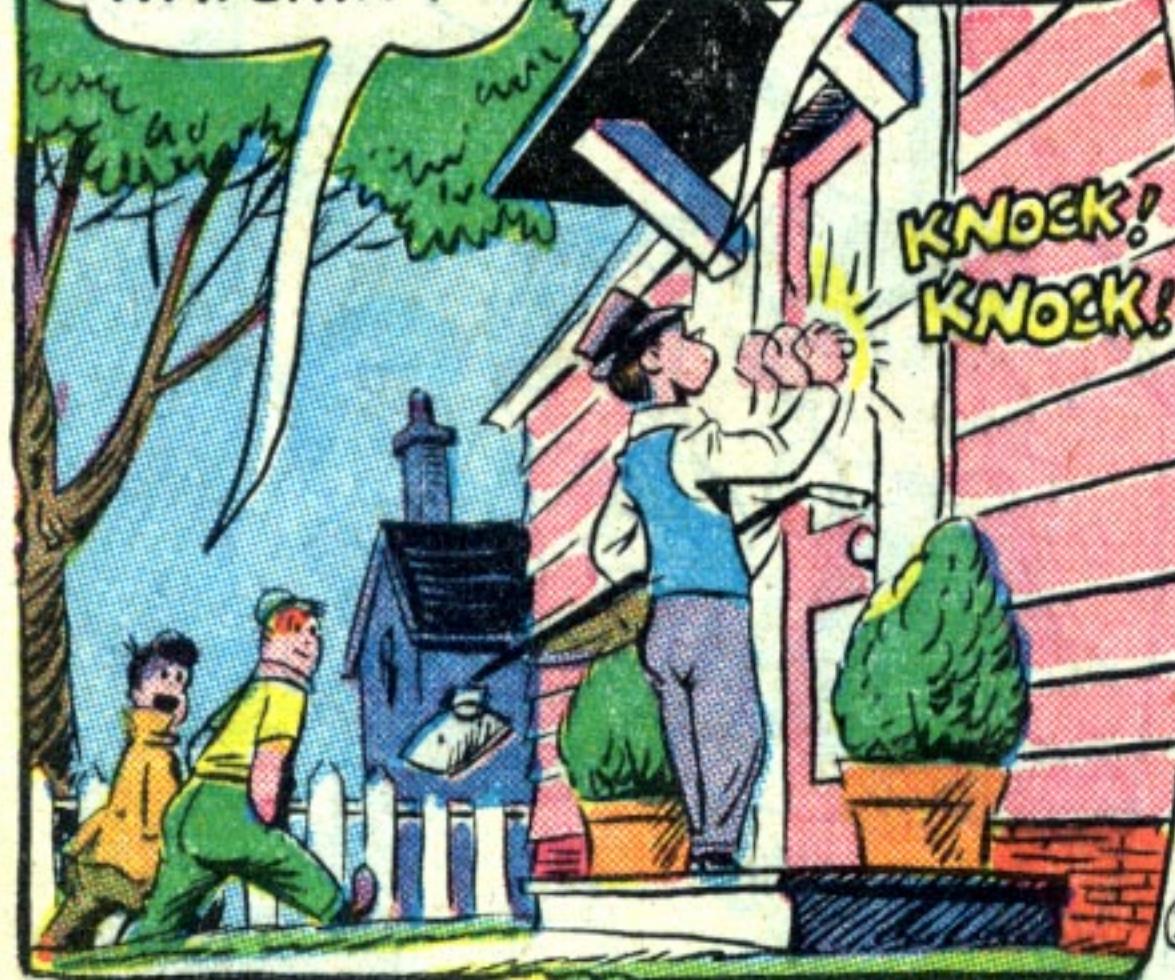


IT BETTER BE GOOD, JIT! WE'LL BE WATCHIN'!

THAT IT WILL BE, KID!...YOO-HOO! ANYBODY HOME?

YOUNG MAN, PLEASE-- I'M *VERY* BUSY! I--

AH, BUT THAT'S *JUST* WHY I'M HERE--TO CHANGE YER LIFE TO *LOVELY, LAZY, LEISURE!*



AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE **VIOLENT VERONICA VACCUUM CLEANER CO.**, I FEEL IT MY **DUTY** TO CONVINCE YOU THAT ONE OF OUR GULPING GADGETS IN YOUR HOME WILL BE A THING OF JOY **FOREVER!**

BUT--



AH, MADAM, STILL YOUR FEARS! THIS MECHANICAL MASTERPIECE **NEVER** FAILS! OUR MOTTO IS "**WHAT IT WON'T SWEEP... WE EAT!**"

BUT--



I REPEAT, LADY-- **WHAT IT WON'T SWEEP... I'LL EAT!** UMM--LET'S SEE, NOW--

TCH, TCH!



... AND WOULD YOU PREFER **MAYONNAISE** OR **KETCHUP** WITH IT?

HUH?

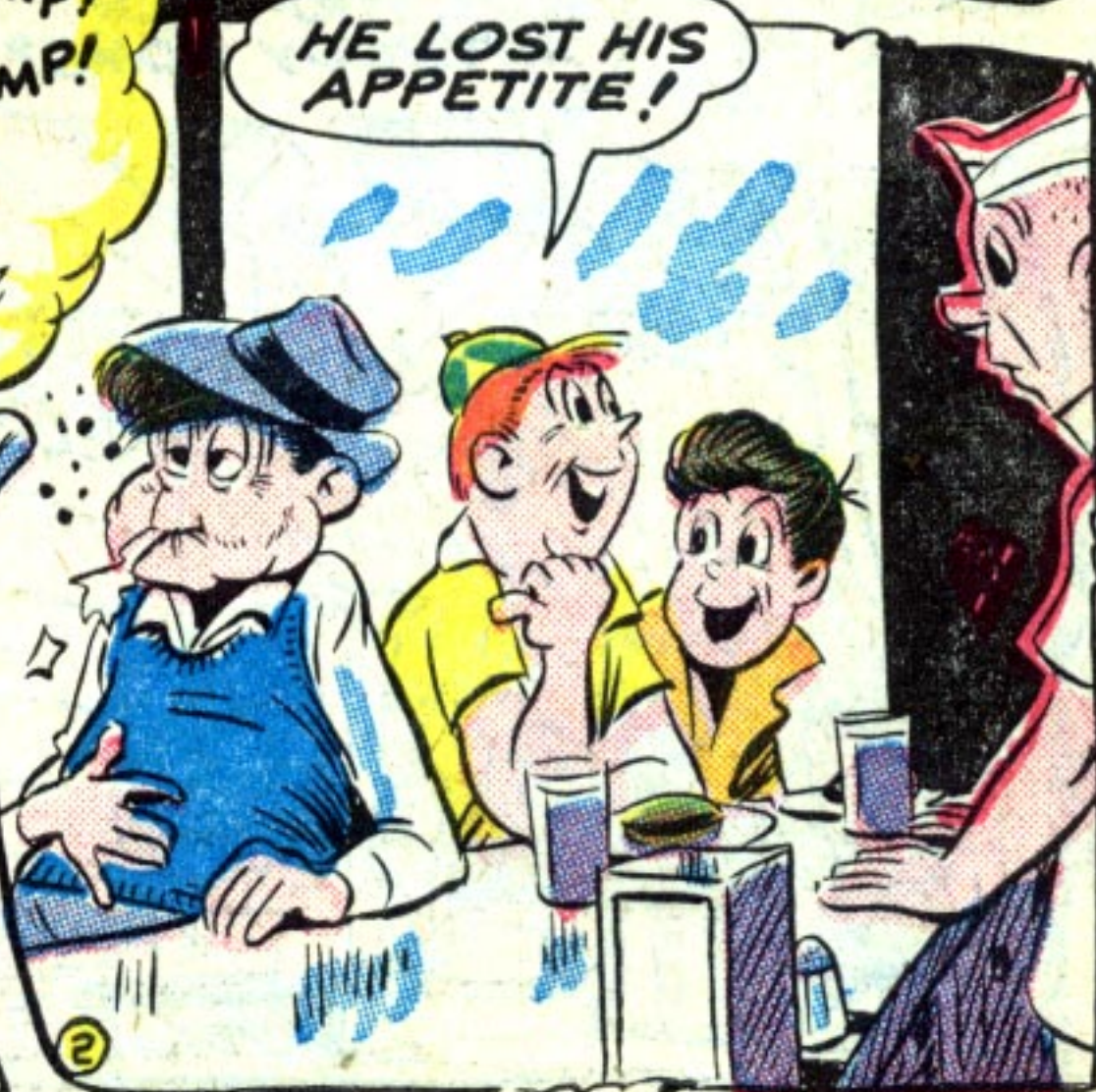
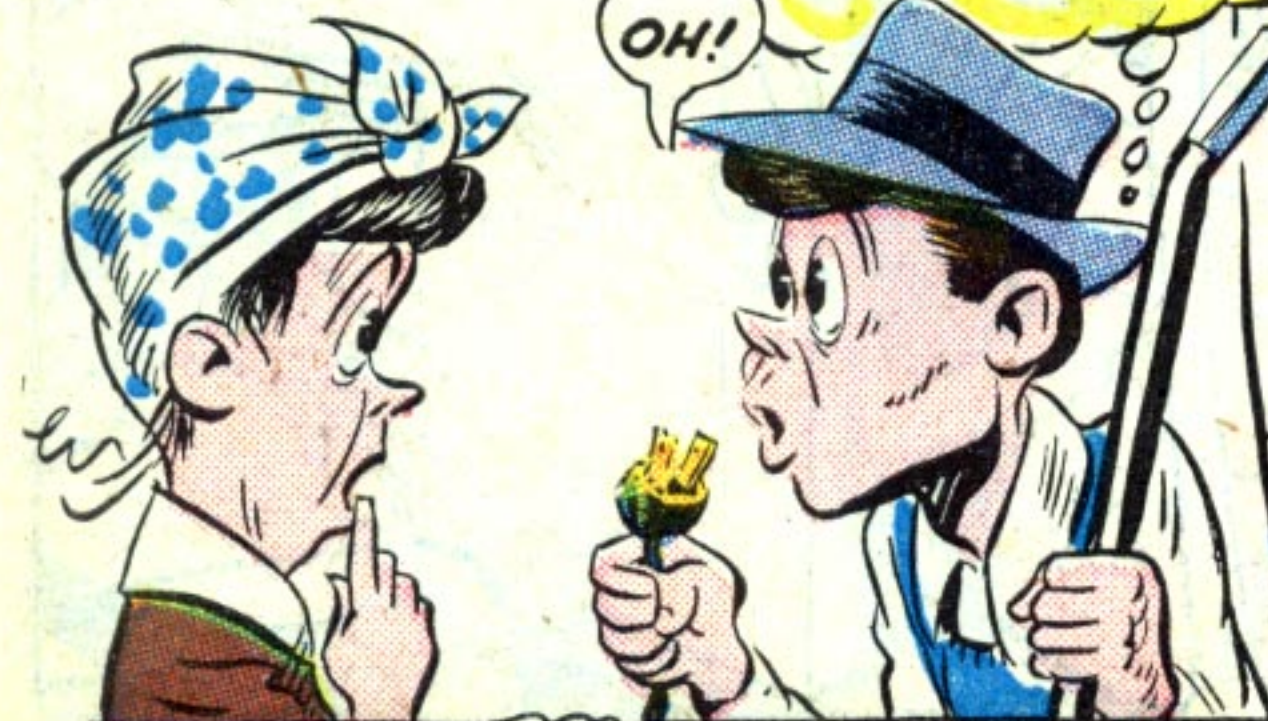


"WHAT IT WON'T SWEEP--I'LL EAT!"

CHOMP!
CHOMP!

OH!

HE LOST HIS APPETITE!

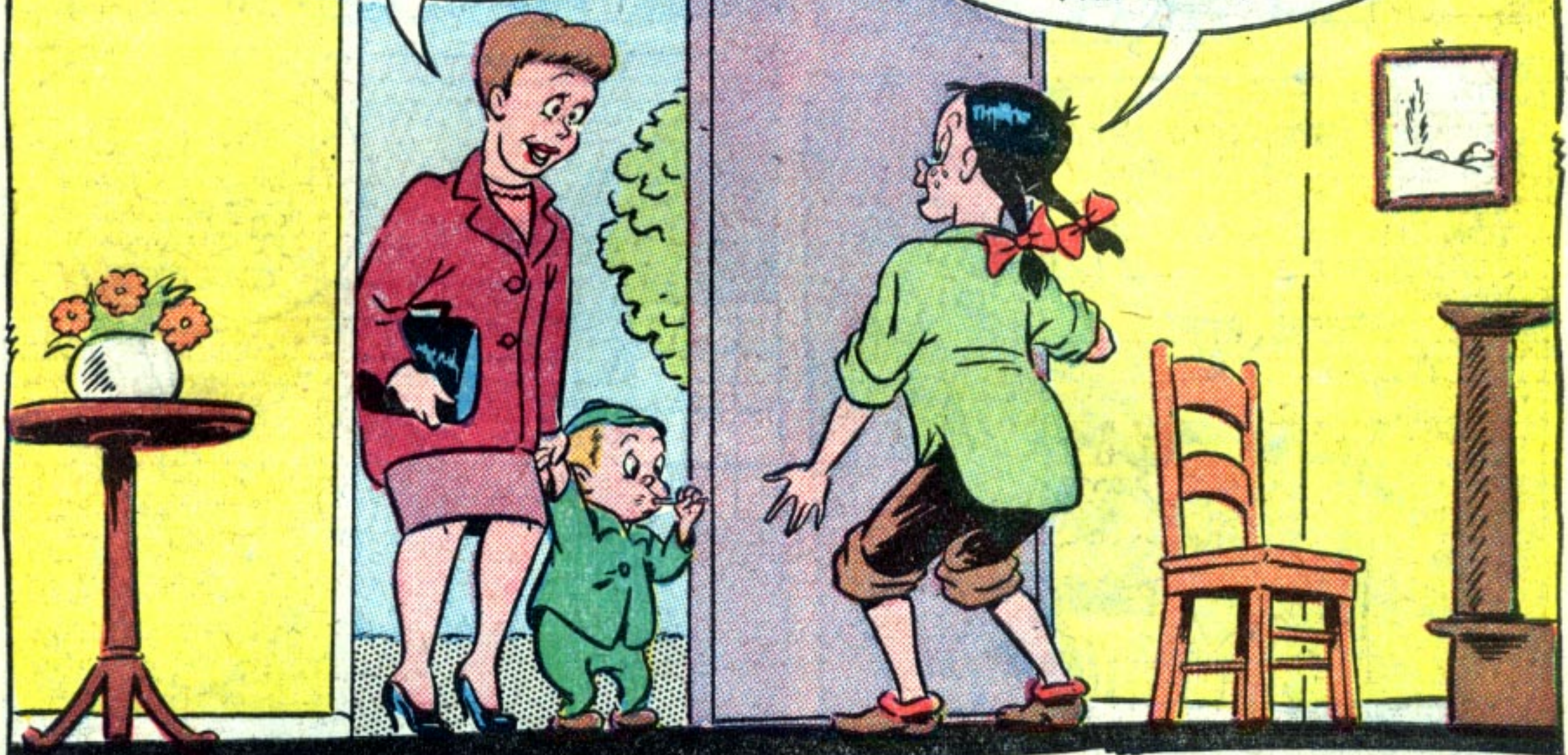


OUR KID SISTER

BOB WICK

CINDY, I WONDER IF YOU COULD TAKE CARE OF JUNIOR AND BABY TOMORROW NIGHT, WHILE MR. BROWN AND I TAKE IN A MOVIE?

GOSH, MRS. BROWN, YOU MEAN--BE A SITTER? OH GOLLY, I'D LOVE TO, BUT I'LL HAVE TO ASK MOM FIRST! WOULD YOU WAIT JUS' A MINUTE?



MOM! OH, MOM! MRS. BROWN WANTS TO KNOW IF I CAN BE A SITTER T'MORROW NIGHT WITH HER CHILDREN! CAN I, MOM, PLEASE?

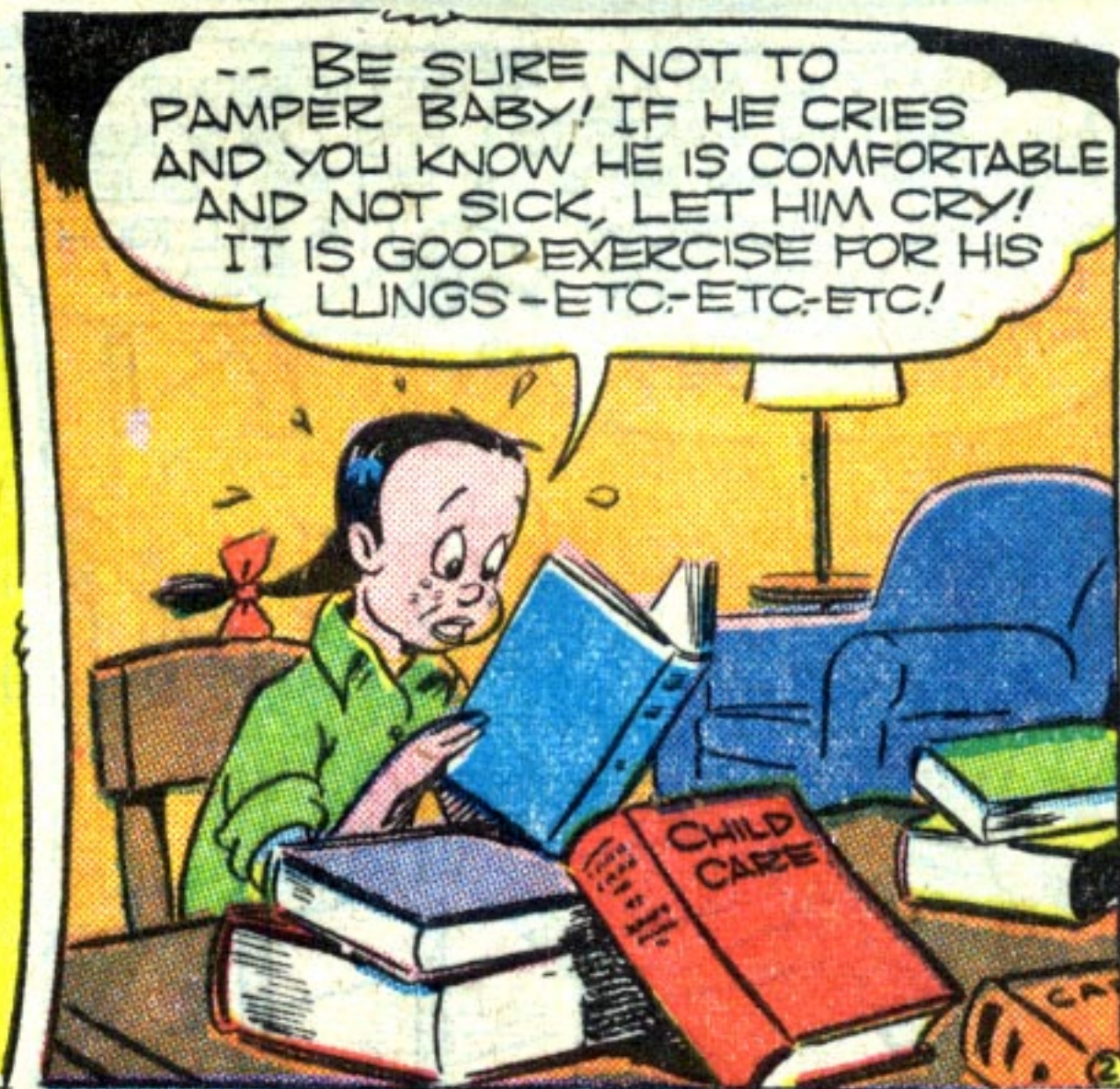
WELL, BEING THAT IT'S ONLY NEXT DOOR, I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR!

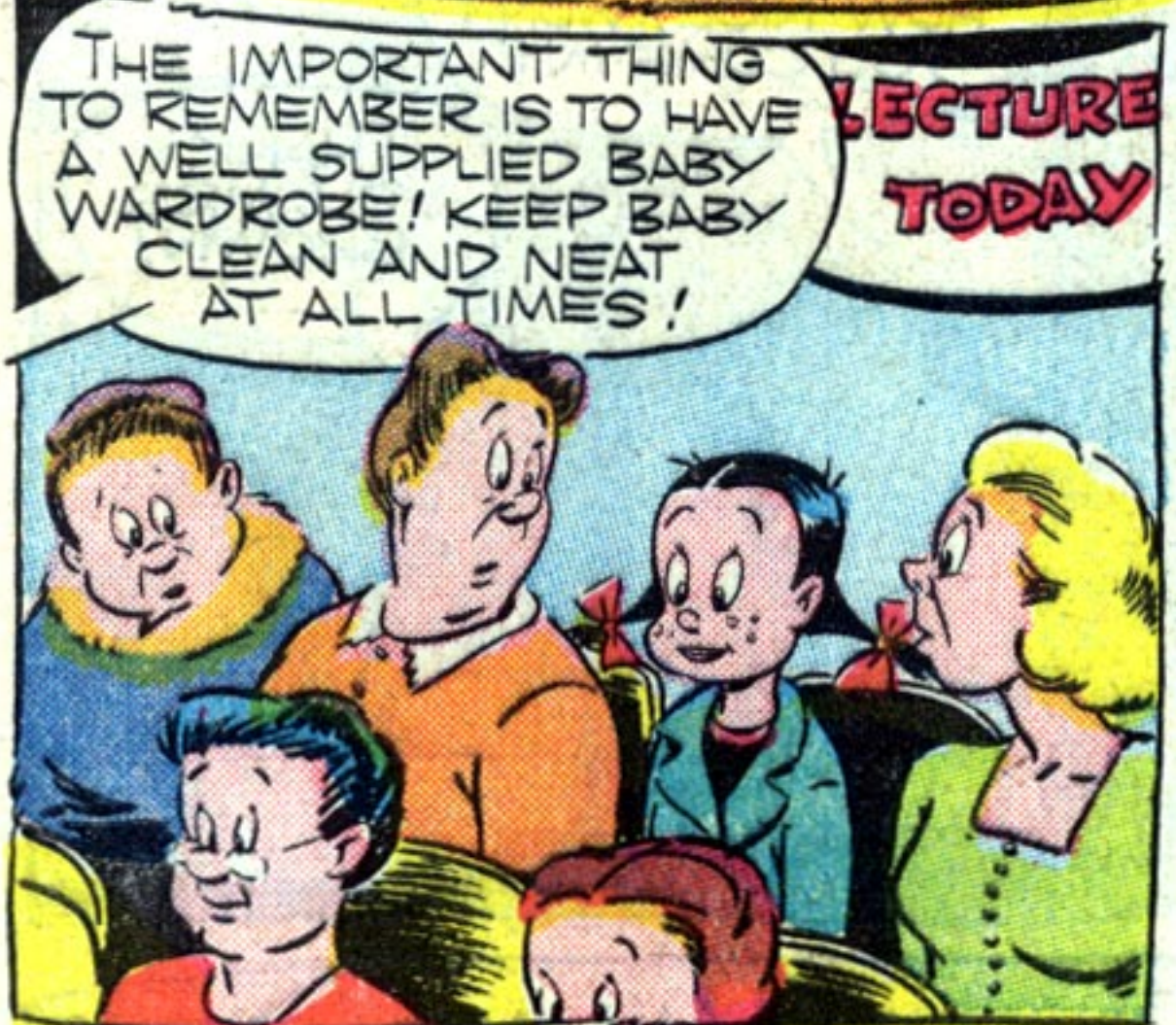
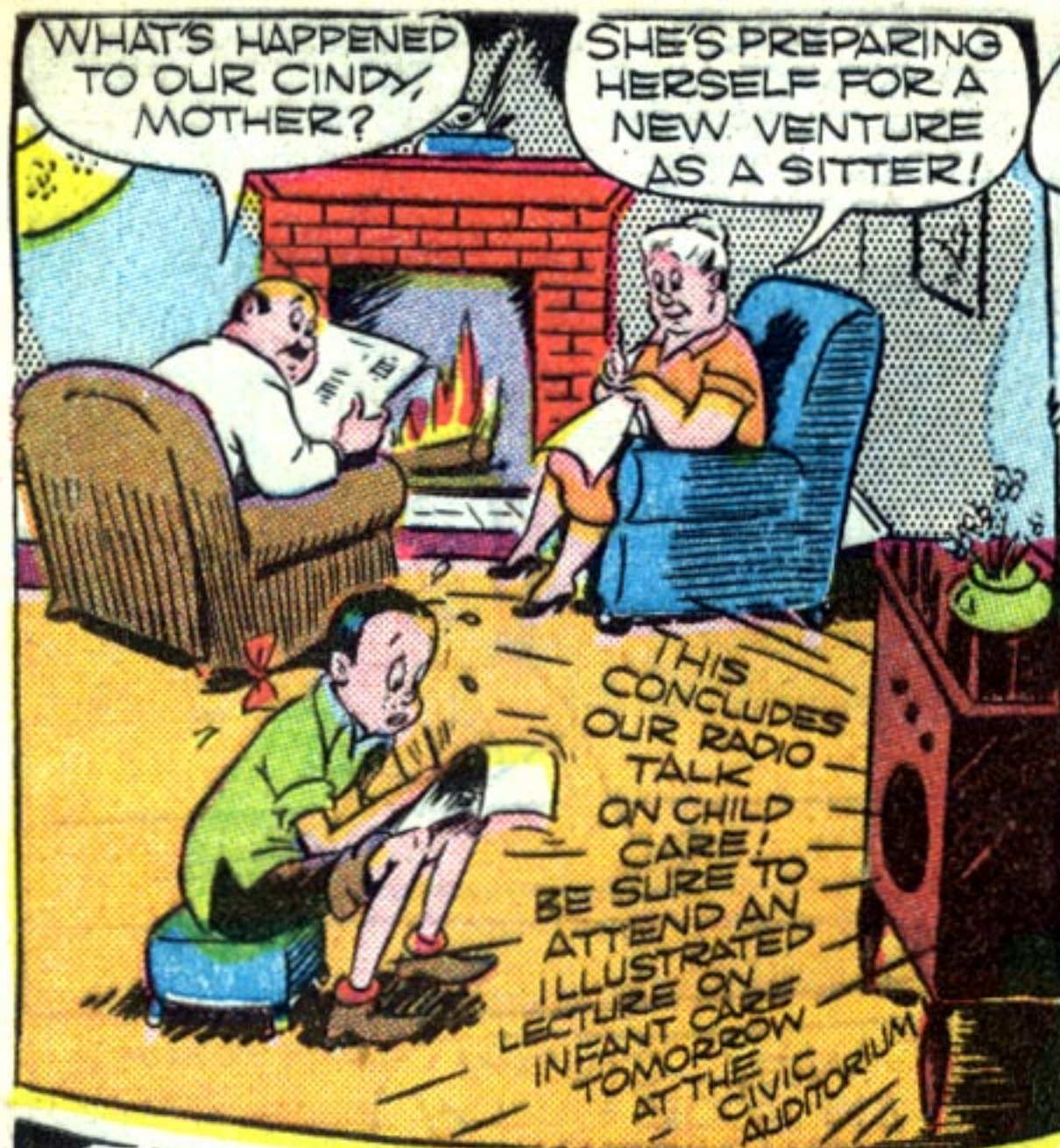


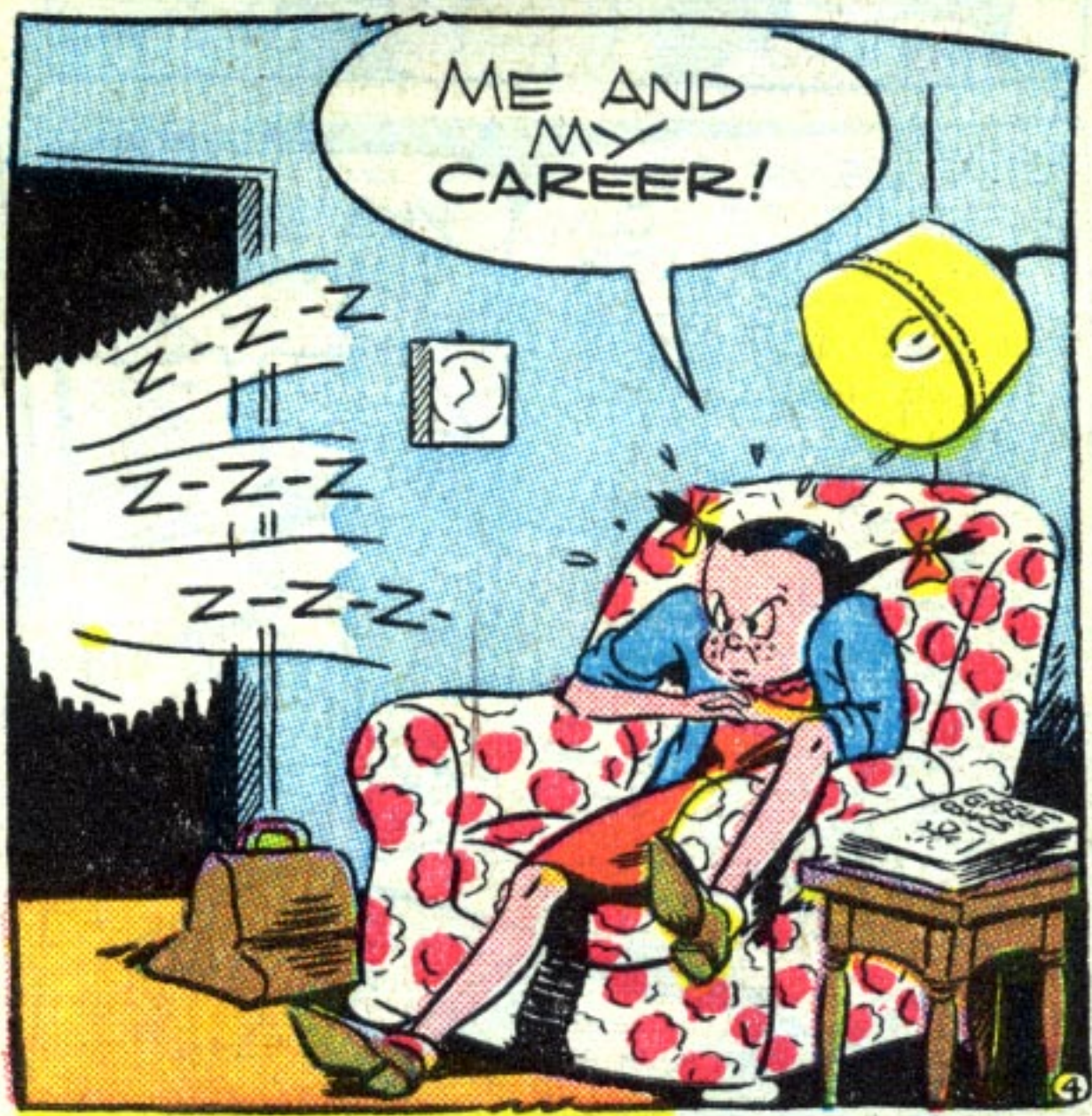
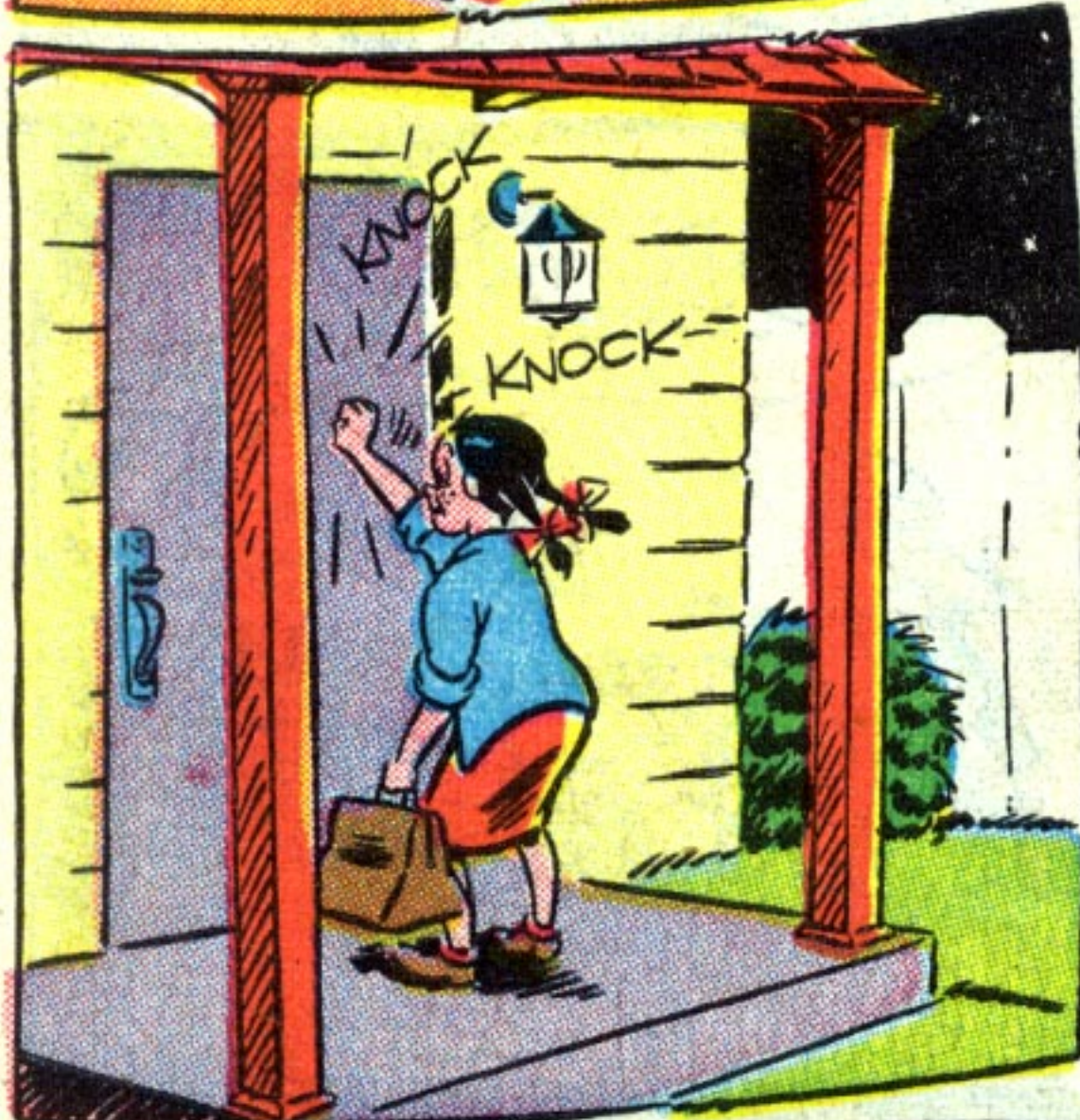
IT'S O.K., MRS. BROWN! WHAT TIME SHALL I BE THERE?

ABOUT 8 O'CLOCK, CINDY!









TEENTALES

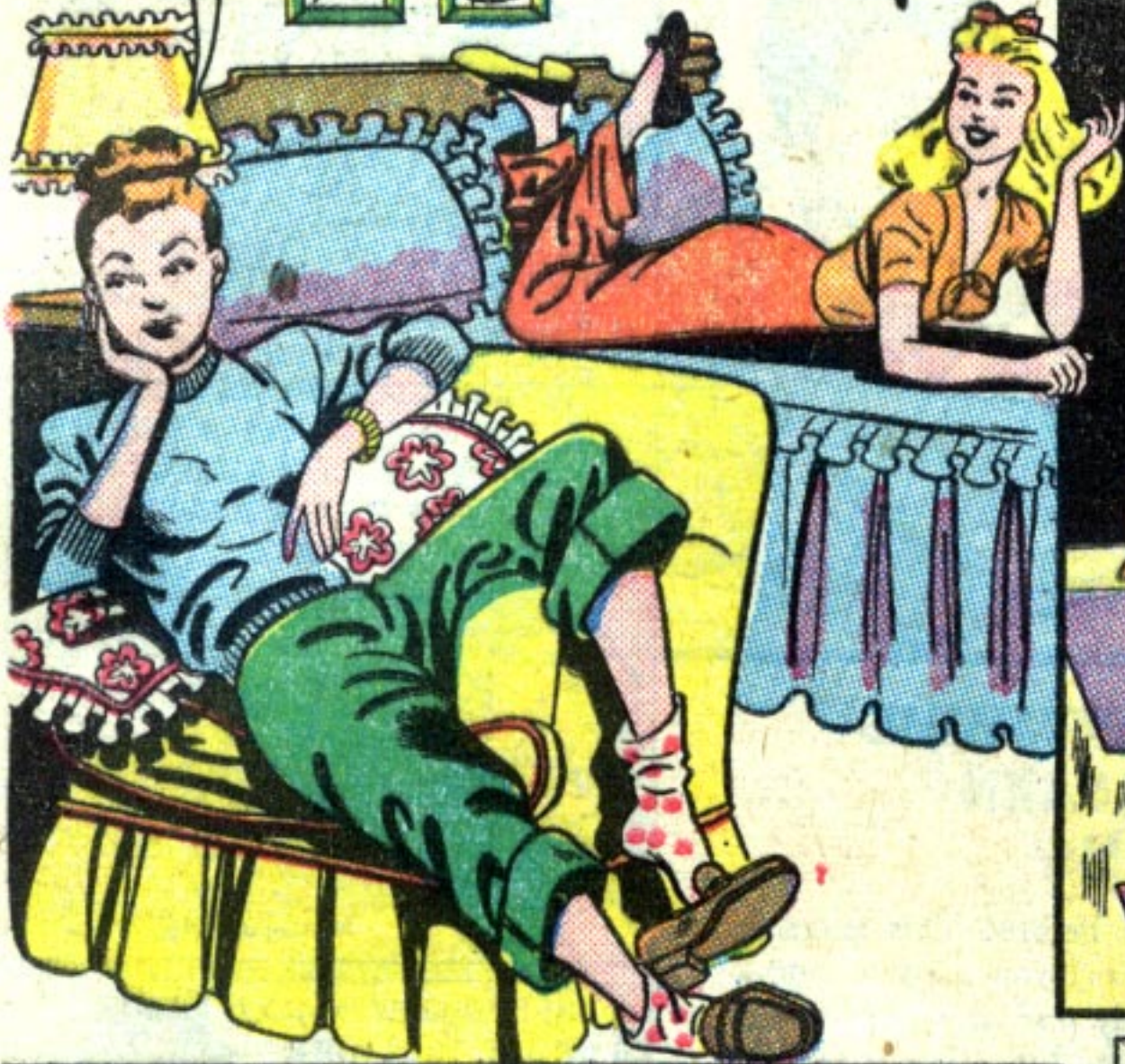
Al Hartley

I'M FORGETTING MEN!

ME TOO! I'M FORGETTING A COUPLE AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE!

DOESN'T BILL KNOW HOW TO SAY GOOD NIGHT?

I'LL SAY HE DOES!



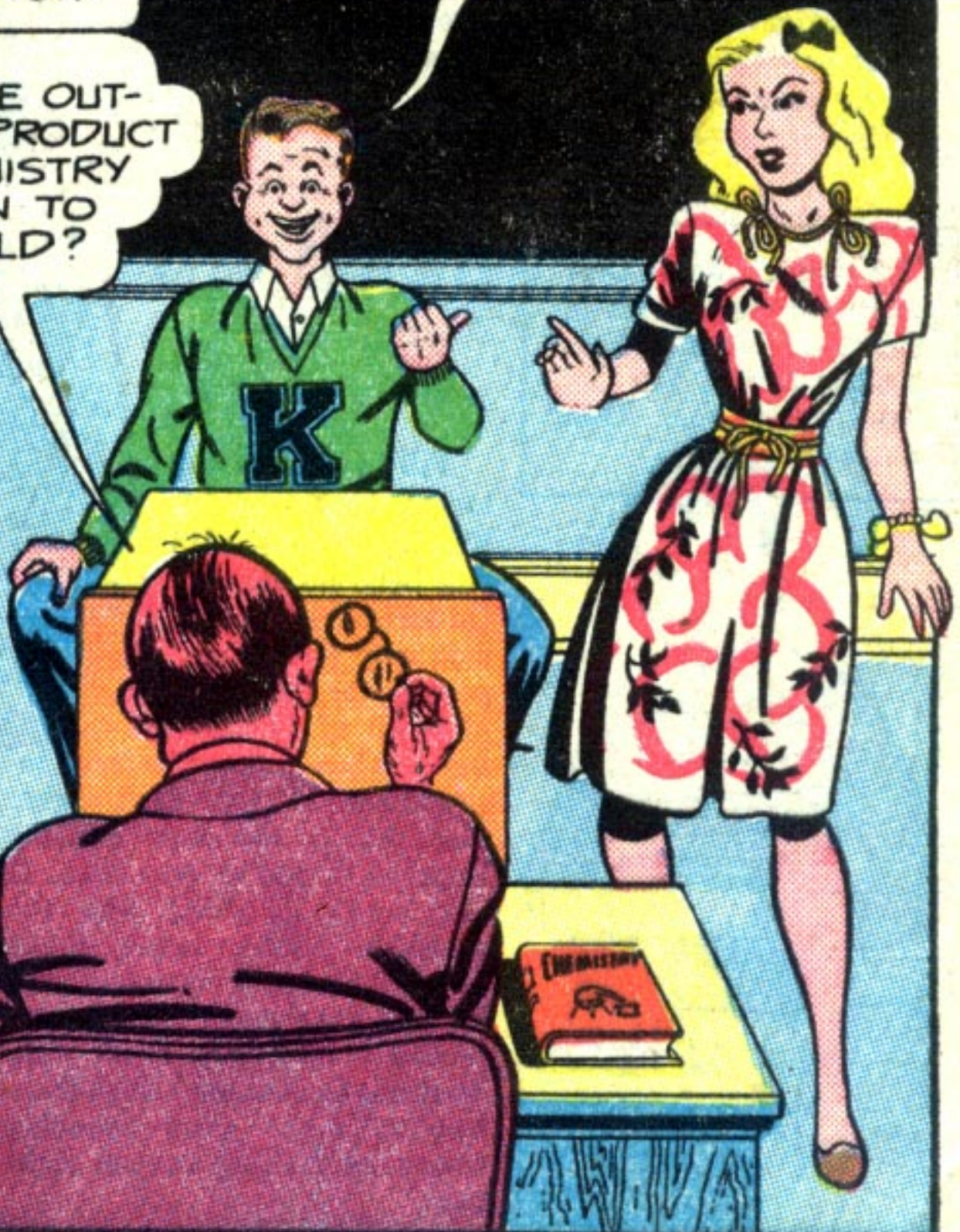
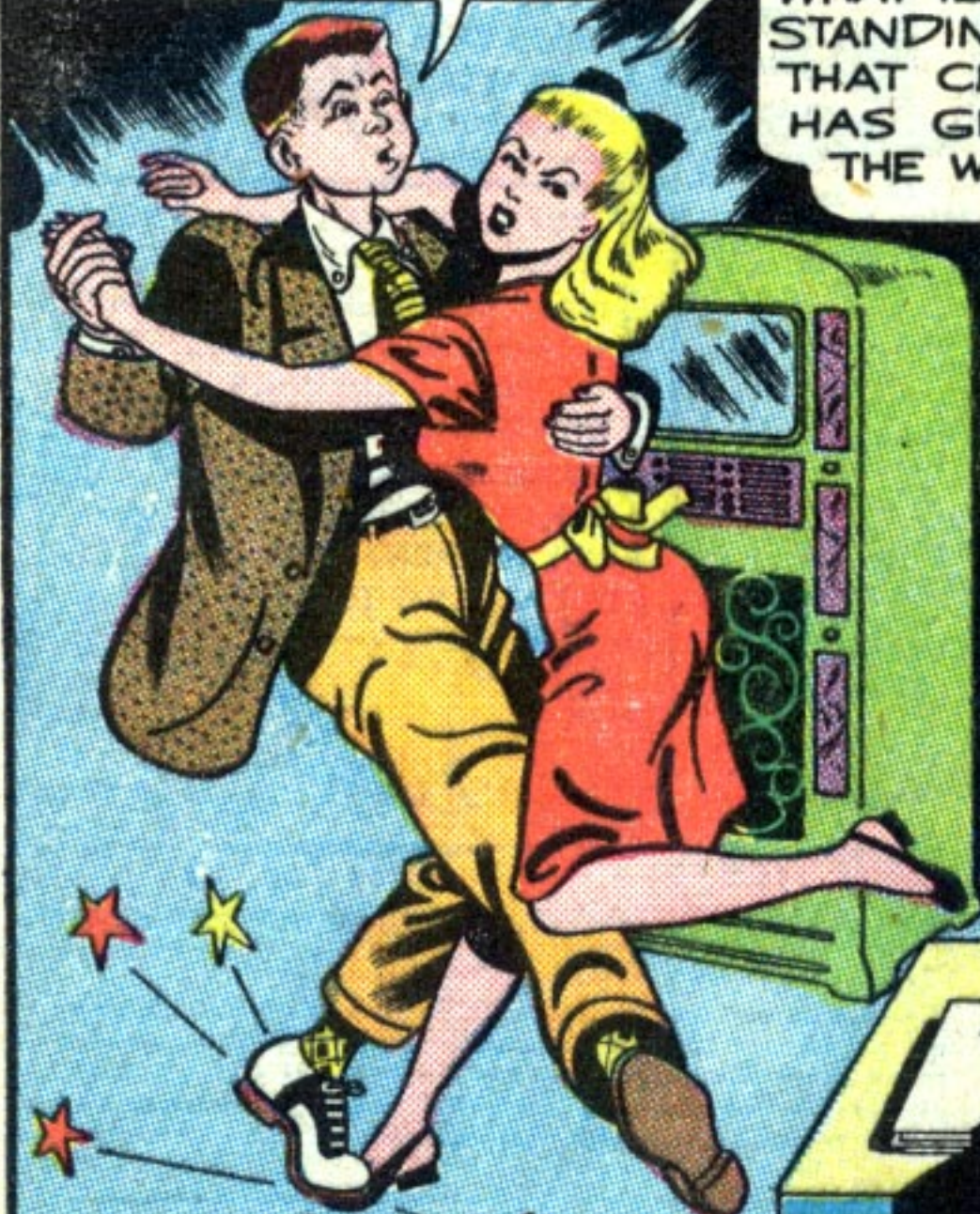
TONIGHT YOU'RE DANCING WITH ME... BUT I SUPPOSE TOMORROW YOU'LL BE MAKING A DATE WITH SOMEONE ELSE!

YEAH! MY CHIROPODIST!

WHAT IS THE OUTSTANDING PRODUCT THAT CHEMISTRY HAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD?

Chemistry tomorrow pages!

BLONDES!

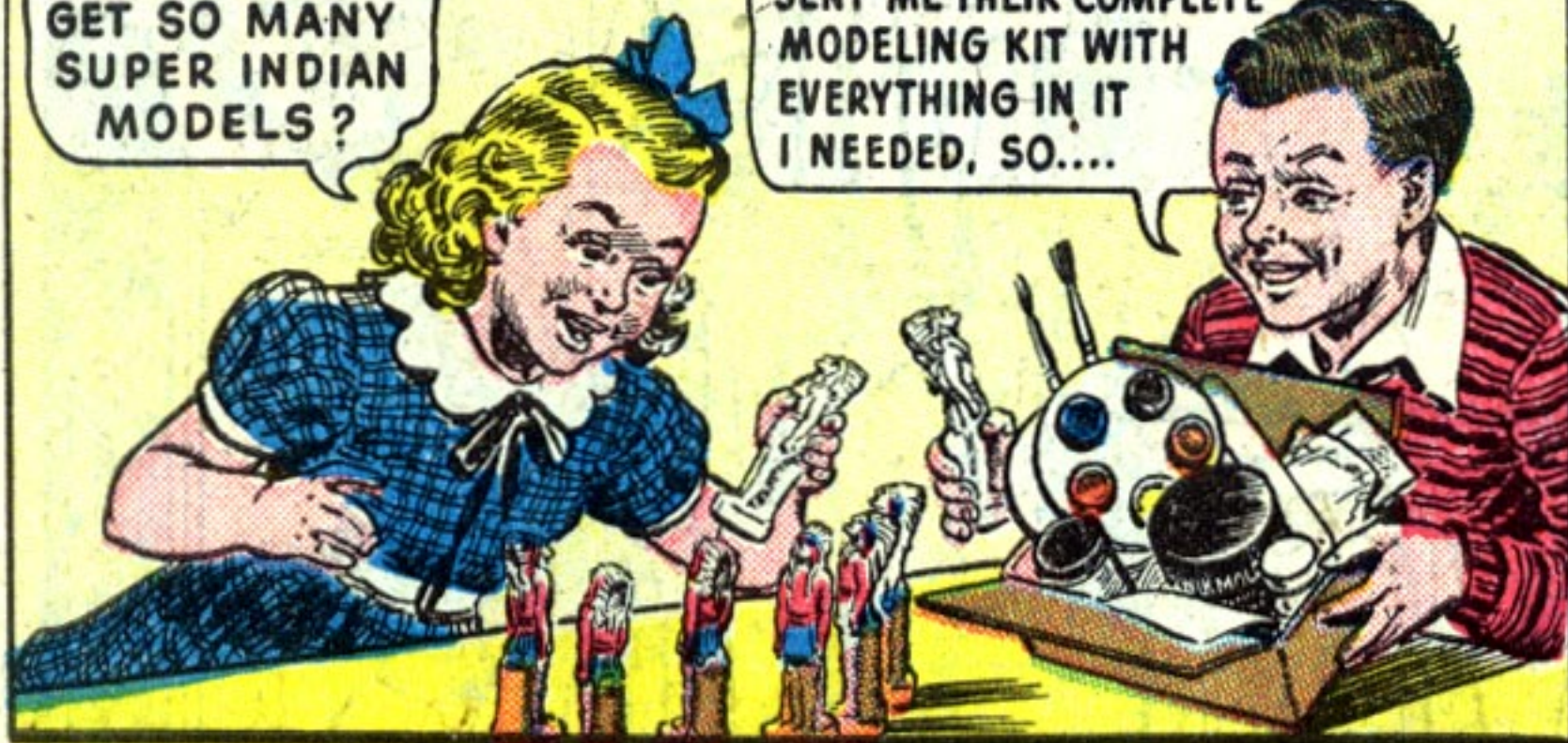


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HOW DID YOU
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SUPER INDIAN
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MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....



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FAMOUS INDIAN WARRIOR
MODEL IN BRIGHT COL-
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MOLD HOLDING POWDER;
SUBJECT; SHELLAC FOR
FASTENING TO BASE;
BRUSH FOR SPREADING
RUBBER; EXTRA BRUSH;
GAUZE; SANDPAPER; TAL-
CUM FOR DUSTING;
PALETTE OF COLORS TO
PAINT MODELS; BOOK OF
INSTRUCTIONS.

.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST POUR KWIK-MOLD
INTO IT. THEN WHEN
IT DRIES, I RE-
MOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



RUSH THIS COUPON!

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Dept. 363-H
6044 N. Avondale Ave., Chicago 31, Illinois
Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Model-
ing Kit for which I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage.
(Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage). If I'm not com-
pletely satisfied with this wonderful, new type modeling kit,
I will return purchase for full refund.

NAME _____

(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS _____

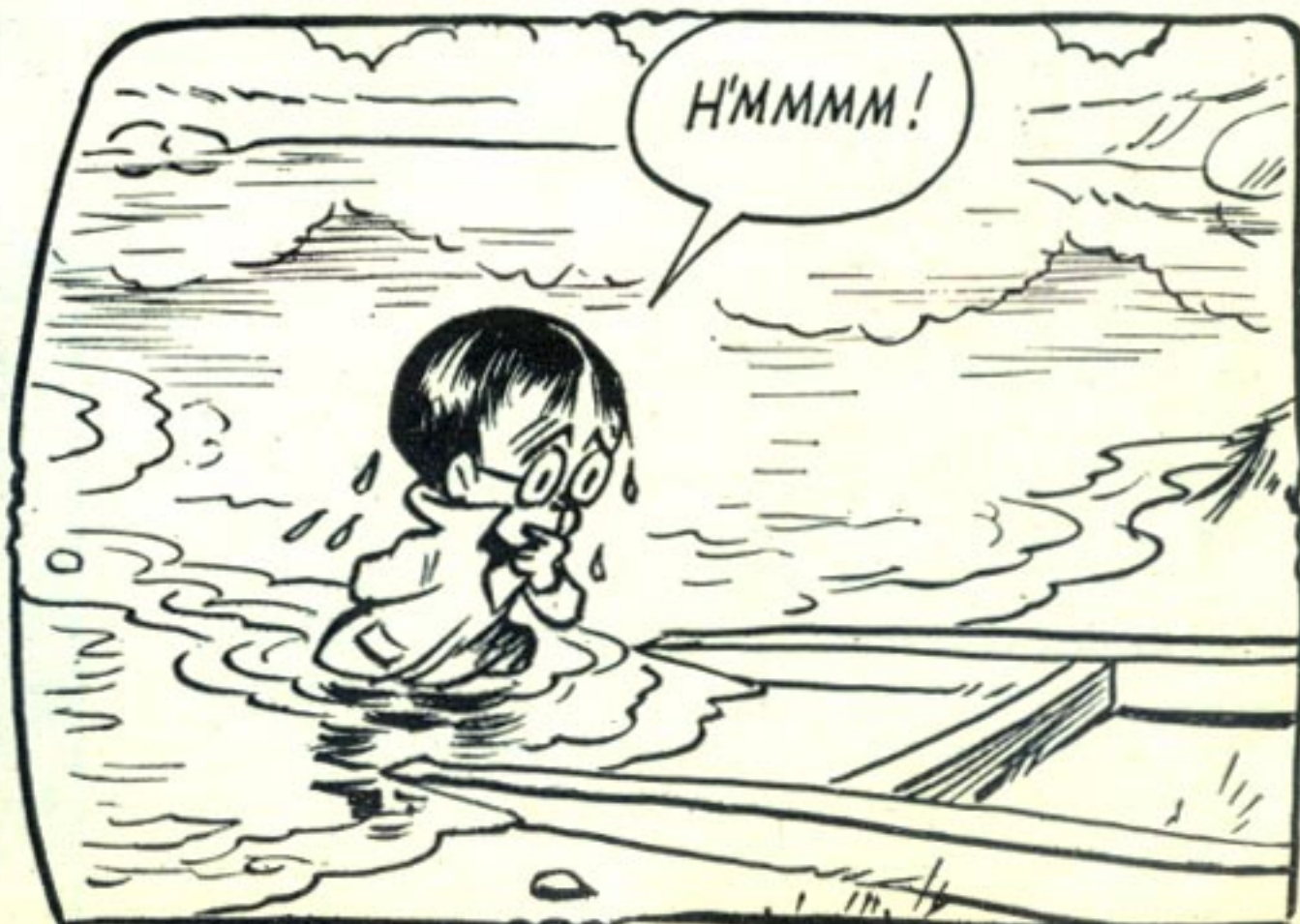
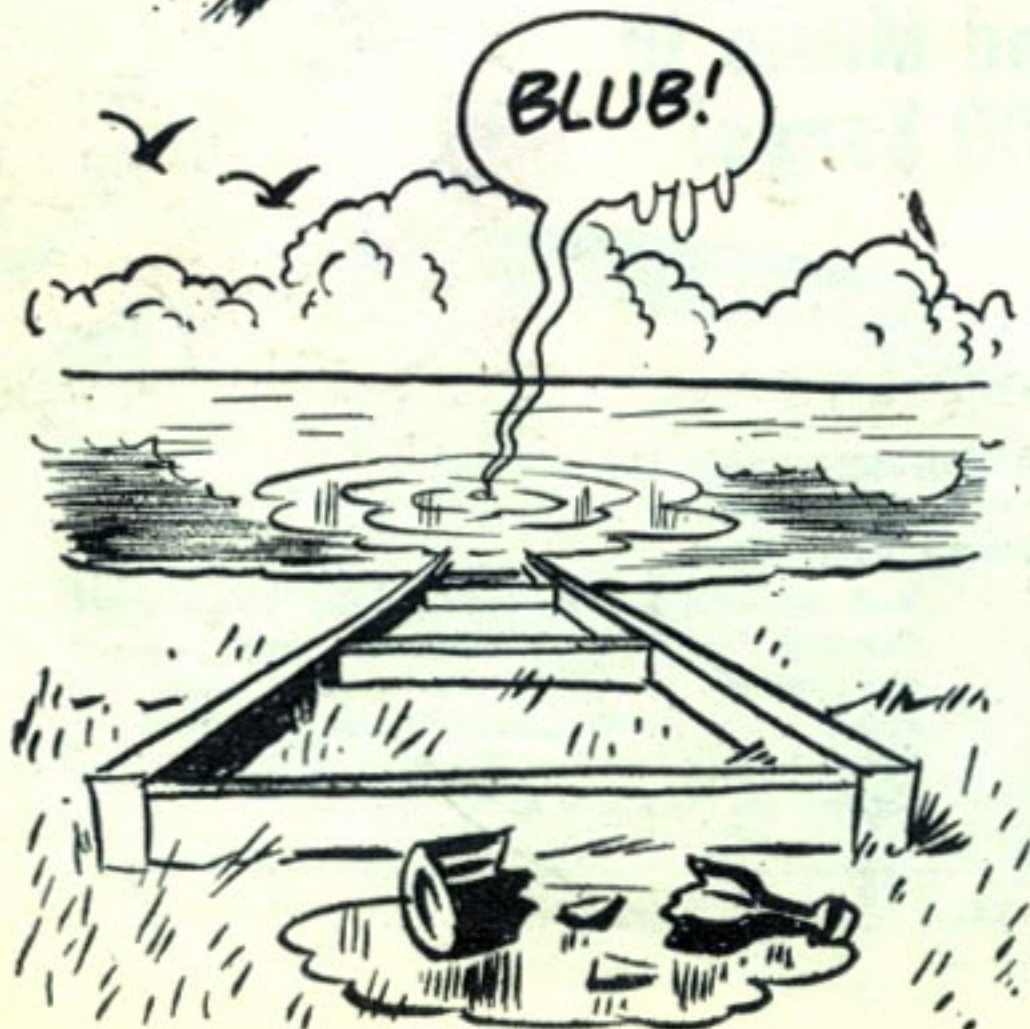
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